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ART. I.—*A History of the Romans under the Empire.* By CHARLES MERIVALE, B.D. late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: 1850.

EXPERIENCE teaches us that there is a tide in the studies, as well as the other affairs of men. That this has been the case in England every one will acknowledge. From the commencement until nearly the close of the last century, classical education was almost exclusively confined to the study of the Latin language, notwithstanding all that the genius of Bentley and the plodding industry of Dawes did for the advancement of Greek. Towards the close, however, of the eighteenth century the Greek language became more popular, owing chiefly to the successful studies of the late Professor Porson. Since his time Greek Philology and Grecian History have occupied perhaps too prominent a place in our educational systems, when we take into account the comparative neglect of Latin which has been the consequence. In the field of Grecian Philology we must admit that we have been outstripped by the deeper investigations and more persevering efforts of our German neighbours. But in Grecian History we may safely challenge the rivalry of the German or any other continental nation. The succession of three such histories of Greece, as those inscribed respectively with the names of Mitford, Thirlwall and Grote, in the same language, within the short space of 65 years, is an event unparalleled in the annals of literature. We would not, of course, be understood for one moment to compare the first-mentioned member of this historic triumvirate with his two rivals—for he is doubtless the Lepidus of the three—but even Dr. Arnold, opposed as he was to Mr. Mitford in opinions, frankly allows that his history was an astonishing advance upon the labours of his predecessors. With respect to the comparative merits of Bishop Thirlwall and Mr. Grote, this is not the place to offer any remark. Let it suffice, that they are both historians of the

highest order, and it will be very long, if ever, that their works can be superseded by the investigations of succeeding writers.

If the study of Greek Philology in England imparted an impetus to the same pursuit in Germany, as was certainly the case, the Germans have repaid their literary obligation by reviving among ourselves the neglected study of Roman History. When the fragment of that mighty work on which Niebuhr had expended such talent, penetration, learning and industry as never were before united in the person of one historian, was translated into our language, our prejudices were aroused and our feelings excited against a literary scepticism for which our minds were totally unprepared. The late Dr. Arnold was the foremost to explain in a popular manner to his countrymen the immense value of Niebuhr's¹ researches—the utter worthlessness of our authorities for the earlier Roman History—the sagacity Niebuhr displayed in the reconstruction of the fabric—the surprising intuition which enabled him to detect truth at a glance—the judgment, honesty, and candour which he so pre-eminently possessed. This was great and good service to the nation at large. But Dr. Arnold's kind offices did not stop here. Niebuhr's style was far from perspicuous. His work was, almost from the necessity of the case, a series of dissertations rather than a connected narrative, and as such was never likely to become popular in England. Dr. Arnold, therefore, to render the recent discoveries more generally available, determined himself to write a history of Rome in a form more acceptable to English readers, assuming in most cases the results which Niebuhr had so laboriously proved. The death of the German was an additional

¹ It has always been with us a matter of surprise, that Niebuhr, who almost parades his obligations to Bayle, Beaufort, and Perizonius, should have omitted any mention of our countryman Lord Bolingbroke in his list of authors who expressed doubts of the veracity of the early Roman history. Bolingbroke's opinion is very plainly stated in his 5th letter upon the Study of History.

'Pedants, who would impose all the traditions of the first four ages of Rome, for authentic history, have insisted much on certain annals. . . . But, my lord, be pleased to take notice that "*erat historia nihil aliud*," in those early days "*nisi annalium confectio*." Take notice likewise, by the way, that Livy, whose particular application it had been to search into this matter, affirms positively that the greatest part of all public and private monuments, among which he specifies these very annals, had been destroyed in the sack of Rome by the Gauls; and Plutarch cites Clodius for the same assertion in the life of Numa Pompilius. Take notice in the last place of that which is more immediately to our present purpose. Those annals could contain nothing more than short minutes or memorandums, hung up in a table at the Pontiff's house, like the rules of the game in a billiard-room, and much such history as we have in the epitomes prefixed to the books of Livy or of any other historian, in lapidary inscriptions, or in some modern almanacs. Materials for history they were no doubt, but scanty and insufficient; such as those ages could produce, when writing and reading were accomplishments so uncommon, that the prætor was directed by law "*clavum pangere*," to drive a nail into the door of a temple, that the number of years might be reckoned by the number of nails.'

stimulus to our countryman to hasten the publication of a work so greatly called for. But a strange fatality seemed to hang over the history of Rome. Niebuhr did not live to complete the narrative of the first Punic War, and our own Dr. Arnold was suddenly cut off while describing those achievements of the elder Scipio which formed the prelude to his victorious career in Africa. Mr. Merivale acknowledges with a very graceful compliment, that had Dr. Arnold lived to complete his great work, the present volumes would never have seen the light.

The example of Dr. Arnold probably induced Mr. Merivale to take up the tale; not indeed at the page where the hand of death interrupted his predecessor, but at the commencement of a new era, when republican Rome, having subdued nations far and near, outgrew her own independence, and fell again beneath that form of government whose overthrow of old formed the burden of the most popular cycle of her native lays. The two volumes before us treat of the causes which led to that consummation, the consummation itself, and the personal fate of the principal personage.

This was a period of ancient history rich beyond compare in contemporary authorities; and more particularly among the ancient historians is a contemporary writer to be preferred. For we attach importance to an ancient author in proportion to the evidence he is himself enabled to produce—in consideration of the scantiness of the memorials of ancient transactions; while we chiefly regard the moderns in proportion to their accuracy and diligence in comparing and ascertaining the evidence of others. If it be objected that those who wrote on subjects which have affected themselves very strongly, would be more likely to take partial or biassed views—we may reply that we are still able to arrive at the truth by comparing the statements of different parties, and, to borrow Lord Bolingbroke's expression, 'We strike out sparks of fire by the collision of flint and steel.' First in importance are the *Commentaries*¹ of the chief character in the drama, which bear upon their face such apparent truthfulness as to carry conviction to the minds of all but the most prejudiced readers. Sallust² in his narrative of Catiline's conspiracy gives a graphic, although, it may be, not a very deep view of the men and manners of the time. Livy also, in the

¹ Is there not strong evidence for the veracity of the *Commentaries* in the fact that they were followed by the later classical historians, when so many other contemporary documents were still extant?

² Mr. Merivale has a higher idea of the powers than the honesty of Sallust. 'If his hand was not strong, nor his purse heavy, there were other means he could use in the service of his new patron, and he has branded the Roman aristocracy with eternal infamy in a series of pungent satires, under the garb of history.'—Vol. ii. p. 88.

garrulity of old age, poured forth upon the Roman public book after book, decade upon decade, touching the later Republic. Nor were these all. The Civil Wars of Asinius Pollio and the Memoirs of T. Labienus (the son of Cæsar's renegade lieutenant) were suspended on the columns, and we may reasonably presume conveyed money into the purses of the Sosii. Nor must we omit to mention the collection of Cicero's Letters; a work of incalculable historical importance, as proceeding from one who was fully competent to form a correct judgment of events and to penetrate the characters and motives of his contemporaries—from one who was on terms of friendship, or personally known to the chief men of the time—and withal the more likely to be true, because written in private confidence, and from the very fact that the opinions they express take their hue from the ever-changing aspect of political affairs. Much of this overwhelming contemporary narrative has perished in the wreck of ages, but subsequent histories amply supply the vacuum. One of Plutarch's best Lives has Cæsar for its hero, and the anecdote-retailer Suetonius has amassed an immense quantity of information in his first biography. There is the blundering history of Appian and the more trustworthy narrative of the Bithynian rhetorician, Dio Cassius, whose work in this part is itself complete, and we are spared the annoyance of consulting our author after he has been subjected to the attenuating process of abridgment at the hands of Xiphilinus or Zonaras. Florus and Paterculus with their summaries form the rearguard of the historical phalanx. With these records Mr. Merivale is, of course, familiar; but his learning is not confined to the more ordinary sources of historical information. He seems as much at home with Frontinus and the anti-Pelagian presbyter Orosius, as he is with Plutarch or Cæsar. He is peculiarly felicitous in extracting information from the post-Augustan poets. Lucan more especially is made to contribute very largely to the elucidation of the history; upwards of 300 citations are made from that painfully accurate and learned writer, all bearing directly on the question. By this means, the history and the poem become mutually illustrative, and a future editor of the *Pharsalia* would do well to bear this in mind. But an historian of Rome will naturally be expected to produce things new as well as old. In our own language Hooke, Ferguson, Goldsmith and Keightley, have gone over the same ground. The first three, however, have but few of the requisites for critical historians, and Mr. Keightley's work is a short compendium. The hasty notices of the Later Roman commonwealth thrown off by Dr. Arnold, and originally published in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, although interesting as coming from one whose chief study was

subsequently devoted to the history of Rome, are by no means worthy of his future reputation. His bias throughout these notices is great and undisguised, and he seems to have extended that enthusiasm which we acknowledge due to the assertors of plebeian rights against the grasping tyranny of the old burghers, to the corrupt and degenerate descendants of the *Spurii* and *Gracchi*. We have always thought that the friends of Dr. Arnold acted with very questionable judgment, when they added to a history, which, as the mature composition of a highly gifted and richly stored mind, must ever command our admiration, a reprint of earlier essays containing so much that is crude, so much that is partial. But, as we have before intimated, England in historical investigation has taken her stand on the shores of the *Ægean*, and not upon the banks of the *Tiber*, for with the exception of Dr. Arnold's fragment she has contributed but little to the illustration of Roman greatness before the appearance of Mr. Merivale's work. The neglect of these times by English historical writers has been amply compensated by our more prolific and laborious rivals of Germany and France. *Michelet*, *Amédée Thierry*, *Duruy*, *Hoeck*, *Abeken*, and *Dru-mann* have severally laid Mr. Merivale under obligations to them which he never neglects to acknowledge.

Before we proceed to the discussion of the merits of Mr. Merivale's performance, it may perhaps not be deemed superfluous to make a few remarks upon the modern method of writing ancient history.

There have ever been two recognised methods, and two only, of transmitting to posterity a knowledge of events. The first, or annalistic, is a meagre catalogue of transactions, strung together chronologically, without reference to the bearing they exercise upon each other, or regard to any apparent incongruity of their nature: excluding everything that is connected with its subject by any other link than unity of time. Such diaries or chronicles may differ in their character, according to the interest which attaches to the events themselves, or the talents of the writer, as widely as the *Annales Maximi* of the Roman Pontiffs, which exhibited a bare list of eclipses, prodigies and sacrifices, are distinguished from the instructive narrative of *Tacitus' Annals*.

The second, or narrative or historical method, discards mere unity of time; treats of events as springing one from the other, as mutually connected and blending together, and forming an epic whole. This more philosophic style of narration involves such palpable advantages over the annalistic form, that even among the ancients, history greatly preponderates over annals, while more modern recorders of national fortunes have univer-

sally adopted the historic form. Yet between ancient and modern *historians* (properly so called as opposed to annalists) there is an easily distinguishable difference. The ancient historians, after making a selection of facts in accordance with their own idea of their connexion, leave them as it were to their fate, to make their own impression upon the reader's mind, without note or comment. In other words, they conspire to omit the ratiocination of their own minds in the selection and arrangement of their facts. The ancient method of writing history is in fact an *objective* one. The moderns, on the other hand, pursue a more *subjective* plan. They set down in words the processes of their own reasonings, explain the influence which such and such circumstances must have had upon such other circumstances, portray the characters of the various performers, detail their motives and define their aims. The feelings of political parties are given, and commented upon; the development of constitutional or anarchical principles is industriously watched; the introduction of new elements, political or moral, into the State is carefully remarked. It consequently follows, that scarcely any event is recorded, for which the reader's mind has not been already prepared by the historian's previous reasoning, as well as by the course of antecedent events. Each of these methods has its advantages. Brevity is the more usual concomitant of the former, perspicuity of the latter. The former, perhaps, more induces to reflection in the really inquiring mind, and so far attains the grand object of historical study: but with the mass of readers merely calls attention to the facts themselves, irrespective of their connexion or sequence. But as we should ever write history with a view to the improvement of the generality of readers, the method so generally adopted by modern historians is intrinsically superior to the other. Both are liable to abuse. The ancient method may so attenuate history, that it may resemble a skeleton rather than a living form, being reduced to a dry catalogue of names, places, and dates. The error into which modern writers of history are more prone to fall, is that of theorizing for themselves, and adapting characters and events to their own preconceived notions. Men are thus made to act upon motives which have existed only in the breast of the historian; and could dead heroes and statesmen peruse the accounts given by some modern authors of their actions, they would be far more astounded than the public at large has ever been, at the views and aims ascribed to them. By the former process, historical personages are assimilated to actors on the stage, made to speak at random, leaving the catastrophe to the '*Deus ex machinâ*'—by the latter to *dramatis personæ*, forced to develope a plot in which they have no in-

terest, and which is totally at variance with their historical veracity.

If ever the more modern method of treating history surpasses that of classical times, it is in recording those great constitutional changes which ever and anon present themselves. Such extraordinary crises, or climacterics of states (if we may be allowed the expression), require able elucidation, or the lessons which ought to be inculcated by ever-recurring conjunctures are in danger of being lost. For the fitting historical treatment of these great epochs, all the qualities which stamp a consummate historian are necessary—a thorough knowledge of the subject—intimate acquaintance with the constitution as it stood before the transition, and with the form it afterwards assumed—a philosophic mind, inured to patient inquiry—a nice appreciation of character and motive—unbiassed impartiality, embracing no shade of opinion, favouring no complexion of character. It is on such fields as these that historians have won their noblest laurels. We are obliged to confess, that notwithstanding recent attempts to interpret our own Revolution of 1688, the field is still open for a patient and *fair* inquirer.

Mr. Merivale's published volumes treat of a period which includes a great organic change, such as we have alluded to. They relate a revolution, which we of more modern times can with difficulty realize,—the transfer of those colossal dominions, a revolution in a *single province* of which, in modern times, appals the nations of the civilized world, from the enfeebled government of a senate and people distracted by civil broils, to the hands of one despotic master, who rules according to the *forms* of the commonwealth, but whose real support is the strength of a veteran army. The form of Mr. Merivale's work is ostensibly historical, but really biographical. Niebuhr remarks, that had Tacitus ever come to the execution of his plan of writing the history of Augustus, after the completion of the *Annals*, he would probably have chosen the form of biography for it. If we assume that such would have been the method of Tacitus, in treating of the reign of Augustus, still more reason would there appear for merging the history of the immediately preceding years in a *Life of Julius Cæsar*, since his personal talents and exertions immeasurably more contributed to the establishment of the imperial monarchy, than those of his grand-nephew and adopted successor. Mr. Merivale seems to have felt this, and has really given us the biography of his hero, however unwilling he may have been to prefix to the first two volumes of his history the title under which, if we mistake not, he originally advertised it—the *Life of Julius Cæsar*. Conyers Middleton points out the great defect of biography, which he disclaims for his own work,

while, notwithstanding his disclaimer, the Life of Cicero is the most convincing illustration of the truth of his position, viz. its tendency to become panegyric, instead of real history. Mr. Merivale, as we shall see, has not entirely steered clear of this rock of offence, but while he has successfully exculpated Cæsar from much that has been undeservedly cast upon him, he has also occasionally enlarged too much upon his virtues; has attributed to him more extended views than fell to his lot; has endued him with more practical wisdom than he seems, upon careful examination, to have possessed.

We have already stated that Mr. Merivale has a thorough acquaintance with all the authorities which might be expected to throw light upon his important theme. This however is but an *external* requisite to the complete historian, the shell and not the kernel of a standard history. It is one thing to be familiar with all other writers upon a subject, and another to understand the subject itself. Modern historians are too much inclined to place undue reliance upon the views of some favourite writer, whom they blindly follow, misled and misleading. It requires thoughtful meditation, common sense, and *practical* talents, as well as deep reading, to be enabled to form a comprehensive idea of a subject in its entirety. It requires the head of one who can detect exaggerations on both sides, who can array the very facts which an author records against the opinions he promulges, who can *weigh* actions and events, and correct theoretic history by them. A writer with such a grasp of mind can alone harmonize discordant statements, and infuse peace into a chaotic mass of materials. Niebuhr was possessed of this faculty beyond all authors who have ever lived. He discarded the 'aniles fabellæ' which formed the staple of preceding Roman histories, and by drawing upon the stores of his own learning, sagacity, and judgment, reared in their stead a fabric of constitutional history, immovable and imperishable. The waves of criticism and credulity may assail and lash it, but in vain; for its foundation is laid upon a rock. Mr. Merivale would be the last to invite a comparison between himself and the *great* German of the present century, nor do the periods of which the two respectively treat admit of comparison. But we fearlessly avow the conviction, that Mr. Merivale has proved himself a most successful student in Niebuhr's school of history. His subject has evidently been long soaking in his mind; he has read much, and has digested all that he has read: he has examined events through causes, and causes through events. After a calm, patient, and sagacious investigation of political symptoms and changes, all pointing to a distant denouement, he forms his idea of the nature and character of the imperial government. Having arrived at the

conclusion, in which we heartily agree, that the elevation of Cæsar was as necessary as it was beneficial, he is not scared from avowing such sentiment, by the misapplication of the term 'liberty' to oligarchical oppression, nor by the abuse lavished upon his hero by the rhetoricians and poets of succeeding ages, who, we may in all charity suppose, endeavoured by this device to make compensation to their own consciences for the enthusiasm with which they bepraised and flattered the imperial monsters of their own day. There is much practical wisdom in the remarks which Mr. Merivale makes on occasion of Cicero, with much apparent reluctance, adding the weight of his name and authority to the Pompeian side in the civil war.

'Surely there were signs of the times, upon which the true patriot ought to have meditated, before he enlisted on the side against which was arrayed such a mass of interests and affections. It is not the province of the historian to condemn or absolve the great names of human annals. He leaves the philosophic moralist to denounce crimes or errors, upon a full survey of the character and position of the men and their times; but it is his business to distinguish, in analysing the causes of events, between the personal views of the actors in revolutions, and the general interests which their conduct subserved, and to claim for their deeds the sympathy of posterity, in proportion as they tended to the benefit of mankind. We may be allowed to lament the pettiness of the statesmen of this epoch, and the narrow idea they formed of public interests, in the contest between Cæsar and his rival. Above all, we must regret that a man to whom we owe so much affection as Cicero, should have been deceived by a selfish and hypocritical outcry; for Cicero succeeded in persuading himself that the real patriots were all on the side of the oligarchy, and that it was his duty as a philosopher to follow, not the truth, but the true men,—not right judgment, but honourable sentiment.'

The opening chapter gives a very favourable impression of Mr. Merivale's powers as an historian. We have an able and concise abrégé, without the ostentatious display of lame instances and halting analogies from modern times, in which servile imitators of Niebuhr so much delight, of those antecedent events in the history of Rome, which evolved the two great principles of the imperial power, viz. the growth of a middle class at Rome, and the infusion of provincial blood into the senate and people of Rome. We have brought in review before us the inherent antipathy of the early Roman to foreigners—the feuds between the burghers and the commonalty—the attainment of the latter to an equal share in public offices and honours—the new vigour consequent upon this equalization of rights, attested by the extension of the Roman power over the whole of Italy. Then follows the bestowal of the modified citizenship of the Latin franchise upon certain dependent communities—the transfer of the contest at home from the patrician and plebeian

orders to the nobility and poorer citizens. The Agrarian Laws of the Gracchi, rendered necessary by the encroachment of the powerful upon the Licinian rogations of 389 U. C., are now passed, though their authors perished in the struggle, and again extraordinary energy is put forth by a more united republic. The Italians demand the franchise of the city, and after a deadly contest gain their end, while contemporaneously the popular cause under Marius triumphs at Rome. These events are succeeded by the oligarchical reaction under Sulla, his massacres and proscriptions; the abortive attempts of Lepidus and Brutus (father of the so-called tyrannicide) to resuscitate the Marian faction; the oppression and rebellion of the provinces; the development of a middle class among the citizens. The last circumstance, which appears hitherto to have been lost sight of by historians, is thus detailed:—

‘The caution and frugal habits of the middle orders in a former age of the republic still survived in that class of the commonalty to which the equestrian families belonged, who had always formed the strength of the Marian party. This was the class which had suffered most in the civil wars. It had been decimated and almost crushed by the massacres and proscriptions of Sulla. The restoration of domestic peace was soon followed by a revival of its fortunes. The nobility struggled in vain to keep it in the state of depression to which it had been reduced. Its members, too, had their family recollections. Their modest patrimonies gave them an hereditary interest in peace and order. They were educated and intelligent, and knew the power which these advantages conferred. The making of money was their first object: to this the bent of their dispositions instinctively impelled them; and the circumstances of the state, overflowing with the wealth poured in from the provinces, gave them a great advantage over their rivals, whose political necessities required them year by year to scatter their fortunes among the mob. This class consisted—1. Of those who attached themselves to the great families and hung upon their favour and patronage, whether in the forum, the provinces, or the camp: 2. Of those who, in spite of ancient prejudices against commerce and the arts and sciences of polished society, engaged with all their energy in those lucrative pursuits, and were not ashamed of ministering to the growing taste for luxury and refinement: 3. Of the government officials, a class hitherto in the infancy of its development, but one which the gradual progress of uniformity and system in the administration was slowly raising into an important body. It became evident to the clear-sighted politician that this was the order in which the real strength of the nation lay, and that it was this monied aristocracy which must eventually dispose of the government. An honest and patriotic statesman might hope through their influence to place the commonwealth upon a new and permanent basis; the merely selfish adventurer might combine with him to advance their interests, with the hope of forging them into instruments for his own ends. The course of history will show how the principal leaders of party leaned successively upon the support of this body, and how important was the part it played in the conversion of the republic to a monarchical form of government. The rise of this middle class, hostile to both the higher and lower, and resolved to control them equally, was the chief internal element of that mighty revolution.’

Mr. Merivale describes the external element of this change of government in the following passage:—

‘The progressive enlightenment of the Roman statesmen caused the constant addition of new names to the roll of citizenship. Successful generals were allowed the privilege of rewarding their adherents with this precious boon. Fidelity to the State began to constitute a claim to immunities, which was more graciously conceded, as the benefits of incorporation were more sensibly perceived. As the people became gradually aware that the great revolution of the social war had brought with it more good and less evil than had been anticipated, the extension of the rights of the metropolis to the distant provinces lost the character of an inconsistency and anomaly in the constitution. Local prejudices died away, in the familiar contemplation of the vastness of the empire and the mutual relationship of its several members. The mind of the nation expanded to the conception of infusing unity of sentiment into a body, which was wielded by a single effort, and from a common centre. One after another there arose practical crises, which demanded the central combination of all the powers of the state in a single hand. The success of each experiment became an argument for its repetition, till the idea of submission to the permanent rule of one man first ceased to shock, and was finally hailed with acclamation. The monarchy was at first veiled under the old republican forms. Gradually the veil was dropped. Lastly, the theory of a republic was dismissed from men's minds, and fell into the same oblivion into which its real forces had already sunk. Under the supremacy of a single ruler all varieties of classes became merged together, and when the citizens ceased to be discriminated from one another, there seemed no reason for maintaining distinctions between the constituent races of which the empire was composed.’

We have given these extracts as specimens of the clearness and sagacity of Mr. Merivale's views, and not with the intention of discussing the subject at present, as we shall subsequently have occasion to consider the effects upon Rome and the world of the establishment of the imperial monarchy.

Much of Mr. Merivale's success, as the historian of the Roman Empire, is attributable to the talent he possesses of making his theme interesting to general readers. To evince that this is much less easy of accomplishment than is usually apprehended, would merely require the citation of failures among distinguished authors, when engaged on such subjects. And this is but natural. The progress of civilization, the extension of knowledge, and, above all, the spread of Christianity, have created such a chasm between ancient and modern times, that the feelings and conduct of Greek and Roman antiquity cannot usually, without much study, be appreciated by the reading public of the present day. It therefore becomes the imperative duty of the historian who devotes his pen to the elucidation of any ancient epoch, if he wish a large sphere of usefulness, to represent his subject in an intelligible light, as well as to be imbued with the spirit of it himself. Again, the original authorities are in general sparing of everything but facts in their own detail; and this paucity of remark imposes much responsibility

upon the sober judgment of the modern narrator of ancient events, and but too frequently allures him to give too free a course to his own imagination. Owing to these and similar causes, ancient history in the hands of modern writers frequently loses its interest with their general readers: the men appear supernatural—either as monstrous, or as unsubstantial and ideal—or they seem to act supernaturally, *i. e.* without sufficient appreciable motives. We may perhaps best explain ourselves by borrowing an illustration from ancient sculpture. Ancient heroes in the mould of some modern historians remind us of Egyptian statuary, all on a magnificent scale, but abhorrent to our own ideas of conformation of parts and symmetry—monstrous and unnatural—calculated, it may be, to call forth wonderment, but never to inspire with pleasure. Other modern representations of the ancients, superior to the former, still too much resemble the Lycian sculpture, or the earlier stages of Grecian art, (the *Ægina* marbles for instance,) where, with much that is pleasing, there is, notwithstanding, a harshness of outline, a coldness and want of animation, an artlessness in the grouping, which prevent our taking any absorbing interest in the whole. But the ancients were not giants, neither were they stiff or cold; they were flesh and blood as much as ourselves, they were influenced by the passions which form part of our nature, they acted from similar motives and pursued similar ends. To continue our illustration. A modern historian, in his delineation of ancient times, is bound, as far as in him lies, to assimilate the execution of his work to the Panathenaic frieze of the Parthenon, or to the Phigalian marbles, where the costumes and features are indeed those of the ancients, but the symmetry and beauty and animation of the figures are represented in a manner adapted to all times, while the grouping and arrangement are as natural as the movement of an actual crowd before our eyes. Now, we contend that Mr. Merivale has successfully accomplished much of this. His pages portray no figure in colossal sublimity, present no fairy and unreal portraits, such as would render history a pleasing but unsubstantial dream—no harsh or isolated statues; but while the characteristics of the ancients, as contradistinguished from the moderns, and the peculiarities of Roman character are strictly preserved, all the figures are endued with a natural and intelligible motion, acting according to known laws, and appealing to the universal and ineradicable sympathies of our nature.

And Mr. Merivale must have the credit which is due to him for less artistic but equally necessary condescension; we mean, the explanation of circumstances and customs alluded to which the general reader from time to time requires. It is necessary

for *his* appreciation of ancient history, that the mode of proceeding adopted in the senate and in the elections of the people, the composition of the army, &c., should be popularized. Most historians of ancient times consider this too menial an office for their talents, and are consequently inaccessible to all except scholars; it is much to Mr. Merivale's credit that he does not thus stand upon his dignity, but condescends to let himself be understood, by avoiding as far as possible technicalities, those subterfuges of narrow minds, and explaining anything which may appear unintelligible. Akin to this is the laudable practice which Mr. Merivale adopts, of ushering in upon the stage no new character without a brief account of his antecedents, which materially assists in making our estimate of the motives which influence his present conduct—of entering no city of note, district or province, without some historical notice or geographical information about its territorial boundaries; for as these latter were ever changing, our maps, which are constructed upon a later division of the imperial dominions, would otherwise be constantly misleading us. Let a person consult Mr. Merivale's succinct notice of the opportunities and prevalence of piracy from ages past in the waters of the *Ægean* and *Levant*, and he will find himself amply repaid by the light such a preface sheds upon the resources and operations of that piratical horde which committed such ravages upon the provinces, and so long defied the vengeance of Rome. Such explanations may appear trivial matters, but they really enhance the scholarship, of which every page gives abundant proof, tenfold, by rendering it more generally available. The epoch is the most important in the Roman annals, and means of studying it so accessible have never before been afforded the public.

We would not deny that Mr. Merivale's complete knowledge and thorough appreciation of his subject have occasionally operated to his prejudice. We allude to a sympathy which he displays for Roman sentiments, when a sympathy is scarcely commendable. Doubtless, long and deep study of any period of time impresses a person strongly with the importance of it. But there are still certain landmarks in ancient story which ought to preclude further advance in a modern historian, certain beacons which ought to warn him off. If these be disregarded, the history is pitched in too low a key. We think that Mr. Merivale has not altogether escaped this snare. Is it not an exceptionable expression to say that the aim of *Lucretius'* atheistical poem was 'noble without alloy?' Does not Mr. Merivale appear to take too Addisonian a view of *Cato's* suicide? Is he not apparently at times too anxious to palliate the vices of his characters, or to exalt unduly their mere secular

virtues? Does he not apparently ascribe too much to mere secondary causes, such as prudence and its opposite? We say *apparently*, because Mr. Merivale frequently gives his real views—such as in every way become a Christian clergyman—of the profligacy and degeneracy of the times, while we regret that he suffers himself to be carried, in the current of his narrative, into what we deem a dangerous sympathy for the sentiments of his favourite Romans. We hope that Mr. Merivale will be more on his guard in the forthcoming volumes against offending what he will scarcely think unreasonable prejudices. It is quite possible to view men and things in an ancient light, as opposed to a modern, without at the same time merging the *Christian* in the *ethnical* consideration of them.

There is another excellency, of a negative character, which pervades Mr. Merivale's work. We find no straining after originality by novel delineation of character. We have already condemned the modern practice of debasing history to the development of the writer's own preconceived theories, by the Procrustean process of bringing out so much of the characters and dilating upon such of the events as may fall in with the scope of the plot the historian has framed for himself. This system, in addition to its other disadvantages, tends to make a chaos of history, inasmuch as the form into which any period has been moulded by one writer is obliterated by the figure into which the imagination of his successor feels disposed to torture it. The character of history surely ought not to be assimilated to canons of criticism among German scholars, or successive systems of philosophy among German metaphysicians, in which construction necessarily implies the demolition of all preceding fabrics. Nearly allied to this affectation of originality in the whole complexion of the narrative, is that meaner ambition which selects from history certain individuals on whom to lavish the praises which have hitherto been so justly withheld from them, or, on the other hand, to hold up others to the obloquy of which they have never been thought deserving. Such favouritism is very rare among ancient historians. Tacitus has certainly not escaped censure for the exuberance of his eulogium of his father-in-law Agricola, and Dio Cassius has undoubtedly shown himself unscrupulous in darkening the character of Cicero. These, however, are but exceptions, and the former writer may well be excused, if, in the dearth of virtuous men, he may have felt delight in dwelling upon the merits of a Roman who recalled to his mind better days, and to whom family ties so strongly bound him. But in more modern times the historian seems to imagine that unless he rescue some name from infamy, unless he depreciate some time-

honoured character, he himself must forfeit all claims to originality of genius. Mitford dips his pen in gall whenever he has to mention the great Athenian orator. Hume is bent upon misrepresenting Sir Walter Raleigh. St. Croix systematically detracts from the virtues of Alexander the Great. On the other hand, Lord Campbell, we think, gives an undue importance to the services of Burnet; and even Mr. Grote's talents can scarcely induce us to assign a higher place in our esteem either to Cleon or Callicratidas. The attempt of M. Lamartine to give a favourable portrait of the monster Robespierre will at once occur to our readers as the climax of historical partiality. Now we deem it no common merit in Mr. Merivale that he obtrudes upon us no idiosyncratic affections or dislikes. We are neither offended at the disparagement of a virtuous, nor disgusted at the elevation of a vicious character. The impracticable nature of Cato's virtue detracts not, in Mr. Merivale's view, from the honour so justly due to the integrity and courage of that single-minded patriot. Cicero was timid, wavering and vain; but he still appears in the history as the enlightened statesman, the polished wit, the friend of virtue, and encourager of talent. Not all the outward decorum of Pompey's conduct, his apparent moderation, his unbought popularity, blind the historian to the real selfishness and intriguing character of that most unamiable soldier and statesman. And so on with the less prominent characters. Cataline, we are glad to find, is still a villain; Clodius an unprincipled demagogue; Antony talented, dashing, and licentious; Brutus, a weak-minded, but well-meaning lover of his country. This is as it ought to be. It shows that Mr. Merivale will not deign to court popularity by introducing into his book extravagant novelties, and we thank him most heartily for allowing us still to love virtue and detest vice, and to entertain a mixture of feelings in perusing the actions of more chequered characters.

The style of Mr. Merivale's writing is on the whole very felicitous, and worthy of the character of his work. We find no pandering to vicious taste in the public, no elaborately rounded periods, no brilliant and pointed antitheses, no overlaying the sense in the words, where, to invert Milton's idea,

'Less is meant than meets the ear;'

luxuriance of language being supposed to compensate for poverty of thought. It is possible to debase an historical narrative by too sparkling and ambitious a style. But Mr. Merivale wisely steers clear of this charge. His composition is such as we should naturally expect from a full mind giving utterance to its own

sentiments in simple yet elegant phraseology. Mr. Merivale can be concise, and he can be copious; but in his conciseness there is no obscurity, and in his copiousness no redundancy. We are also spared the pain which all must feel in perusing Bishop Thirlwall's *Greece*, arising from the indecision of its learned author. Mr. Merivale has made up his mind on all, even the most trifling points, and presents us with his own views. These we may sometimes be compelled to call in question; but the advantage, to the reader, over an historian who submits a series of problems for his solution, is incalculable. It is to the simplicity and native elegance of Mr. Merivale's style that we owe the charm thrown over the narration of Cæsar's Gallic campaigns; a portion of history generally so tedious to all except the descendants of the conquered race. Such a style as we have attributed to our author has of course its blemishes, and into these Mr. Merivale is occasionally betrayed. We sometimes find a homeliness of language, more especially when it is used metaphorically, of which we can by no means approve. As instances of what we must account bad taste we may quote 'dinning into the ears of the senate;' 'breaking the neck of the rebellion;' 'knocking at the gate of the constitution.' We must also enter a protest, though perhaps in a more mitigated form, against such an expression as 'the police of the seas,' vol. ii. p. 247. In vol. ii. p. 356, 'The ocean sands of the African continent had never yet been navigated by these ships of the desert,' (i. e. camels) might pass muster in a rather turgid prize poem, but scarcely suits the dignity of history. Mr. Merivale does not follow to any culpable extent the modern practice of coining words, but 'cult,' 'arbitrement,' 'clientele,' as long as the words worship, arbitration, and clients, form part of our mother tongue, might have well been spared. We are sorry to observe, though this is a small matter, that the proper names, Catiline, Pompey, Mark Antony, &c., which Shakspeare and others have made our own, are transmuted into their Latin originals. Uniformity may be pleaded for such orthography; but we look upon the restoration of what has been so long the property of our tongue to the original possessors, as involving the same solecism as the transplantation of other less known names into an English soil. With equal justice might the patron saint of France demand the title of S. Dionysius, and our first Gospel be ascribed to Saint Matthæus. Mr. Merivale surely does not approve the practice of those writers who now-a-days apply the name of 'Tatars' to that migratory nation which we have been so long accustomed, it may be erroneously, to call Tartars. And we must not forget to suggest that Mr. Merivale is not consistent himself in carrying

out this system, for he has not ventured to substitute Horatius and Virgilius for the Horace and Virgil of our youth.

Mr. Merivale's descriptions either of scenes or characters are excellent. His graphic account of Cicero's Tusculan villa, in the first volume, is perhaps the finest piece of writing in the whole work; but as it is the passage most obvious to quote, our readers have probably already seen it. We do not think it necessary to make any apology for transcribing at length the description of Cæsar's quadruple triumph, vol. ii. p. 386.

'The time had now arrived for the celebration of the Gallic triumph which had been so long postponed. In the interval, the emperor's victories had been multiplied, and the ranks of his veterans had been recruited by fresh enlistments; so that every soldier who had shared in his later perils and successes, demanded the reward of participating in his honours. Cæsar claimed not one, but four triumphs; the first for his conquest of the Gauls; the second for his defeat of Ptolemæus; another for his victory over Pharnaces; and the last for the overthrow of Juba. But he carefully avoided all reference to what was in reality the most brilliant of his achievements. In Spain and Thessaly he had routed the disciplined legions of his own countrymen; but their defeat brought no occasion of honour or territory to the republic. The glory it reflected on the victors was dubious and barren. The four triumphs were celebrated with intervals of a few days between each, that the interest of the public might not pall with satiety. The first procession formed in the Campus Martius, outside the walls of the city. It defiled through the triumphal gate at the foot of the Capitoline Hill, and crossed the deep hollow of the Velabrum and Forum Boarium, on its way to the Circus Maximus, which occupied the valley between the Palatine, and Aventine. In passing through the Velabrum, the chariot in which the emperor stood, happened to break down; a mischance which so affected him that he never afterwards, it is said, ascended a vehicle without repeating a charm. The long procession wound round the base of the Palatine, skirting the Aventine and Cælian hills, to the point where the arch of Constantine now stands. There it began the ascent of the gentle slope which separates the basin of the Coliseum from that of the Roman forum. It followed the same track which now leads under the arch of Titus, paved at this day with solid masses of hewn stone, which may possibly have reached to the tramp of Cæsar's legions. Inclining a little to the right at the point where it gained the summit of the ridge, and looked down upon the Comitium and the rostra, in the direction of the Capitol, it passed before the spot where the temple of Janus was afterwards built; thence it skirted the right side of the forum, under the arch of Fabius, till it reached the point just beyond the existing arch of Severus, where the two roads branched off, the one to the Capitoline temple, the other to the Mamertine prison. Here it was that Cæsar took the route of triumph, to the left, while Ver-
gingetorix was led away to the right and strangled in the subterranean dungeon. The Gaulish hero doubtless met with firmness and dignity the fate to which he had so long been doomed, while his conqueror was exhibiting a melancholy spectacle of human infirmity, crawling up the steps of the Capitol on his knees, to avert, by an act of childish humiliation, the wrath of the "avenging" Nemesis.

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'The days of triumph which succeeded passed over with uninterrupted good fortune. The populace were gratified with the sight of the Egyptian princess Arsinoë, led as a captive at the conqueror's wheels; but she was

spared the fate of the Gaulish chieftain out of favour to her sister, or perhaps out of pity to her sex. The son of the King of Numidia, who followed the triumphal car, was also spared, and lived to receive back his father's crown from Augustus. Though Cæsar abstained from claiming the title of a triumph over his countrymen, he did not scruple to parade their effigies among the shows of the procession. The figures or pictures of the vanquished chiefs were carried on litters, and represented the manner of their deaths. Scipio was seen leaping desperately into the sea; Cato was plunging the sword into his own bowels; Juba and Petreius engaged in mortal duels; Lentulus stabbed by the Egyptian assassin; Domitius pierced perhaps in the back, in token of his flight. The figure of Pompeius alone was withheld for fear of the commiseration it might excite among the people, whose favourite he had so lately been. Nor, as it was, were the spectators unmoved. Upon the unfeeling display of Roman defeat and disaster they reflected with becoming sensibility. But the pictures of Achilles and Pothinus were received with unmingled acclamations, and loud was the cry of scorn at the exhibition of Pharnaces flying in confusion from the field. After all, the most impressive part of the ceremony must have been the appearance of the veterans whose long files closed the procession. With what ignorant wonder must the children of Gaul and Iberia, of Epirus and Africa, have gazed upon the splendour of the city, of which the fame resounded in their native cabins! What contempt must they have felt for the unarmed multitudes grinning around them! How reckless must they have been of the dignity of the consuls and senators, they who claimed the licence of shouting derisive songs in the ears of their own commander! Little did they think that grave historians would sum up their coarse camp jokes against the fame of their illustrious leader; still less did they dream of the new power which the military class was thenceforth to constitute in the state. Rome in fact was their own; but it was a secret they were not yet to discover.'

We have been much struck with the skilful touches with which Mr. Merivale delineates the very chequered character of the most illustrious of the Romans, with the exception of military commanders, Cicero. He is represented as patriotic but vain, practical and enlightened, but irresolute and vacillating. We see the operation upon his mind of each successive phase of affairs, so as in turn to make him the popular orator, the half-recognised champion of the oligarchy, the dupe of Pompey, the victim of Clodius, the alarmist partisan of the senatorial army, the vacillating waiter upon providence at Brundisium, the panegyrist of Cæsar, and the applauder of his assassins. The following is a very interesting description of the great orator's political views at the commencement of his career as a statesman:—

'The merit of striking out the only available line of policy for maintaining the ascendancy of the old Roman families is due to Pompeius; but the development which the industry and sagacity of Cicero gave to these views seems to mark him out especially as their patron and representative. Every circumstance combined to dispose him to assume the position of a moderate champion of the aristocracy. As a new man, the offspring of an equestrian family in the obscure municipium of Arpinum, he was an object

of jealousy to the nobles, who had never allowed one of his class to ascend to the highest offices of the state by the ordinary course of honours. Yet a townsman of Cicero, and one of even inferior claims to civic distinction, had but lately been raised by the civil wars to the enjoyment of seven consulships, and the blood of the young Arpinate was inflamed with ambition by so illustrious an example. Cicero, however, had none of the daring character of Marius; and even if he harboured any aspirations after military renown, they were satisfied by a single campaign. But as the shocks of civil war subsided, a nobler field was thrown open to the accomplishments of peace; and he felt, from an early period, in the consciousness of industry and genius, an earnest of brilliant success in the forum and at the bar. He perceived instinctively that the talents which rendered Pompeius so illustrious in the field must require in the city the co-operation of the orator and priest; and he foresaw that by making himself necessary to the military champion of the state, he might command his support in return, and climb to the highest political honours. When the young orator entered public life, the pre-eminence of the great conqueror was unrivalled, and the prospects of his policy highly flattering. Whether, under the circumstances, Cicero would have thrown himself into the arms of the democratic party, and laboured for the subversion of the existing constitution, it is hardly reasonable to inquire. Certainly the moderation and conservative character of the views he universally advocated, correspond to the natural bent of his temper, always alive to present practical evils, but accustomed to pause at every step, and anxiously weigh the advantages of general over particular expediency.

Having chosen his political views, Cicero carried them out through life with a steadiness hardly to be expected even in a firmer man, and conceived an interest in the classes whose cause he advocated, and even an affection for them, which is one of the most pleasing features of his character. His great object was to elevate that middle class of which we have already spoken, as a guarantee for the integrity of the constitution. He laboured diligently to soften away the conflicting tendencies of the nobles and commons, of the Romans and Italians, of the victors and the vanquished of the late wars. Nor was his political course warped, like that of his leader Pompeius, by any illegitimate hopes of rising above the laws which he administered or defended. His ambition was great and noble, but was honestly limited to the enjoyment of the highest honours of the constitution. He succeeded in obtaining the consulship, the most eminent office in the state, and in its discharge performed a service for his country as brilliant as any recorded in the Roman annals. But his career of public usefulness was cut short by the jealousy of his associates, and the selfishness of his early patron. Intoxicated by success, he had allowed himself to forget how unnatural and precarious his elevation really was; and there can be no doubt that his own vanity contributed in a great measure to his fall. But the nobles were willing to prove to the world the inherent weakness of any man, however splendid his abilities, who had not the genuine aristocratic basis of wealth and birth to rely upon; and Pompeius selected Cicero to be the victim of his wrath, when he wished to show his power and hurl defiance at the senate, yet did not venture to inflict upon it a wound which should really smart.

We hope that we have already said enough to show the general character of the work before us—that its learning is unalloyed with pedantry, and that the results of deep research assume the form of a most entertaining narrative; it is a good stone, well set—a book which will both prove a necessary companion to

the student in his closet, and a becoming appendage to a drawing room table. We shall now address ourselves to some of the subjects on which we think that Mr. Merivale's studies have thrown most light. In these discussions we shall follow, in the main, the path which Mr. Merivale has pointed out, not servilely, however, but reserving to ourselves the right of private judgment and occasional contradiction. Mr. Merivale will have no reason to complain, if, having employed his guidance as helmsman during the voyage, we take in a pilot of our own as we approach the shore. A dispassionate and unconcerned spectator is more likely to detect any waywardness in argument, any refinement of judgment, any exuberance of fancy, than the author, who must occasionally become heated with his subject, however great his ordinary discernment may be.

I. We shall first consider the effect of the establishment of the Imperial power at Rome—a subject which had not heretofore met with the impartial examination it required, but which forms the *moral*, as it were, of Mr. Merivale's volumes. The effect was twofold: first, as regards Rome itself, the seat of empire and source of power, and, secondly, in reference to the foreign dependencies of the state.

The unfraternal enmity of the legendary founders of the imperial city was not an inappropriate type of the future dissensions of the Roman people. Among the burghers, or *populus*, who with their clients originally formed the whole society, there could be no class interests or jealousies, and all institutions would be fair and equitable as regards themselves. But by the side of the *populus*, which originally formed the whole state, sprang up another order, politically subject to the burghers, but personally independent. This new order would be composed of landholders who sought the protection of the growing state, of the offspring of marriages of disparagement contracted by the ruling body, of clients whose patrons had become extinct; but mainly of the citizens of conquered territories, whom it was the wisdom of the early Romans to receive under the protection of the state. It is evident that the latter, or plebeian order must make great advances in numbers and physical strength upon the elder or patrician branch. It is as evident, from our experience of ancient commonwealths, that the original and privileged class would stand up for what they considered the rights of primogeniture, and struggle to perpetuate the exclusive nature of their privileges. The result might have been foreseen. Oppression and sedition, tyranny and tumult, must alternate with fearful violence of action and reaction. The chief feature of Roman history for the first four centuries is the detail of feuds between the two great orders, and although a temporary

victory may have sometimes been the lot of the patricians, the plebeians were ever steadily advancing, by the forced establishment of inviolable magistrates of their own, by the institution of a plebeian assembly, uninfluenced by the patrician order, until by the Licinian rogations they were admitted to the highest office in the state, and were placed upon political equality with the patricians. And a happy circumstance it was for Rome that the burghers were unable to retain their exclusive privileges. That a perpetuation of such exclusiveness would have been but a prelude to decay is now established as a political axiom, and renders an appeal to Sparta, Venice, and many mediæval communities, superfluous. Until the time of Niebuhr, readers of Roman history generally, if not invariably, took part mentally with the patricians, and this was the almost necessary consequence of the unamiable light in which the plebeians are represented by Livy, and other Roman historians, who formed their judgment of them from the rabble of their own degenerate times. The effects of the happy equalization of rights between patricians and plebeians we will give in Mr. Merivale's own words:—

'From this era, the body politic appears to be animated with new vigour. The career of victory is no longer checked by the defection of the commons at some important crisis. The hostility of the enemy is no longer encouraged by the suspicion that the councils of his adversary are divided. The course of another century witnesses the extension of the Roman dominion over the whole of Italy, and the vigorous republic is already prepared to contest the sovereignty of the West with the long-settled and deep-rooted power of Carthage.'

But the discord of Romulus and Remus is still typical of the dissensions among their descendants. The struggle was, however, no longer one between hereditary castes, but was transferred to the richer and poorer classes—the nobility on one side, whose ancestors, whether patrician or plebeian, had filled the curule offices, and the populace, or rabble, on the other. So strenuous were the exertions of the former party, that before the Gracchi commenced their agitation, the public domain was almost exclusively in the possession of their body—that they had opposed, with almost uniform success, except in the case of C. Marius, the elevation of *novi homines* to the consulate—that they, by means of Sulla, had been enabled to deprive the lower orders of their constitutional defenders, and to proscribe all of merit and preeminence in the ranks of their opponents. This, however, was but preparatory to the great convulsion which was to shake to its centre the fabric of the Roman state.

The populace of the forum at the time of the first triumvirate was of a far different stamp from the stern but respectable commons of the earlier republic. The capital of the world was

now the refuge of all the needy adventurers and turbulent spirits who scorned the tillage of the soil, the only occupation not deemed unbecoming a Roman citizen, for the pleasures and excitements of the metropolis. It was there that his eye was ravished with the cruel sports of the amphitheatre, that his enthusiasm was aroused by the spirit of faction which invariably accompanied the annual elections, that he maintained himself in indolence by the occasional largesses of rich men, like Crassus, or the bribe he might depend upon from the candidate for whom he recorded his vote. The populace consisting of such unworthy members, in the reaction which followed the usurpation of Sulla, regained the tribunate (the real functions of which had long been obsolete, for the plebeians, as plebeians, had nothing to fear from patrician violence), and were triumphant in the Comitia of the Campus Martius and the Forum. So excitable were they that any demagogue (although they preferred those who, like Clodius and Curio, could boast patrician blood) could lash them to fury by the most senseless cry—so venal, that their votes were ever at the disposal of the highest bidder¹—so turbulent, that the great public magistracies were left vacant for whole months from the impossibility of conducting the elections, and that scarcely any election could be completed without strewing the Forum or Campus with corpses of the rival factions. Nor had they more regard for the undoubted prerogatives of the co-ordinate power in the state, than they had for their own character. They invaded the rights of the senate by assigning to Caesar Cisalpine Gaul and Illyricum for his province, and by releasing the knights from the bargain for farming the Asiatic revenues, in which their cupidity had overreached itself. Such was the miserable and anarchical condition of the 'dregs of Romulus,' as Cicero calls the *plebs* of his own day, the successors to the position once held by the Decii, the Marcelli, the Porcii, and the Gracchi!

Nor was the position or character of the oligarchical or senatorial party worthy of its ancient renown. Individual feuds, tenacity of power, aversion to any increase of its numbers, mistrust of talent or preeminent patriotism, were its unenviable, but unfortunately too general characteristics. It was sometimes truculent, sometimes wavering, sometimes submissive. It raised up generals to command its armies, and then, becoming jealous of their influence, did all it could to offend and humble them. In addition to all this, it is evident that an oligarchy, *resident in the imperial city*, could never be able effectually to control an

¹ On one occasion, such was the demand for money on the part of the candidates for the consulship, for purposes of bribery, that the rate of interest doubled itself in a few days.

empire so extensive as that of Rome. It must constantly be dependent upon its armies and generals; and these, when they find out their strength, will be tempted to abuse it to the overthrow of their patrons. When an oligarchy is distributed throughout the territory, as was the case in Hungary, the empire of the few may be continued through ages. Each district is, in a manner, under the control of a single noble, who directs the administration of the laws which govern it, and commands the military force by which it is defended. An oligarchical system, to be lasting, must be federal, and have its members scattered; no part of the territory is then unwatched, and it is seldom necessary to delegate the powers of the state to a single man, and so enable him to threaten the government by which he is commissioned.

The actual condition of the oligarchical and popular parties at Rome, as well as their mutual relation to each other, alike proclaimed the necessity of entrusting to the hands of one individual a power which might check the evil passions of both. The terror of a dictatorship was requisite for the defence of innocence and the punishment of guilt—it was requisite for the protection of property, and the prevention of bloodshed—it was requisite for securing the nation respect abroad, and ensuring it concord at home. In this conjuncture of circumstances it was fortunate for Rome and the world, that the man who triumphed over liberties, which *must* have fallen, was as great and generous as C. Julius Caesar: that the yoke, which *must* have been imposed, should gall the neck no more than his did. It is an undoubted fact that the senate became mere timeservers, and the populace base flatterers of the most unworthy possessors of the purple; but even these crimes will appear more pardonable in the eyes of lovers of order than the cruelty, and hatred, and turbulence, and thirst for blood to which they succeeded, although united with that liberty which would be more properly denominated licentiousness. The lower orders more particularly felt the benefit of the monarchy, for the tyranny of the basest of the Roman emperors scarcely reached to them, and the poet with bitterness ascribes to the rising fears of the lowest classes the fall of one who was stained with Rome's best blood:

'Sed periit postquam *cerdonibus* esse timendus
Cœperit: hoc nocuit Lamiarum cæde madenti.'

But the crying sin of republican Rome, the plague-spot in her political system, was the tyrannical and avaricious administration of the *Provinces*. The Romans seem for ages to have been actuated by the principle which in their older language made 'foreigner' and 'stranger' synonymous terms. The over-

bearing insolence which signalised the dealings of the burghers with the commonalty of old was in a far greater degree characteristic of the conduct of the united orders towards the subject states. Italy, although she was never degraded by the appellation of province, and although she had obtained for many of her towns the privilege of the Latin franchise, was so discontented with the position of disparity in which she was placed, as compared with the lowest rabble of the Urban populace, that she ventured upon a war with the victorious republic to enforce her just claims. This first of civil wars was carried on with such determination and vigour by the Italians, that it cost Rome much bloodshed, and required a succession of her ablest generals to vanquish her subjects in the field, and she deemed it her best policy to pause in the moment of victory, and bestow upon each nation of the peninsula, as it submitted, the privilege which it had taken up arms to assert. But the enforcement of rights by the Italian states afforded no relief to the provinces, strictly so called, *i.e.* to the long line of Roman dependencies on the northern and eastern coast of the Mediterranean Sea, and in Africa. Rather were the miseries of the afflicted provincials increased by this forced extension of the Roman citizenship, for the desire of sharing the spoils of the provinces had been one of the chief motives which had aroused the Italian aristocracies to the rebellion. Throughout the Roman provinces there were states and cities which stood in comparatively favourable relations with Rome, as colonies, as allies, as having voluntarily resigned their independence; but the great mass of provincial population were those who had surrendered unconditionally, and were in a condition of complete serfdom. They were unable to possess property in land, and were tenants at will of the Roman state. But the burdens to which they were liable, and which consisted of fixed annual payments, or a certain proportion of the produce of the land, were farmed by the Publicani, and exacted with oppressive avarice. But their misfortunes did not end here. The government of a province in the capacity either of Proconsul or Proprætor after his year of office in the city, was the great object of a Roman's ambition, (*expectata diu provincia.*) With this end in view, no labour spent in the prosecution of his canvass was deemed extravagant, no expense too great, no arts too base. But wherefore was this so desirable a consummation? Doubtless the parade and pomp which attended a provincial magistrate had its influence, and the love of power might allure him, for his command in his province was absolute and uncontrollable over the subjects, and the neighbouring princes crowded to pay their court to the lictored representative of Rome, and with them to hear was to

obey. But what he most coveted was a field for the exercise of his rapacity and avarice, vices, as Mr. Merivale remarks, but too inherent in the descendants of Romulus. By the pillage of the provincials, the governor was enabled to reimburse himself for the sums he had expended in attaining office; to enrich his friends and retainers, who, under the title of legates, tribunes, and prefects, assisted in the spoliation; he was enabled, by disgorging a portion of the spoil to a corrupt jury, to escape the punishment due to his crimes, and he was enabled to enjoy at Rome an old age of indolence and luxury. The methods of exaction, besides illegal pillage, were various. Corn (*frumentum aestimatum*) had to be supplied to the governor by the provincials at a stated rate, and we know, in the case of Verres, that the sum allowed by the home government for this purchase helped to fill the governor's coffers. The towns were obliged to supply forage and fuel. Contributions were laid upon the wealthier cities, to exempt them from furnishing winter quarters for the army. The honorary crowns bestowed after victory were converted into a money payment, and the governor was always anxious, and almost always able, to earn such distinctions by unjustifiable provocation of such of the neighbouring tribes as were yet unsubdued, and by goading the provincials themselves to revolt, in order that by his legions he might quell the disturbance. He frequently aided the Publicani, upon a private understanding with them, in exacting more than their due: he encouraged his friends, who, in the true Roman spirit, were anxious to invest their money in the most profitable manner, to extend their usurious transactions to his province, and frequently backed them with an armed force in the extortion of their exorbitant demands. We purposely omit the crimes of lust and cruelty, (for the details would be too horrible and harassing) which formed the dregs of the bitter cup of misery which the provincials had to drain to the bottom.

Such were some of the grievances which ground, maddened, and reduced to desperation the Roman provinces: grievances for which a corrupted judicature offered little chance of redress, while a *general* rising for deliverance was rendered impracticable by the diversity and distance of the afflicted territories. What deep distress was felt by the provincials, may be gathered from the zeal with which they flocked to the standard of Sertorius in the West, the readiness with which they submitted to the capricious despotism of Mithridates in the East, and the apathy they displayed at the advance of the Cilician pirates, although their first fury must necessarily fall upon themselves. Such isolated insurrections were ever put down by the talents of the general and the discipline of the legions of the

republic; and the proconsuls and proprætors still revelled in cruelty, rapine, and licentiousness. It required one who was placed above all law to repress the crimes of these petty tyrants, and the establishment of the empire did repress them. 'The first use of power which the emperors made was to control the fiscal tyranny of the proconsuls and publicani,' is Mr. Merivale's remark; and he might have cited Tacitus (Ann. I. 2) for the satisfaction felt by the provincials at the change of government: 'Neque provinciæ illum rerum statum (*i.e.* the empire) abnuebant, suspecto senatus populique imperio ob certamina potentium et avaritiam magistratuum, invalido legum auxilio, quæ vi, ambitu, postremo pecunia turbabantur.' Mr. Merivale adds: 'The luxuriance of Roman oppression flourished but for a century and a half; but in that time it created, perhaps, the most extensive and searching misery the world has ever seen. The establishment of the imperial despotism placed, in the main, an effective control over these petty tyrants (*i.e.* the provincial rulers); and, notwithstanding all the crimes by which it won its way, and the corruptions which were developed in its progress, it deserves to be regarded, at least in this important particular, as one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed to the human race.'

II. One of the most interesting and instructive portions of Mr. Merivale's work is a discussion upon the ethnology of the Celtic nations. And this is a subject so intimately connected with the history of Rome, who saw the Gauls alone, of all her foes, encamped within her walls; and more especially with the memoirs of Julius Cæsar, who laid the foundation of, perhaps, an unparalleled military renown, in the subjugation of the Gallic tribes;—it is a subject which has recently received such light, more particularly by the researches of M. Amédée Thierry, and is so important to our appreciation of the position and customs of our own insular forefathers, that we feel no hesitation in dwelling at some length upon it, while we will endeavour to clothe it in the most popular form.

The position of Europe, with respect to the two adjacent quarters of the globe, would cause the streams of migration or invasion, from the original seats of the human race in Asia, to flow into it by three principal channels. The seas, facilitating in later ages the intercourse of mankind, would present barriers which, in their early state, they were incapable of surmounting. The Mediterranean and the Euxine would produce a threefold division of the nations who pressed westward from Armenia and Mesopotamia. The central ranks, confined between the two seas, would pass through Asia Minor, and cross the Bosphorus and Hellespont into Thrace. The right wing, skirting the Black

Sea upon their left, might occupy the great steppes of Southern Russia; while their descendants, according as chance, necessity, or choice, led them to the south or north of the Carpathian chain, might people the modern Hungary, and the lands on the Lower Danube, or continue their westward course over the vast plain of Northern Europe, till they reached the shores of the Baltic or the Atlantic. The left wing, following the sultry coasts of Syria and Africa, would at length find the hitherto boundless expanse of the Mediterranean diminish to a narrow strait, across which they might behold, from the cliffs of Mauritania, the fair regions now known by the name of Andalusia, where they would first set their feet upon the soil of Europe.

The invasions of more recent times have taken these directions. It was by the first that the Turks entered Europe, and destroyed the last relics of Roman sovereignty. The second, on the north of the Euxine, was followed in succession by the Goths, the Huns, the Slavi, the Bulgarians, and other swarms of barbarians, by whom the fabric of the Western Empire was shattered, and that of the Eastern grievously defaced. One of the lines of Arabian conquest took the third direction, along the coast of Africa to the shores of Spain, where the name of Tarik was left to the rock of Gibraltar, and to the straits which his followers passed, when they formed the vanguard of the Moorish hosts who overthrew the kingdom of the Visigoths, and assailed the power of the Frankish monarchy.

These three, or, with the subdivision of the second, four roads of invasion, were probably trod long before by the primitive inhabitants of Europe; or, at the dawn of history, by the later nations whom its light exhibits partly as settlers and partly as invaders. The Greek and Italian peninsulas, guarded by the Hæmus and the Alps, would be peopled by migrations from Asia Minor. The Illyrian nations occupied, in early times, the basin of the lower Danube. The plain of Northern Europe would witness the passage of the Celtic races of the Gauls and the Kymry, and the subsequent advance of the Teutonic tribes; while the Iberians would tend towards the same bourn, the territory of Gaul, by the African and Spanish route.

The southern colonists, the Iberians, are considered by Mr. Merivale to have anticipated the Celts in the possession of Gaul, whence our own islands also would receive their first inhabitants. Even in them there are traces of Iberian occupation. The classic name of Ireland, derived from the Hiberni, whose seats were in Munster, the dark complexion of the southern Irish, and the ancient Milesian traditions, may afford some ground for assigning an Iberian extraction to a part of the inhabitants of that island. The Silures also, in South Wales,

the district which has ever afforded a path to the invaders of Ireland, are considered by Tacitus to be a part of the Iberian family.

The irruption of the Gallic tribes, supposing the Iberians to have preceded them to Western Europe, separated for ever the British and continental branches of that nation; a fate which the Gauls themselves were destined to suffer at the hands of the Kymry, whom the Belgic invasion divided, in their turn, in a similar manner. Nor was it only in Gaul and Britain that the Iberians felt the Gallic pressure. The chain of the Pyrenees was found an insufficient barrier for the protection of Spain. The race of the Celtici is found even in Lusitania; the Gallæci are doubtless of Gallic origin; and the name of the nation of the Celtiberi indicates that some two or more tribes of the contending races had coalesced into one body. A reaction seems subsequently to have taken place in favour of the Iberians: under the name of Aquitani they extended in Gaul to the banks of the Garonne; while the modern Languedoc, from the Pyrenees to the Rhone, was occupied by mixed tribes of Iberians and Ligurians, a nation of kindred race, who dwelt in the Western Apennines and the French and Piedmontese Alps, and the countries on both sides lying at their feet.

The name of the Ligurians recalls our attention to Italy, where we shall see its girdle of Alps, from the Gulf of Lyons to the Adriatic, penetrated successively from the west, the east, and the north. The four streams which spring forth from the mountains of Armenia meet at last in the plains of Northern Italy. The first Italian races, the Oscans and the Pelasgians, either rounded or crossed the Adriatic, into the peninsula. History is silent as to whether they once peopled, and were subsequently expelled from, the western valley of the Po, by the Ligurian tribes from beyond the Alps; but in the faint light which it at first affords us, all Italy north of the Po on the east, as well as both banks on the west, were under the sway of the Ligurians. The Umbrians, however, on the Adriatic, still extended to the Po, in the modern Legations, and the Modenese territory. The eastern Alps were the next crossed. The Illyrians, entering the mountains from the lower Danube, vanquished the nations intervening between the Adriatic and their former seats, and gave their name to the country which they seized. The Veneti, a branch of their race, expelled the Ligurian Euganei from Eastern Lombardy, and extended the possessions of the Illyrian tribes as far as the Adige. The northern Alps were the last passed. A numerous people, of unknown origin, resided at this early period within their valleys; and the name Rhætium still perpetuates, upon the lofty

summits of the Grison and Tyrolese mountains, the title of the great nation of the Rasenæ, who are first discovered beneath their shadow. Entering the plains from between the Lago Maggiore and the Lago di Garda, they interposed between the Ligurians and the Veneti. The latter still maintained themselves in the territory behind the Adige, but the Ligurians were borne back toward the western Alps and the Apennines. The Po and the eastern Apennines were successively crossed, the Umbrians were repelled down the peninsula, and the boundary of the Rasenæ was advanced to the Tiber and the *Æsis*.

The probable cause of the next revolution in Northern Italy must be sought in a very distant region. Nothing is known of the Gauls before their arrival in Western Europe; but a nation sharing the same Celtic blood, the Kymry, or Cimmerians, are mentioned by the Greek annalists, as dwelling in the Crimea, and on the neighbouring shores of the Black Sea. Threatened on the east by a Scythian invasion, a part migrated to the west in search of new habitations. Concealed from the eye of the historian as they traversed the modern Poland, and threaded their way through the forests of Germany, they are ultimately found, about six centuries before the Christian era, pressing upon their Gallic brethren, taking possession of northern Gaul, with all its coasts from the Rhine to the Gironde, and spreading themselves over the southern division of the island of Britain. Compressed between the Kymry on the north and west, and the Iberians and Liguro-Iberians on the south, the Gauls sent forth their superfluous population to conquer other settlements in Italy. Their first expedition, under Belloresus, is assigned to the year 587 B.C. Winding through the defiles of the Cottian Alps, they descended into Piedmont, defeated the Etruscans on the Ticino, and fixed themselves in the Milanese. Before another century had elapsed, other tribes had followed in the track of the first, overpowered the declining strength of the Etruscans, and separated them into two bodies. One was thrust back to the north, into the mountains from which they had originally descended, and the other to the south, towards the Apennines. The Kymry now in their turn sought a share in the Tuscan spoils. The Boii and the Lingones, having passed the Pennine Alps, settled on the south of the Po, and swept thence the Etruscans over the Apennines, to seek a refuge among their brethren, in the proper Etruria. The Senones, the future captors of Rome, were the last Celtic invaders, and occupied the coast of the Adriatic, from the Rubicon to the *Æsis*, where they came in contact with the ancient Umbrians, and threatened the inhabitants of southern Italy.

The Kymry and the Belgæ have been identified with one another by several writers; but, according to the views of Mr. Merivale, which harmonize most satisfactorily the conflicting accounts of Cæsar and Strabo, the Belgæ were a large part of the Kymric race, mingled with several German tribes from beyond the Rhine. The Seine was the boundary between the Belgæ, or Teutonic Kymry, and unmixed Celtic blood. By the Romans, however, at least in Gaul, the Kymry, whether pure or mixed, seem to have been all included under the appellation of Belgæ. Colonies of the Belgæ also made their way through the territories of the Gauls. The Volcæ, whose name is a softer form of the word Belgæ, succeeded the Liguro-Iberians in the possession of Languedoc, where they lay within the limits of what was afterwards the Roman Provincia. This Provincia, which included the modern Provence, Languedoc, Dauphiné, and Savoy, had submitted to the Romans before the time of Cæsar. The frontiers of the territory of the republic, at the period of his invasion, extended to Lyons, and rested on the long ridge of the Cevennes. Beyond the Cevennes and the upper Rhone, the Gauls, represented by the tribes of the Arverni, Ædui, and Sequani, lay exposed to the first attacks of the Roman general; the Garonne separated them from the Iberian Aquitani, and the Seine from the Belgæ: between the Gauls and the pure Kymry on the north-west, there was no natural line of demarcation.

Such was the disposition of these races in Gaul, at the time of Cæsar's invasion. In the British isles, the Belgæ, the latest people who had settled there, were then in possession of the country south of the Thames, on the coasts of which they had landed three centuries before. They had probably also, perhaps as the Firbolg, passed into Ireland, where the names of the Menapii and Cauci, in the province of Leinster, would seem to indicate that it had fallen under the power of a race of Belgic or Teutonic origin. The Kymry, whom they had followed, occupied all England, except the district held by the Belgæ, and the country south of the Bristol Channel, where some Gallic tribes, such as the Hedui, appear to have been isolated by them from the rest of their nation. But it is in Ulster, under the title of Scoti, that the main body of the Gallic inhabitants of these islands was to be found,—the seat from whence they passed into Scotland, and eventually destroyed the Pictish nation. The predecessors of the Gauls are faintly traced in the darkness of tradition. We have mentioned the possible Iberian origin of the Silures and of the Milesians, or Irish of Munster. And it is from the very doubtful authority of these Milesian or Iberian traditions, that we learn anything of the nations they dis-

placed. The position which it assigns them in Ireland, is, however, probable. We naturally look in the parts of both islands the most remote from the continent for the aborigines of our kingdom. Authentic history establishes the fact of the existence of the Picts or Caledonians in the fastnesses of the Scotch Highlands; and they may be regarded as the earliest inhabitants of Britain. In like manner, it is in the wilds of Connaught that our eyes would turn in search of those who first peopled the sister island; and it is here, according to the Milesian traditions, that the Spanish or Iberian settlers in Ireland drove the nation they invaded across the Shannon. The name of this nation, the *Ferdomnians*, is all that has survived,—an appellation which may vaguely be conjectured to have some affinity with the *Damnonii* of Cornwall, and the *Damnii* of the Clyde, nations which, by their position, appear to have been pressed by stronger tribes to the borders of the sea.

The languages of these primitive races have perished, and those of the three great families of nations in Spain, Gaul, and Britain, which have passed under our review, the Iberians, the Gauls, and the *Kymry*, have been nearly obliterated from the countries they formerly pervaded, by the Latin and Teutonic dialects. These were now, at the time of *Cæsar's* invasion, about to break in upon them from the Rhone and the Rhine; and, after the nineteen centuries which have since elapsed, but few vestiges of the ancient dialects are to be found. The language of the Basque provinces, in the western Pyrenees, is the sole representative of the tongue of the old Iberians: in Ireland and the Scotch Highlands, the Gaelic still holds its ground: and the *Kymric*, the latest of the three, has found a last refuge in the mountains of North Wales, and upon the heaths of Lower Brittany; where the rude monuments of a distant age, the Druidical circle, the mysterious cromlech, and the lonely menhir, still attract the attention of the traveller, and recall to his mind the memory of a people which have nearly disappeared from the lands they once fully occupied.

III. The next subject to which we would allude is the battle of *Pharsalia*, the most important conflict in the annals of Rome—perhaps the most important the world ever saw. In her preceding foreign wars, the republic had struggled merely for the extension of her power; and if we consider the discipline, courage, and endurance of the Roman legionaries, the successful termination of such struggles could never have been doubtful, however much they may have been retarded by the individual talents of the opposing generals, as in the case of *Hannibal*, *Mithridates*, and *Sertorius*. And when, after the subjugation of so many foreign states, the Italians in arms demanded the

consolidation of the territorial power of the empire, by widening the basis of the constitution, the struggles and operations were confined to the peninsula. Upon the pacification of Italy, when citizen met citizen in the murderous civil broils of Marius and Sulla, the scale of operation was still a limited one, and the conflict raged between the two parties of the state, rather than between the party leaders themselves. But in the campaigns which ended in the battle of Pharsalia, the antagonism assumed a very different form. Not only was the empire of the world the prize of the contest, but the whole world was engaged in the struggle. Florus correctly describes it, less as a civil war, than a *common* war of the whole human race — a *Völkerschlacht*, or battle of nations, as the Germans called the field of Leipsig. Almost every province of the empire had given assistance to one or other of the two antagonists. The plain of the Enipeus witnessed the decision of the deadly feud between the Roman oligarchy, supported by the eastern provincials on one side, and the popular party at Rome, backed by the western provinces, on the other.¹

If we turn from the armies to their commanders, we may still better appreciate the interest of the struggle. The two greatest generals of ancient Rome were matched against each other. The elder was one whose strategic talents had so early developed themselves, that he was saluted Imperator on a victorious field by his troops, at the age of twenty-three. He had subsequently brought to a successful termination five most important wars, and had triumphed in turn over the three divisions of the known earth. Such were Pompey's exploits in the estimation of his countrymen, that he alone, of all their commanders, had been distinguished by the appellation of the Great, as one whose rapid conquests could only be paralleled by those of the Macedonian Alexander. On the other hand, Cæsar's military genius had not been so early called forth. It is a notorious fact, that most of the greatest commanders in the history of the world have distinguished themselves in early life. We may instance Alexander, Hannibal, Condé, Frederic, and Buonaparte, who gained some of their most splendid victories before the age of thirty. But Cæsar, until his fortieth year, when he went out as Proprætor into Spain, had devoted himself to the pursuits of civil life. Since that period, however, he had been occupied for nine years in the arduous task of subduing

¹ The actual numbers, though representing so many nations and interests, were not so large as might have been expected. Pompey had 45,000 legionaries, and 7,000 horse, besides subsidiary bowmen (4,000), cavalry, and infantry. Under Cæsar's banners there were arrayed 22,000 legionaries, and 1,000 cavalry, exclusive of his auxiliary corps.

the most stubborn nation which had ever crossed arms with Rome; and during that space had acquired military skill, and influence over his soldiers, never perhaps equalled. In a word, Pompey had seen more extended and more honourable service: Cæsar had been engaged in one war preeminently adapted to develope military talent. Both these consummate generals were idols with the populace,—Pompey from the splendour of his achievements, Cæsar from the affability of his nature and his sympathy with their views. Pompey coveted the popularity which he never courted; Cæsar courted applause, while he contemned it. Both were equally a prey to the last infirmity of noble minds—the lust of power. The flimsy veil, indeed, which Pompey threw over his ambitious designs, has so far deluded some of the later classical authors, and not a few modern historians, that in their pages he stands forth a pure and unsullied character, the disinterested champion of law and liberty. But it deluded not his own contemporaries, who saw the man through the slender covering. The only actual difference between Pompey and his rival, in this respect, is, that Cæsar, with that frankness of conduct which was his great characteristic, disguised nothing; while Pompey, with equally characteristic reserve, disclosed nothing. Cæsar had the courage to avow the sentiment of Eteocles,¹ which actuated Pompey's conduct, though it was never in his mouth. The one was covertly, the other ostentatiously ambitious: and the flame which burns unseen is ever the fiercest. There is yet another consideration necessary to complete our view of the two antagonists. The generals now opposed in deadly strife were closely connected in affinity to each other, even as father-in-law and son-in-law. And, although political marriages have ever in modern, and much more in ancient times, given way, for the extension of power, to other considerations, yet the union of Pompey and Julia was one of pure and sincere affection; and it does appear strange that so soon after the death of that most virtuous lady her husband and father should seek each other's overthrow. We might also recall to mind the close union into which Pompey and Cæsar had entered, but a few years previously, for the purpose of bearing down the constituted authorities of the state, and administering the republic in accordance with their own interests. The conqueror of Mithridates and the proconsul of Gaul seemed at that period the most devoted friends;

¹ Εἴπερ γὰρ ἀδικεῖν χρηρ, τυραννίδος πέρι
Κάλλιστον ἀδικεῖν· τάλλα δ' εὐσεβεῖν χρεών.—*Eurip. Phœn.* 524.

'If wrong we must do, let it be for empire:
In all things else let equal justice hold.'

but, alas! the bonds of friendship, as well as the ties of affinity, were snapped asunder the moment that each stood in the way of the other's advancement.

And what was the cause for which the sword was unsheathed? The actual reason was obscured by the specious prettexts of both sides. Cæsar complained, and complained justly, that equal justice had not been dealt out to himself and his rival by the home government; that while Pompey had been allowed to violate his own laws with impunity, he himself had been refused permission to sue for the consulship, without first resigning his military command, and that this was tantamount to delivering him over to the malice of his enemies; that the government of his province had been taken from him, and the rights of the tribunes, who interposed their *veto* in his favour, had been outraged. Pompey, too, might justly urge that Cæsar, in passing the boundary of his province in arms, had constituted himself a rebel against his country, and ought to be treated as such by all the friends of order and government. But the real aim of both leaders was one and the same; uncontrolled and despotic power in the state. It was now a struggle between individuals, and no longer between the two great parties of the republic. It is true that Pompey was supported by the senate and the oligarchical faction, but it is clear that the soldiers fought for their general personally, and not for the privileged orders. Cæsar was the centre of attraction among his followers, who were uninfluenced by any desire to elevate the popular party upon the ruins of the aristocracy. If it shall be thought that justice was on Pompey's side, because Cæsar had drawn against Rome the sword which was entrusted to him for the subjugation of the Gauls, this is but a superficial view to take of the quarrel. Pompey, by his intrigues at Rome, and influence with the senate, had placed Cæsar in a position which he well knew would render an appeal to arms inevitable. To have engaged in an apparently personal contest with Cæsar would have scarcely harmonized with Pompey's designs. Far more advantageous was it for him to embroil Cæsar with the senate, and then to have himself called in as the champion of the government. In following out this course successfully, he was enabled to strengthen his interests, by associating with his cause the name and authority of the Roman senate. But the guilt in aiming at despotic sway is not thereby extenuated, and it is a morbid sympathy to array him in virtues which in nowise belonged to him, because he met with an undeserved and untimely end. The result of the war to Rome was necessarily servitude, and the choice of her master was all that was left to fortune. It is natural that Lucan and other writers, who suffered under the tyranny of

subsequent emperors, should represent the losing side at Pharsalia as embodying the spirit of liberty and order. But those who were better informed took a very different view of the struggle. Cicero frequently laments the barbarities which were likely to ensue from the triumph of the Pompeians. For even if we could imagine that Pompey would have tamely resigned the power which fortune might have placed in his hands, still the rancour of the oligarchy would have exceeded the greatest enormities of the Sullan proscription. They had already, in anticipation of victory, proposed, that all who had remained in Italy, or who, after having joined Pompey's standard, had continued spectators rather than actors in the ranks, should have judgment of death passed upon them. They had, in imagination, confiscated and distributed amongst themselves the estates even of those who, like Atticus, had preserved a strict neutrality between the contending parties.¹

But we have no reason to presume that Pompey² would have resigned his authority at all. He showed by his conduct at Rome, that he bitterly repented the folly of which he had been guilty, in disbanding at the will of the senate his Mithridatic troops, and he formed his illegal compact with Cæsar and Crassus for the very purpose of recovering, by their means, the power which he had then thrown away. It is true that he subsequently changed his tactics, and made the senate his tools, when he found that he could not mould Cæsar to his views; but the same purpose, *i. e.* self-advancement, which had united him with Cæsar against the senate, again induced him to assume the livery of the latter, when the success of the triumvirate did not answer his expectations.

The palm of strategy in this unfortunate war is allowed on all hands to belong to Cæsar. He was conscious where his strength lay; in the devotion of a soldiery, disciplined for nine years under his own eye, inured to hardship by the rigour of an inhospitable climate, by exposure on every side to fierce and barbarous enemies. He had often led them to victory, and had shared with the meanest the dangers and hardships of the campaign—he had moulded their feelings to his own—with their names and

¹ Dr. Arnold, who is unduly prejudiced against Cæsar, remarks: 'Doubtless the happiness of mankind was ultimately far better secured by the victory of Cæsar, and the establishment even of his successor's despotism, than it would have been by the unchecked dominion of the most profligate members of a corrupt aristocracy.' *History of Later Roman Commonwealth*, ch. viii.

² Pompey had the name of Sulla ever in his mouth. Cic. ad Att. ix. 10. 'Sulla potuit: ego non potero?' Again, 'Sullaturit ejus animus et proscripserit diu.' 'Mirandum in modum Cnæus noster Sullani regni similitudinem concepivit.' viii. II. viii. 16. ix. 9.

individual services he was to a great extent acquainted.¹ It was his unhesitating confidence in his troops, which emboldened Cæsar to cross the Rubicon at the head of a *single* legion; to advance, when reinforced, upon his enemies; to sweep them within sixty days from the Italian peninsula, and ever to act with that energy and decision, which the rhetoricians of an after age, unable to comprehend the deep calculations of a statesman or warrior, ascribed to an implicit reliance upon his fortune. With veterans personally devoted to himself, directed by his own talents, Cæsar might well feel a conscious superiority over the more numerous, but at the same time heterogeneous array of his opponent. But a general who feels himself stronger than his antagonists, enjoys a great advantage in the freedom of his movements; for as it is his interest to bring on a decisive engagement, he may attempt any enterprise he pleases, with the two-fold chance either of winning that particular object, or of forcing the enemy to battle, if he offer opposition. This circumstance fully explains Cæsar's motives, in drawing round Pompey at Petra lines of such extent and labour, even at the hazard of the defeat which he then sustained. So far from such casual defeat detracting from Cæsar's merits as a general, it but more clearly manifests the depth of his plans. Any success on the side of his opponents must necessarily have inspired them with the feelings he wished to excite, and so bring about the result he so eagerly anticipated. And he seems to have calculated most happily: the very circumstance (the check before Dyrrhachium) which, those who judged superficially deemed fatal to his pretensions, was the cause which arrayed against him in Thessaly the army he had so long fruitlessly endeavoured to encounter.

On the contrary, Pompey's position required a Fabian policy. His troops consisted mainly of new levies, and of those who had seen but little service of late, and none felt that ardent attachment to their general which distinguished Cæsar's legions. These had to be drilled and disciplined, to be marched and counter-marched, to be engaged in sallies and skirmishes, before they would be fit for a general engagement with veteran soldiers. But Pompey had another object in view, in addition to a triumph over his foe, and this was victory over the oligarchical party, at whose head chance and their own necessities had placed him. For this purpose, it was necessary that he should be surrounded once more by the kings and tetrarchs of the east, who, after the immemorial Oriental usage, attached themselves to individuals, and not to governments.

¹ Lucan (Phars. vii. 287) makes Cæsar boast:

Cujus non militis ense

Agnoscam? Cœlumque tremens quum lancea transit,
Dicere non fallar, quo sit vibrata lacerto.

These were now in motion towards Macedonia, and if Pompey evacuated Italy, he might find himself comparatively independent of senatorial dictation. Any success in Italy might have redounded to the glory of the consuls, Lentulus and Marcellus, and would be therefore as unpalatable to Pompey as actual defeat. It was in all probability such a view of matters, which induced a general of Pompey's military talents to retire before Cæsar, step by step, to leave Domitius at Corfinium, unsupported against the enemy, to retreat to Brundisium, and eventually to relinquish Italy to his rival. For surely, had he been so disposed, he might in Italy, with his five legions, have withstood Cæsar's attack until the arrival of his seven veteran legions from Spain, and of his father-in-law, Scipio, with the forces from the east, and thus Cæsar might have been crushed between the overwhelming armies brought against him from both continents. This is the original and highly probable view entertained by Mr. Merivale, and certainly gives the best solution of Pompey's apparently unaccountable relinquishment of Italy, and moreover harmonizes with hints thrown out in Cicero's letters, and the taunts which he knew the oligarchs addressed to their leader, during the Grecian campaign.

Pompey had succeeded in delivering himself from the control of his patrons, when he found himself at the head of his united forces at Thessalonica, and had only the legions of Scipio to expect. It was now his duty to render his troops effective, by attention and discipline, to raise their spirits and inspire a steady self-confidence, to weary Cæsar out, by forcing him to follow from place to place, without affording him an opportunity of fighting. Such was Pompey's plan,¹ and in spite of remonstrance, he persisted in it, until the misfortune (as we may term it) of his victorious assault upon Cæsar's lines at Petra, converted the previous dissatisfaction of his excitable followers, at what they deemed his cowardly and dilatory conduct, into open menace and rebellion. Pompey was ever irresolute, and wanted moreover that power of gaining the ascendancy over his adherents, which Cæsar possessed in such an extraordinary degree. The body of patricians, who looked upon Pompey as a mere instrument in their own hands, flushed with their success at Dyrrhachium, besieged him with shouts and cries for battle, which his irresolute spirit could not withstand. A want of

¹ It is amusing to find, in Middleton's *Life of Cicero*, the whole credit of Pompey's plan for protracting the war ascribed to Cicero, and the remark that 'had Cicero's advice been followed, Cæsar must have been eventually ruined!!' Lucan, on the other hand, makes Cicero the mouthpiece of the oligarchs, when they clamour for the engagement, the day before the battle, (*Phars. vii. 68*) although we know that Cicero was left behind sick at Dyrrhachium.

moral courage suffered him to be overborne against his own better judgment, precipitated him after Cæsar into Thessaly, and induced him, in a moment fatal to himself and the interests of his party, to offer battle on the banks of the Enipeus to an army so superior in everything, except numbers, to his own, when it was in the very act of striking its tents for retreat before him.

Into the details of the battle we are unwilling to carry our readers. Suffice it to say, that it resembled most decisive engagements, in ancient and in modern times, in this, that the two armies (like the mail-clad knights of the middle ages, to use an illustration which Mr. Merivale gives elsewhere), having in vain tried to force their antagonists into a false move, and having exhausted all the artifices of warfare, determined to stake the issue of the contest upon the trial of their respective strengths. Mr. Merivale gives a most vivid description of the actual conflict, explaining much that was before unintelligible, and imparting an absorbing interest to the whole. We see the infantry of both leaders resting on the precipitous bank of the Enipeus—Pompey's splendid cavalry on his left wing, confronted by Cæsar's thousand horsemen, supported by the oblique arrangement of six cohorts of foot on his right—the charge, and midway halt, and renewed charge of Cæsar's legions, 'with barbaric shouts'—the onset of Pompey's cavalry—the retreat of the Cæsarian horse, upon the reserve—the advance of that reserve—the order to strike on the faces of the enemy¹—the defeat of Pompey's left wing—the inexplicable panic of his main body—the rout—Cæsar's command to spare the citizens—the flight and death of the fierce and treacherous Domitius Ahenobarbus—the pursuit and surrender of the broken army—the escape of Pompey himself, and the pathetic episode of his barbarous murder.

IV. We now approach the closing act of the great drama—the assassination of Cæsar in the plenitude of his power, when he deemed himself sufficiently strong in the affection of the citizens, to disband his veterans, and to despatch his legions to distant quarters, relying upon his popularity alone for his

¹ Mr. Merivale shows that Cæsar's order, '*Miles faciem feri*,' is not to be explained as it has hitherto been, on the supposition that the surest means of putting the young nobility to flight was to threaten their faces with disfigurement. It really advises soldiers, who had been accustomed to engage with half-clad Gauls, of the only effectual method of wounding Roman knights, whose faces and necks were bare, while the body was protected by a cuirass. Horace *od. II. 1, 19*, (who is not cited by Mr. Merivale) doubtless alludes to this exploit:

*Jam litui strepunt,
Jam fulgor armorum fugaces
Terret equos, equitumque vultus.*

Fulgor armorum here refers to the six cohorts of infantry, with which Cæsar supported his thousand horse.

security. Before we pass any judgment upon the deed itself, it will be requisite to refer to certain antecedent circumstances, which may have contributed to the catastrophe.

The revolution by which Cæsar had attained his elevation had necessarily shattered the fabric of the old aristocratic constitution. Upon its ruins Cæsar had to reconstruct a form of natural policy. His undisputed tenure of power hardly lasted eighteen months, during ten of which he was absent from the capitol. This was a space of time very insufficient to give us any adequate idea of the system of government he intended to introduce. But even in this limited period, we have proofs of the liberality and enlightenment of his views, in spite of the confusion of dates and circumstances attending the records which remain to us of his several enactments. He had risen to his present eminence on the tide of the popular party; but if he wishes the world to derive any advantage from his exaltation, he must be cautious in his new regulations not to give undue preponderance to the *canaille* of Rome. He was conscious of this. 'The general principle which pervades his views,' says Mr. Merivale, 'is the elevation of a middle class of citizens, to constitute the ultimate source of all political authority. The ostensible ruler of the state is to be in fact the creation of this body, its favourite, its patron, its legislator, and its captain. To this body he is to owe his political existence. He is to watch over the maintenance of an equilibrium of popular forces, checking with the same firm hand the discontent of the depressed nobility, and the encroachments of the aspiring rabble.' Cæsar attempted to break down the pre-eminence of the wealthiest class, to which so many of the late misfortunes were attributable, by the enactment of sumptuary laws. He increased the number of the senate (in his Censorian capacity) to nine hundred, by drafting into it about six hundred new members, chiefly from the provinces. The Roman franchise was widely extended. All practitioners of medicine, and professors of science, were declared Roman citizens. The freedom of the city was conferred upon various states in Gaul and Spain. The whole of the Gallic legion Alanda received the same distinguished favour. Eighty thousand Roman citizens were transplanted, to found new cities beyond the sea. Carthage and Corinth rose again from their ruins. To obviate the decrease of population in the civil wars, privileges, in the shape of exemption from certain personal charges, (*jus trium liberorum*,) were assigned to paternity. By an enactment opposed to the usual policy of the popular party, the orders of citizens from which the judges were chosen were restricted to the senators and knights, in order to ensure greater strictness and severity. Cæsar dissolved (and this would be an

unpopular measure with the lower orders) the Collegia, or combinations of the urban populace, which so frequently overawed the independence of the judges, and trampled upon the execution of the laws. He seems to have contemplated forming a complete and uniform code of laws for the whole empire. He set on foot a survey of the territorial possessions of Rome, and reformed the almost inextricable confusion of the Roman calendar.

It was impossible that reforms and alterations of so extensive a character could be carried out without exciting much ill-will. The popular party would feel dissatisfied with some of the arrangements, but might submit with good grace, as they had triumphed in the struggle. But the oligarchs would be deeply offended at the invasion of their own supposed inherent rights by the intrusion of orientals and kilted Gauls into the senate, and by any attempt to curtail their own ostentatious luxury.

Thus the reforms which Cæsar introduced would array against him the bigoted adherents of the old oligarchical régime.

But, in the next place, we must admit that the conqueror himself had of late become more arrogant, and less considerate of the dignity of others. Mr. Merivale had prepared us for this change of deportment at the end of the eighteenth chapter, where he ascribes it to the adulation which Cæsar met with in the east, and his liaison with Cleopatra. He there says :—

‘ It becomes us to remark the fatal effect of a connexion of disparagement, by which Cæsar felt himself degraded in the eyes of his own countrymen. If from henceforth we find his generosity tinged with ostentation, his courage with arrogance, his resolution with harshness ; if he becomes restless and fretful, and impatient of contradiction ; if his conduct is marked with contempt for mankind rather than with indulgence to their weaknesses, it is to this impure source that the melancholy change is to be traced.’

His arrogance was displayed in the arbitrary manner in which he issued decrees from the solitude of his chamber, to be subscribed with the names of the senators, who were supposed to have assisted at his councils. He was difficult of access. He refused to rise from his seat when a deputation from the senate waited upon him, to communicate the honours they had bestowed upon him. It is also probable that Cæsar was not content with the office of perpetual Dictator, (a name which rather precluded than implied transmission,) and, like Cromwell, aspired to the regal title, as a guarantee for the succession of his power to his adopted son Octavianus. His friends, who knew or guessed his feelings, most imprudently made such public demonstrations as they might think likely to please him. In this, doubtless, they were encouraged by those real enemies who had not as yet dropped the mask of friendship, and who judged much more truly of the effect which such premature

demonstrations must have upon the prejudices of the Roman people at large, and the senate in particular.

Thus, a second party in the state was offended—those, to wit, in whose eyes the order to which they belonged had been insulted by the dictator's arrogance; more especially as he seemed desirous of a title which would for ever mark the disparity between him and themselves.

But there was a third party whose animosity against Cæsar had not even the excuse of party patriotism. Every leader of a party must incur the enmity of many of his ancient adherents, when he comes to power, by the mortification of their vanity. Cæsar had done all that he could do for his friends, by abridging the time of the consulship, and by increasing the number of prætors and inferior magistrates in order that he might satisfy more numerous claims. Nor did he confine his favours to those who had been originally of his own party. Brutus and Cassius were the chief prætors of the year in which Cæsar was assassinated. Varro, his old opponent in Spain, had been appointed to preside over the great public library, which had recently been established. Such impartiality, not improbably, increased the number of his personal enemies. Cæsar's old friends would be annoyed that the monopoly of honours was not their own; and his reconciled foes, that the services of others should seem to outweigh their own intrinsic merits. Cassius was piqued that Brutus had been thought more worthy of the City Prætorship than himself: although the province of Syria had been promised to him as a consolation for his disappointment. Of Cæsar's officers, Sulpicius Galba had been refused the consulship, L. Tillius Cimber had been unable to obtain the recall of his brother from banishment, and Minucius Basilus, a prætor of the last year, had no province assigned him at the expiration of his office. Many such, we may believe, became conspirators against Cæsar from private pique.

From the three classes we have specified, viz. those who objected to the radical reforms which Cæsar was introducing in every department of the government; those who deemed their order insulted by his arrogance, and those who thought their deserts had been overlooked, were the ranks of the conspiracy largely recruited. When, moreover, we consider the envy which the senatorial party must have felt at the elevation of a single person to the power which they hoped to wield, a feeling which the remembrance of their own submission and a sense of the conqueror's clemency were but ill-calculated to allay, we shall no longer be surprised that the conspiracy found favour among sixty of its members, and that Ligarius, whose recent pardon rankled in his bosom, should rise from

a sick-bed, to participate in it. It may appear strange to modern ears, that what so many have been accustomed to consider a glorious scheme to restore freedom to Rome, should be represented as an oligarchical cabal; but the more we investigate the circumstances of the case and the character of the conspirators, the more we shall be necessitated to come to this conclusion. Florus furnishes a key to the plot by writing 'Brutus et Cassius aliique *Patricii* consenserunt in cædem principis.' When we insinuate that party spirit or less excusable personal feeling prompted many to join in the conspiracy, we do not include in that number some whose conduct is totally inexplicable, such as Trebonius and Decimus Brutus, on whom Cæsar had conferred the highest favours, and had actually left the latter his heir in the second degree, and above all, we would except Marcus Brutus, of whom we shall have occasion to speak immediately. But C. Cassius Longinus had certainly imbibed a personal antipathy against Cæsar, and he is allowed on all hands to have been the head and front of the conspiracy. We have noticed his disappointment at Brutus having been preferred to himself. Mr. Merivale remarks:—

'He was by nature vain and vindictive; his temper fluctuated between mean subservience and rude independence: the ascendancy which Cæsar's unruffled equanimity exerted over him embittered his selfish spirit, and in his passionate resolve to overthrow, at all hazards, the supremacy which galled him, he seems to have looked no further, to have taken no precautions, but thrown the die without calculating the chances.'

Cassius well knew how to trick out his schemes for vengeance in the cant terms of liberty and patriotism, and by such arts he was enabled to cajole men of less talent but more honesty than himself. He was skilful enough to enclose M. Brutus in his net. Mr. Merivale draws a not very flattering, but not the less strictly correct portrait of Brutus:—

'So far from inheriting the zeal of his imputed progenitor, (L. Junius Brutus, the first consul of the republic,) the Brutus of the expiring republic had acquiesced in Cæsar's usurpation with less apparent reluctance than perhaps any other member of the Pompeian party. Despondent in her hour of distress, he had been the last to join, the earliest to desert the unfurled banner of the republic. After Pharsalia, he was the first to seek refuge in the camp of the victor; in the city he was the foremost to court the friendship and claim the confidence of the dictator: he was zealous in serving his interests by the discharge of important offices; nor did he blush to govern Cisalpine Gaul for Cæsar while his uncle held out Utica against him. A feeble panegyric of the sturdy sage whom he had abandoned, while he affected to adopt his principles and emulate his practice, seemed to Brutus a sufficient tribute to his virtues. Although in his habits a professed student, he could not resolve to withdraw to the shades of philosophy from the fiery glare of a season of revolution. The thirst of lucre still beset him; the victor caressed and the vanquished courted him; he was a greater man to-day than yesterday, and the path of official distinc-

tion seemed safe and flowery. With Brutus, by circumstances a revolutionary partisan, by temper a sophist, the conspiracy would never have originated; the admission of his inherent weakness is the fairest extenuation of his crime. But the deaths of all their more distinguished leaders had elevated him to undue importance among the remnant of his party. His uncle's renown seemed to shed its light upon him, and he was supposed to inherit the political spirit of the hero whose disciple he had avowed himself in the tranquil walks of science. The name of Brutus forced its possessor into prominence as soon as royalty began to be discussed. The Roman people were neither moralists nor genealogists, but they had imbibed from the traditions of four hundred and fifty years an unreflecting horror of the mere title of king, and admiration not less blind for the name of the first of the consuls.

'The weakness of Brutus's character may be estimated by the means which were employed to work upon him. A bit of paper affixed to the statue of the ancient hero, with the words, "Would thou wert alive," billets thrust into his hand inscribed "Brutus, thou sleepest," "Thou art no Brutus," shook the soul of the philosopher to its centre. His vanity had already been excited by a compliment attributed to Cæsar, which was no doubt reported to him, "Brutus only waits for this dry skin," implying that he of all the Romans was most capable of succeeding to pre-eminence. Cassius, who was brother-in-law to Brutus, and admitted to his familiar intimacy, watched narrowly the effect of these incentives to his ambition, and led him gradually to the point at which he could venture to disclose the deed which was in contemplation. Brutus, adroitly plied, embraced the schemes of the conspirators, and assumed the place of chief adviser, which was, at least in appearance, tendered to him.'

To add to this most graphic description would indeed be superfluous on our part.¹

Such was the band by which Cæsar fell, at the base of his

¹ In Shakspeare's play of Julius Cæsar, from which so many derive their idea of Brutus, the great poet follows Plutarch in the main, but ascribes to Brutus a character, (far beyond Plutarch's powers of conception,) full of feeling and pathos, distracted by private affection and public duty, love to Cæsar and love to Rome. When his public have got the better of his private feelings, the latter still remain so strong that a settled melancholy seems to take possession of his mind. However reflection may strengthen his convictions that he has acted uprightly, the remembrance of the act itself embitters his life. Hence we have depicted a highly dramatic and most interesting, but still an *ideal* character. Shakspeare has perhaps seized the *historic* verities more in describing Cassius, who is made to combine the conspirators and arouse the dormant patriotism of Brutus. But Brutus, the ideal Brutus, alone of the conspirators deeply interests us, and even he does not carry our sympathies with him in the murder of Cæsar; and it appears evident from the most touching speeches put in Antony's mouth, that Shakspeare did not intend that he should do so. The rest of the conspirators are summarily dismissed by Antony in his lament over Brutus at the conclusion of the play (where we usually find the moral intended by the poet):

'This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.'

By the side of Shakspeare's 'Julius Cæsar,' it is worth while to consult Voltaire's tragedy in three acts, entitled, 'La Mort de César,' which the preface of 1736

great rival's statue, on the ides of March, 710 U. C., pierced by twenty-three wounds. The mode of his death, whatever sympathy erring patriots of our own nation may have with the motives of its perpetrators, is so abhorrent to the long-cherished feelings of our countrymen, that we are sure that none even of those who applaud the conduct of Bradshaw and his associates, would attempt to justify the *assassination* of Cæsar.

But, setting aside the very reprehensible means which he employed, was Brutus justified in any attempt to rid Rome of Cæsar? We will grant that he may have been persuaded that he was but fulfilling his mission, and really restoring liberty to an oppressed country. Yet still we answer that he was not justified. Ought he to have intrigued for the overthrow of a government under which he had accepted an important provincial appointment, and was now actually discharging the highest judicial functions? If Cæsar was such a tyrant and monster that he must in anywise be removed, nothing justifies Brutus in having hitherto supported his government. Dr. Arnold, whom no one can accuse of partiality to Cæsar, appositely remarks that Sir Matthew Hale did well to accept office under the usurpation of Cromwell, but that he would have been in no wise justified, after such acquiescence, in associating himself in the schemes of Colonel Titus and others, for the murder of the Protector. If it be urged in extenuation, that Brutus was carried away by the artful reasonings of Cassius—this is but to exalt his heart at the expense of his head; and we allow Brutus to have been an honest, but weak-minded patriot. And surely real lovers of freedom, if gifted with a very moderate share of discretion, would have taken some precautions to secure the maintenance of that precious boon, which it must have cost some of them (let us hope) a pang to bestow.

tells us he composed 'au lieu de traduire l'ouvrage monstrueux de Shakspeare.' Voltaire revives the exploded story that Brutus was Cæsar's son. Cæsar dotes upon Brutus, who abhors Cæsar and originates (Cassius being only a secondary agent) the conspiracy against him. Cæsar is indecently urgent for the title of king, and most grossly and unhistorically insults the senate when they demur about granting his request. But Cæsar's anxiety for royalty is not on his own account, but that the diadem may encircle the brow of his son, to whom he intends to bequeath his power. He informs Brutus of the relationship between them and the honours he designs him. Brutus is at first rather puzzled, but eventually determines to proceed with the assassination. This takes place behind the scenes. The last two scenes are feeble and lifeless parodies of the speeches of Brutus and Antony in Shakspeare. The following audacious commentary (by M. Algarotti) is usually prefixed to *La Mort de Césaire*: 'Voltaire a imité, en quelques endroits, Shakspeare, poëte anglais, qui a réuni dans la même pièce les puérilités les plus ridicules, et les morceaux les plus sublimes; il en a fait le même usage que Virgile faisait des ouvrages d'Ennius: il a imité de l'auteur anglais les deux dernières scènes, qui sont les plus beaux modèles d'éloquence qu'il y ait au théâtre.

'*Quum flueret lutulentus, erat quod tollere velles.*' !!!

But Cassius and his friends seem to have regarded nothing beyond the immolation of their victim. Did they expect that the Romans would have arisen in a body and applauded their deed? Then, indeed, they must have been strangely oblivious of the affability, and largesses, and popularity of Cæsar. Or did they really imagine that the senatorial party, feeble remnant as it was, could again establish the domination which the ascendancy of Cæsar had destroyed? The most probable solution is, that they left the result to chance; and we know what the result was—the repetition of the civil wars, ending in a more oppressive yoke.

What might have been the consequences of the defeat of the conspiracy, by attention to information which Cæsar's magnanimity made him neglect, we can only now conjecture—with one important exception. We cannot allow ourselves to doubt that Cæsar, upon their submission, *would have pardoned the conspirators*, one and all. His clemency was too much a part of his nature to be laid aside, whatever might be the provocation. Herein it is that Cæsar towers so far above all conquerors of ancient and modern times. Ascribe his clemency to policy! You may as well ascribe his love of literature, or even the licentiousness of his youth, to motives of state. The conspirators, doubtless, must have submitted; (and this they would have had no difficulty in doing; many of them had done so before;) but Cæsar would never have denied his better nature the pleasure of forgiving them. It may perhaps seem idle to indulge in useless conjectures, but we hope to be forgiven by the reader if we hazard an hypothesis on a favourite subject: Cæsar died in his fifty-sixth year; his constitution was tolerably robust, and he was very temperate in his mode of life. We may therefore not unreasonably suppose, that had he escaped the dagger of the assassin, he might have attained a good old age—that he would have vanquished the Parthians and avenged the manes of Crassus; that he would have carried out the liberal schemes which he only lived to project; that he would have established his government upon a secure basis; that he would have outlived the ill-will and envy of a proscribed faction; that the blessings of peace and tranquillity would have become appreciated by all, especially by that middle class which it was the dictator's policy to raise up; that he would have granted a constitution (in modern parlance) to the empire, by associating *actively* with himself in the cares of government a senate which would represent no longer an exclusive hereditary caste, but the intelligence and wealth of the Roman world; that he might have called his adopted successor to a share in the imperial dignity, and, dying amid the regrets of Romans and provincials, have transmitted

to him the whole authority under some hereditary title, which, obviating, as it would have done, the appeal to arms at Philippi and Actium, might have effectually precluded that domination of the legions in the subsequent bestowal of the purple, which was the fruitful source of so much misery to the Romans under the empire.

We have one remark to make concerning Mr. Merivale's estimate of Cæsar's character. We think that he ascribes to him too extended a range of vision, too clear an insight into futurity. We might imagine from the narrative that Cæsar from the first saw the necessity of his own future exaltation, and the exact steps which must lead to it. But we know that the views of popular leaders (as M. Guizot has so well shown in the case of Cromwell) become enlarged according to circumstances. They always aim at some elevation immediately above themselves, fancying, perhaps, at the time that this will suffice; but hills rise above hills; as fast as one is surmounted, they gird themselves up for the ascent of the next. Cæsar was probably no exception to the general rule. He was undoubtedly conscious of his own great powers and the wants of the age. He, as undoubtedly, determined to advance himself to the utmost; but the *particular* path that he himself must pursue, the *particular* course which affairs would take, he could scarcely have foreseen. We can almost imagine that he was himself surprised (although never moved or ruffled) when he found himself successively at the head of the Roman populace, in league with Pompey and Crassus, on the brink of the Rubicon, victor at Pharsalia, and perpetual dictator at Rome.

We must now conclude our notice of the History of the Romans under the Empire. We would gladly accompany Mr. Merivale into the interesting discussion with which he closes his second volume, concerning the decay of principles and corruption of manners which marked the era of the foundation of the imperial government, and which he justly attributes in a great degree to the oblivion of the ancient and sterling Roman creeds, literature, and feelings, and the parasitic adoption of the Greek in their stead: but we have already extended our remarks to a greater length than we had at first intended. In taking leave of Mr. Merivale, we congratulate him upon a performance which will, we are convinced, extend through Europe that reputation for talents and learning which he has so long deservedly possessed in both our universities. We beg to thank him for a history which is at once faithful and interesting; in which much light has been shed on a very momentous period, and the charm of freshness thrown over the narration of well-known events. We shall be anxiously looking out for the future volumes of Mr.

Merivale's work—successive arches to bridge over the great chasm which intervenes (in English literature) between the death of Julius Cæsar and the commencement of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. Meanwhile it cannot but be a source of gratification to all sincere friends of our institutions, to observe that, at a time when the enemies of the Church have again commenced their attacks upon our universities; when so many professed friends are anxious to encourage such an extended range of popular studies, as seriously threatens to displace the best aids of intellectual development, mathematics and classics; when the first minister of the crown has not deemed it inconsistent with his duty (with what *ulterior* object we know not) to advise her Majesty to issue a Commission of Inquiry into the state of our two universities, over one of which her Royal Consort presides as Chancellor—a work like the *History of the Romans under the Empire*, so calculated to exalt among the literati of the Continent the character of English philology and erudition, should have proceeded from the pen of one who has been, until very recently, a gremial of the University of Cambridge.

ART. II.—“*The Monasteries of Athos;*” *Euterpe*, Nos. 59, 60. Athens, 1850. (Τὰ Μοναστήρια τοῦ Ἀθωνος. Εὐτέρπη, φυλλάδια νθ, ξ, ἐν Ἀθήναις, 1850.)

WHEN Mr. Curzon gave to the English public the amusing notices of the Monasteries in the Levant, which passed under our review nearly two years ago, he probably did not at all calculate on seeing his pleasantries translated into modern Greek, and placed, with no very favourable introduction, before the eyes of his hospitable entertainers. This is, however, now the case. People are apt to forget that the Levant has not only ceased to be a *terra incognita* to Europeans, about which the few travellers who ventured to explore it might bring back any wondrous tales they pleased without fear of challenge, but is actually now a region in which the doings and writings of the present generation in Europe are more or less known. If, on the one side, Egypt and Syria, with a glance *en passant* at Greece and Constantinople, have become to us what the grand tour was to our fathers, and our newspapers chronicle the petty excursions of the Sultan, or the movements of Abbas Pasha from his town to his country-house, on the other side, Greek traders find their way to London and Manchester, and a Greek press presents its readers with epitomes of European news, and with translations from our popular literature. More especially is this true of free Greece, where an imitation of European progress has been suggested by the political connexion into which it has been brought with the leading powers of Europe, and fostered by the strong ambition of its people to efface the memory of their servitude under the barbarian, by gaining a place among the enlightened nations of Christendom. Education has not, indeed, made much real progress, nor do the books printed at Athens since the establishment of the kingdom make up a large number all together; but of these far the greatest part have been translations, and chiefly from the French. The periodical before us, which issues monthly from the Athenian press, exhibits almost exclusively versions from the lighter literature of France, England, and Germany. In the present instance, it has chosen to fill its pages with a matter of more national interest for its readers than the reproductions of wretched French *feuilletons* and extracts from ‘Gulliver’s Travels,’ which form part of the same number. But it will not, perhaps, be uninteresting to see the introductory remarks with which the Greek translator ushers in his version of Mr. Curzon’s book.

' When the English traveller Clarke plundered the monasteries of Athos of the manuscripts of Plato and other ancient Greek writings, our countryman Coray broke forth into loud lamentation for that deed of sacrilege. At the present day, we have a certain Robert Curzon, also an Englishman, publishing his recent tour in Athos, in which he sarcastically relates how the patriarch of Constantinople gave him a letter of recommendation to the Hegoumens and Monks of the Mountain, and how, by means of this letter, and a judicious use of money, he succeeded in extracting from them sundry valuable national heirlooms of Byzantine art, as if it had been fated that unhappy Greece should never cease to be a windfall to foreigners, and according to the proverb, "spoil of the Mysians." The tour of this Englishman we now translate into our own language, both for the reasons already given, and because it embraces many curious matters relating to that national history which is an object of so much study to every Greek. But we have left as we found it all his bitter mockery of the patriarch, that it may serve as a lesson for the time to come to the ecclesiastical chiefs of our race in Turkey. In this translation the readers of the *Euterpe* will see how many ancient and valuable treasures are preserved in the monasteries of the Holy Mountain, such as manuscripts of high interest to archæologists, paintings of the Byzantine school, reliquaries inlaid with precious stones, *chef-d'œuvres* of Byzantine art, magnificent gifts of Greek emperors.

' Almost all the numerous manuscripts of the Mountain appear to be on theological subjects; but who can assure us, that among these manuscripts there do not exist also many palimpsests—that under the hymns of the Octoïchos there are not concealed, perhaps, comedies of Menander, if not poems of Archilochus and Simonides, those much-lamented objects of regret to every lover of the immortal Greek Muse?'

A Greek translating a work on Athos for Greeks might be expected to make some allusion to the religious interest of the locality, by those who have not seen the phenomena of civilization in modern Athens; but we are assured that the more enlightened of Otho's subjects have quite learned the European lesson of looking upon monasteries as hives of drones, only worthy of consideration for the manuscripts or other antiquities which they may possibly contain.

We need not say, that we do not appropriate all the language of the translator, nor give Mr. Curzon credit for any malicious caricature of those from whom he met with nothing but kindness and hospitality: on the contrary, no one can have turned over his pages without remarking the strong under-current of

good-nature which comes continually to the surface, and tempers his most piquant sallies. At the same time, his account of the Greek monasteries is at once so slight and so humorous, that it leaves on the mind no positive impression, but a jumble of absurd pictures, which make a very unsatisfactory substitute. You rise from the book with confused images of dragomans announcing the traveller as first cousin to the emperor of the Franks, stupid monks crossing themselves at sight of him, as if he were a sea-monster, superiors tippling with him all night long, and slapping each other on the back over their rosoglio, and a thousand other absurdities which may, or may not, have actually happened to some one traveller somewhere, but are as far from giving, when taken together, a just idea of what is to be seen every day among the monasteries, as Munchausen's exploits in Africa are from making a fair parallel to the relations of Bruce. If the monasteries of Athos are mentioned before one of Mr. Curzon's readers, he will probably ask whether you are not drawn up to them in a basket, or whether the monks do not use their old books for footstools in the church. These are the points which cling to the memory—perhaps, because the basket-ascent of the *Thessalian* *Metéora* is represented in the vignette, and the story about the books, which the author says he *heard* a German book-hunter tell of some unknown monastery in *Bulgaria*, is given in the preface.

Yet Mount Athos deserves a separate place in the minds of mere lovers of the picturesque, as well as in those of ecclesiastical students. Between its natural scenery, its objects of art, and the character of its occupants, the set of impressions made on the tourist's eye is as peculiar as is the advantage derived by the student from the complete isolation and uninterrupted succession of its monastic communities. Nor is Mr. Curzon the only writer who has published a notice of these societies. Records of visits to Athos are to be found in sufficient abundance, from those few dry lines which Murray has reprinted in his Handbook out of the voluminous travels of Pococke, to the journal of a recent traveller now appearing, by instalments, in the Colonial Church Chronicle. Far the best account of this peninsula which we have seen in English is to be found in Col. Leake. The chapter which he devotes to it in his 'Northern Greece' describes most satisfactorily the external aspect of things, and adds as much as we can reasonably expect to recover about the classical topography of this region. A French account appeared some years ago in the '*Revue des deux Mondes*,' and a book of considerable size has lately been published on the same subject in Germany. Papers, too, have been recently contributed by Russian travellers to periodicals in

S. Petersburg and Moscow, which are not without their value. One is the work of an archimandrite, named Porphyry, who spent more than a year in Athos, and worked hard among the old charters and documents of the monasteries, from which he has compiled a statistical account of their foundations, revenues from land, &c. The other comes from the pen of M. Mouravieff, whose work on the History of the Russian Church has been translated into our own language. It remains to mention a book to which all these writers often refer, and which exists only in modern Greek. It is called a 'Pilgrim's Guide' (*προσκυνητάριον*), was written by an Athos monk, Hegoumen of the Monastery of the Iberians, and published at Venice in 1701. From some of these publications, and from a MS. journal now before us of a tour only made last year, we propose to give our readers a short sketch of the present state of things in the peninsula.

The easternmost of the three tongues of land which project in so striking a manner from the Macedonian coast into the *Ægean* was anciently called *Acte*: it is now known in the Levant under the name of *ἅγιον ὄρος*, or *Monte Santo*: Mount Athos, if we speak strictly, is only the peak in which it terminates seawards. It is a narrow mountainous peninsula running out from north-west to south-east: its length has been reckoned at thirty miles, its average breadth at six or seven: the narrowest part of the isthmus is said to be about an English mile. A longitudinal ridge, which rises gradually out of the low ground at the isthmus, forms a sort of backbone to the peninsula, from which ravines and valleys radiate on either hand towards the Singitic and Strymonic gulfs. This ridge increases gradually in height as it advances towards the south-east, until it attains, two or three miles short of its termination, an elevation of about 4,000 feet, when the peak itself—Athos proper—which forms the double cape of the promontory, shoots up grandly and abruptly, a pointed mass of bare white rock 6,349 feet high. From this peak, to which the traveller can ascend in about seven hours (six by mules, one on foot) from the Lavra, can be seen the principal Macedonian and Thracian summits, Mount Ida, the islands Lemnus and Scyrus, the Eubœan mountains Ocha, Dirphe, and Telethrium, and the Thessalian summits Othrys, Pelion, and Ossa, and perhaps the Bithynian as well as the Macedonian Olympus. On its summit is a little chapel under the name of the Transfiguration, in which the Liturgy is celebrated annually by monks from the Lavra (to which monastery the whole peak belongs) on the festival of that Mystery, the 6th of August. On both sides of the longitudinal ridge, and even round the cape itself, the ground falls towards the sea with sufficient irregularity to afford many nestling places for houses and

cultivation, and in two or three instances the descending valleys open into little plains at the bottom round small bays or indentations of the coast. The monasteries are generally disposed along the sea-board, many of them close to the water, others a mile or half-a-mile off. Three only are two miles or more removed from it; and from only two out of the whole number is no sea visible.

The general aspect of the peninsula is forest; but forest diversified by many small clearings and patches of cultivation. The top of the ridge is covered with chestnuts, oaks, and beeches—fine trees; above which, round the foot of the rocky mountain peak, is a tract of pines. On the hill sides these trees are scattered more irregularly, and mixed with ilex, birch, bay, wild fig, wild olive, and much underwood. The beds of the ravines are filled with planes, often of magnificent growth. If you make the round of the peninsula at the same average height with the monasteries, you often lose the shade of forest-trees, although your path almost always lies through a thicket of shrubs—chiefly arbutus and catalpa—nearly tall enough to reach your shoulders on horseback. As you advance towards the mainland, the vegetation decreases in luxuriance, although the ridge is still covered at the top with woods of oak or fir, and the hills become more ordinary in height, form, and clothing. The southern side of the peninsula is less wooded than the northern, and the south-western corner, (about the ancient Nymphæum) has even less wood than any other part, although inferior to none in grandeur. Here the eye descends into the sea from the bare marble of the peak over steep naked cliffs, sparingly dotted with bushes, and rough with fragments of rock: except in one remarkable hollow or cove, whose declivity is enlivened by fifty or sixty detached monastic retreats, and a liberal sprinkling of vines, olives, and figs. This settlement is now known as the Scete of S. Anne: its beauty and seclusion have suggested the idea that it may have been the very Nymphæum from which this corner of the promontory was anciently named. The isthmus which connects the peninsula with the mainland is not remarkable for its natural features, but the celebrity of Xerxes' canal may well induce us to quote Col. Leake's account: he does not doubt the reality of the work, or the existence of its vestiges. His words are as follows:—

'The breadth of the isthmus, or length of the canal, appears to me not quite so much as the Roman mile and a half which Pliny assigns to it. It is a hollow between natural banks, which are well described by Herodotus as *κολωνοὶ οὐ μεγάλοι*, the highest points of them being scarcely one hundred feet above the sea. The lowest part of the hollow is only a few feet higher than that level. About the middle of the isthmus, where the

'bottom is highest, are some traces of the ancient canal; where the ground is lower, it is indicated only by hollows, now filled with water in consequence of the late rains. At the northern end in particular, there is a large pond divided only from the sea by a narrow ridge of sand. On either side of this pond are seen foundations of Hellenic walls.'

At 'the opposite end of the isthmus, or that which borders the Singitic gulf,' Col. Leake discovered other remains of ancient buildings which he identifies with the 'Sane' of Herodotus and Thucydides. His general conclusion is, that the work of Xerxes was easy and reasonable; and that it might even now be renewed without much labour and with much advantage to the navigation of the *Ægean*. But we must not trespass longer on the ground of the classical topographer.

The entire peninsula, which we have described, is now in the possession of the monks. How long they have been its *sole* occupants is perhaps not easy to determine: but they had certainly enjoyed an exclusive title for some centuries before the Ottoman conquest, and all their privileges were preserved to them by a treaty which they concluded with the Turkish sultans before the fall of Constantinople. The property of the land is vested exclusively, either in some one of the twenty independent monasteries, or in the 'Community of the Holy Mountain,' which is made up of them all, and which is represented by a kind of Federal Council or Diet assembled at a central spot within the territory. Their domain is of course part of the Turkish empire: but not a single rood of it is claimed in property by the sultan, or any Mussulman subject. An annual tribute of 150,000 piastres (about 1,500*l.*) is paid by the whole peninsula, towards which the different societies contribute their shares, according to an assessment determined by the Federal Diet. The sum is not inconsiderable, if we view it as a capitation-tax on the monks; for it would amount—taking 3,000 for their average number—to about ten shillings a head, which is more than the ordinary capitation tax throughout the Turkish empire. But then it must be remembered that no other tax, ordinary or extraordinary, is levied upon them: the many irregular exactions under which Turkish rayahs elsewhere groan, have no parallel in Athos.

A Turk resides at Caryæ, the village metropolis of the peninsula, who has the title of Aga. He is the sultan's representative, and receives the tribute in gross from the Federal Diet. A lodging and a fixed stipend are found him by the monastic community. But he is rather an agent than a governor, as he has no soldiers at his disposal, nor any ordinary share in the regulation of affairs. Only if an emergency arises, such as a piratical invasion or the like, which compels the monks to

invoke the aid of their masters, it is his business to concert measures with the monastic diet, to summon troops to their aid from the neighbouring governments, &c. &c. The monks can usually procure, through their agents at Constantinople, the appointment of any one whom they like to this post: and the Aga, when he comes to Athos, is obliged to conform to the rules of the place by leaving his harem behind him.

The number of monks in the peninsula has averaged of late years between two and three thousand: before the Greek revolution it is said to have been much larger. The number of seculars (*κοσμικοὶ*) who reside here is supposed to be about the same: these are all employed in the service of the monks, and form the fluctuating part of the population; for, although many of them never leave the mountain, and even become monks themselves at last, others come for a time only, and then return with their earnings to their families or occupations in other parts of Turkey. The monks themselves are recruited from every part of the Turkish empire where the Greek language is spoken, from the Danubian provinces, the kingdom of Otho, the Ionian islands, and even Russia. But except in two monasteries, which are wholly Bulgarian, the immense majority are Greeks in blood and language, and come chiefly from Roumelia, although there is a large sprinkling from Greece and the islands.

As there is no unappropriated ground within the territory of Athos, every new comer has to seek admission into one of the existing societies. To obtain this he must devote his time and labour to the common service, or pay to the common stock 5,000 piastres, (about 45*l.*), which in some of the monasteries is accepted as an equivalent. For three years after his admission he is called a probationer (*δόκιμος*), and at the end of that time, if he has proved his ability and will to keep the monastic discipline, he receives the first tonsure and commences monk (*καλόγερος*). There are three degrees of the monastic state in the eastern Church, which are called respectively the Gown, the Lesser Habit, and the Great Habit (*ράσοφορία, τὸ μικρὸν σχῆμα, τὸ μέγα σχῆμα*). Monks in general proceed to the second of these, and do not assume the third until they are at the point of death. Great ascetics, however, the idea of whose life is constant preparation for death, take the Great Habit earlier. No express promise or profession is required of those who are admitted to the lowest degree, although canonists have held that they are implicitly bound to that which is required of candidates for the higher degrees. Exactly the same profession is made in receiving the Greater and the Lesser Habit: it runs as follows in both services:—

'Priest. Why art thou come, brother, a suppliant before the 'holy altar, and before this holy congregation?

‘*Ans.* Desiring the life of discipline, honoured father.

‘*P.* Desirest thou to be deemed worthy of the Angelic Habit, and to be enrolled in the choir of the monks?

‘*A.* Yes, God being my helper, honoured father.

‘*P.* Truly a good work and blessed hast thou chosen, but so that thou accomplish it: for good works are acquired by toil, and succeeded in by labour. Of thy own free will comest thou to the Lord?

‘*A.* Yes, God being my helper, honoured father.

‘*P.* Not from any necessity or compulsion?

‘*A.* No, honoured father.

‘*P.* Wilt thou abide by the Monastery and discipline until thy last breath?

‘*A.* Yes, God being my helper, honoured father.

‘*P.* Wilt thou keep thyself in virginity, and temperance, and piety?

‘*A.* Yes, God being my helper, honoured father.

‘*P.* Wilt thou hold fast until death obedience to the Superior and to all the brotherhood in Christ?

‘*A.* Yes, God being my helper, honoured father.

‘*P.* Wilt thou endure all affliction and straitness of the monastic life for the kingdom of heaven’s sake?

‘*A.* Yes, God being my helper, honoured father.’

A very small proportion of the Athos monks add Holy Orders to the Habit. It is rare to find more than ten or twelve priests and deacons resident within a single monastery, even if it number more than a hundred inmates. But there are often others to be found outside; for, as we must now proceed to explain, the monks of this peninsula are far from being all *housed* in twenty large convents. On the contrary, many of them live in detached houses or retreats (called *κελλεία* or *καθίσματα*), which are scattered in every direction among the woods and valleys. In some cases a number of these cells is aggregated into a sort of community, called a *Scète* (*σκήτις*), which has a central church of its own (*Κυριακὸν*), to which the brethren go on Sundays and festivals; and an officer or two to look after the common interests of its members: in other cases, the individual cells depend immediately upon one of the twenty monasteries; and their tenants, except there be a priest among them to celebrate the Liturgy, resort on holidays to its chief church. Two or three of the *Scetes* are not merely aggregations of cells, with a central church for festivals, but complete little monasteries; as, for example, the Russian *Scete* of S. Elias, which is a regular cœnobium, with contiguous buildings, a hegoumen, common table, common services, &c. These differ from the larger monasteries only in the point of independence; for as all the land here belongs to the twenty original societies, every

Scete, as well as every lone cell, owns allegiance to one or other of these. The word *σκήτις* is said to be a mutilated form of *ἀσκητήριον*; so a Scete would denote a place for ascetic exercises. History tells us that the Scete was prior in order of time to the monastery; the hermitage to the Scete. In the beginning of monasticism men resorted to woods and deserts for seclusion, an idea which seemed opposed to concert or companionship. They lived alone, or at the most by twos and threes. Sometimes a number of these hermits would be attracted round some eminent ascetic, and a sort of community would be formed by the consent of all to solicit his guidance. Add to this a central church, which would be required for those ascetics who had no priest to celebrate the Liturgy at home; and we have the picture of a Scete-community. When hermitages had multiplied in particular localities, and the notion of a common system had been introduced, it was an easy step to the regular monastery. The interests of order, indeed, seemed almost to require that a number of monks, in more or less contact with each other, should be submitted permanently to a single direction, and a common system of discipline. And this must have been felt to be more necessary as the monastic profession became popular, and many threw themselves into it whose knowledge and zeal could not be relied upon to shape them a consistent course of life. The ascetics of Athos, in particular, we are told, were collected into monasteries in the tenth century, by the emperors Nicephorus Phocas and John Zimisces, at the suggestion of the Athos saint Athanasius. Whether this measure was universally adopted at the time or not, it is certain that we still find in Athos examples of all three kinds; monasteries, scetes, and hermits. Nor only so; but we find brethren from almost all the monasteries, who make no special profession of asceticism, living by twos and threes in lone houses scattered about the mountain, and employed in the cultivation of the soil. It should be noticed, however, that *every* such house or retreat has its own domestic chapel, in which the common services are regularly said, and even the Liturgy celebrated on festivals, if one of the inmates be a priest.

All the monasteries of Athos were originally Cœnobias (*κοινοβία*), houses, that is, under the absolute direction of a single Superior (*ἡγούμενος* or *καθηγούμενος*), all the members of which attended the church-services together, ate together in the refectory, bestowed their time and labour on such employments as the Superior enjoined, and were provided with food and clothing from the common stock—having nothing which they could call their own. This description applies at present to ten only: the other ten are called *ιδιόρρυθμα*—houses, to translate freely, in which each man follows his own method. Into these

houses, as well as into the Cœnobia, the young and vigorous are admitted if they agree to give their services to the society, but the majority purchase their entrance by a payment of 5,000 piastres (45*l.*). For this they receive their cells and daily allowances of bread and wine: whatever else they want they provide for themselves. They do not eat together in the refectory, except on three or four great festivals; nor are they bound to a common attendance upon *all* the church-services; some, such as for example the Hours and Compline, they may say, if they like, in their own cells. Those who have paid entrance-money have their time and labour at their own disposal; and all are at liberty to acquire money when they have an opportunity, and make what use of it they please as long as they live: at their death the monastery is their heir. But even in these houses, there is a system of government, although there is no single Superior. The affairs of the community are administered by a small body of elders (*γέροντες*), from ten to twenty in number, who have earned this rank by seniority, by attainments, by important services to the brotherhood, &c. &c. These elders add to their body fresh members at their own discretion. They elect annually out of their own number two Wardens (*ἐπίτροποι*), who have the general oversight of the property, and are the temporary heads of the society; and a Controller (called *δικαῖος*, a word whose strange accent has suggested forced conjectures at its derivation, as if it were not identical with *δίκαιος*). The controller is charged with providing for the reception of guests; he has the keys of the monastery-gates; he gives the signal for the commencement of the services; and to him the monks must apply for leave when they want to go out on a visit to another monastery or elsewhere;—a fact, by the way, from which it sufficiently appears that monks of this class are not literally free to do what they please. The controller is distinctly reckoned inferior in dignity to the wardens, although several points of his office are calculated to remind one of a Superior. Another important official in some monasteries is the Secretary (*γραμματικός*). In the Cœnobia the Hegoumen is elected by all the monks, and his election confirmed successively by the Federal Diet at Caryæ, and the Patriarch of Constantinople. He retains his dignity ordinarily for life. If the monks of a Cœnobium cannot find a fit head among themselves, they accept one from the choice of the Diet. Next in rank to the Hegoumen is the *Œconómus*, who is his ordinary vicegerent in his absence. Other inferior offices, common to both classes of monasteries, such as chaplain, ritualist, sacristan, candle-lighter, porter, &c. &c., do not require particular notice. There is no separate office of librarian: sometimes one finds the secretary in charge of the library: oftener one of the wardens has the keys.

Those who are acquainted with the monastic system of the West will ask to what 'Order' the monks of Athos belong; to which the usual reply is, that 'all Greek monks belong to the Order of S. Basil.' But this is a phrase which would be wholly unintelligible to those of whom it is used. If you ask the monks of any Greek monastery, 'what *rule* they follow,' they understand you only of the church-services, and answer 'the Great Typicon,' or Book of Rubrics—which certainly does not claim S. Basil for its author. If you press them further about the rules by which their life as monks is governed, they tell you 'the Canons of the Church.' The fact is that general rules for monastic life are to be found in the collections of Eastern Canons, which were sometimes put out for the first time by Councils, sometimes only adopted by them from individual Fathers; and these are held binding on all monks throughout the Greek or orthodox communion. Matters of detail in the internal economy of different houses are ruled by custom and tradition, or by the Superior's will, not by the 'statutes' of any individual founder. The 'Order of S. Basil' is a phrase of *Western* origin. The Latins, among whom all monks were referred to some 'Order' or other, allowed those who were united to them in the East to preserve their own discipline, with slight modifications, and styled them 'monks of the Reformed Order of S. Basil,'—a name suggested to them by the fact that a large proportion of the Canons which regulated monastic life in the East before the Union, came originally from S. Basil, although sanctioned afterwards by the authority of the Council in Trullo.

It is difficult to say when monks first appeared in Athos. The church of its village-metropolis, Caryæ, and two of the monasteries, claim Constantine the Great for their founder; two more claim the empress Pulcheria; but the majority date from the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries: the most modern of all is said to have been established in the middle of the sixteenth century. The original founders were generally Greek emperors; in one or two cases princes of Servia; but there is hardly a single monastery which has not been indebted for its restoration to a Hospodar of Moldavia or Wallachia, and in these provinces almost all the landed property which they at present retain is situated. Indeed, the monks themselves will tell you that 'but 'for Moldo-Wallachia, the communities of Athos would have 'ceased to exist.'

The holy peninsula has been exposed to many varieties of fortune. Its earliest establishments are said to have been overthrown by Julian the Apostate: in succeeding ages it was much harassed, and some of its monasteries ruined, by pirates, who are sometimes described as Arabs or Saracens, sometimes as

Crusaders. Towards the end of the thirteenth century much damage was done by the expedition of Michael Palæologus, who tried to compel its monks, by force of arms, to receive the Union which he had made with the Pope in the Council of Lyons. On the Turkish conquest of the empire, a large proportion of the lands and revenues which Greek sovereigns had given were lost. And lastly, within the present century, a most serious blow was inflicted on its fortunes by the military occupation of Athos during the Greek revolutionary war. Three thousand Turkish soldiers are said to have been quartered here for nine years; and the monks were compelled to maintain them. They do not seem to have done much damage to the buildings or church-ornaments; but their perpetual demand of money not only compelled the sale of such things as would produce it, but loaded the monasteries with an amount of debt from which some of them have scarcely yet recovered. Stories are told of books sold under this pressure *by weight*, at fifteen paras the oke—something less than a penny, that is, for two pounds and a half.

As we cannot take our readers through all the present monasteries in detail, we will enumerate them here in a kind of chronological order, adding their dates, founders' names, *ascertained* amount of revenues, and actual number of monks. Those societies which are still regular Cœnobia will be distinguished by an asterisk.

1. Vatopedhi (Βατοπαίδιον), founded by Constantine the Great, and destroyed by Julian; restored by Theodosius the Great, and destroyed again by Arabs (A.D. 862); restored a third time, after a century of desolation, by three nobles of Adrianople, named Athanasius, Nicetas, and Antony, between 980 and 997, A.D. It reckons also among its benefactors the empress Placidia and the emperors Manuel Comnenus, Andronicus II. Palæologus, and John Cantacuzenus, the last of whom ended his days in it as a monk under the name of Joasaph. Its present revenue is reckoned at 4,812*l.*, derived from lands in Moldavia and Wallachia. It has about 200 monks.

2.* Castamonitou (Κασταμονίτου), commenced by Constantine the Great, finished by his son Constans ('whence its name, quasi Κώνσταντος μονή!') and destroyed by Julian; restored soon after, and destroyed again by the Latins; restored a third time by a Servian princess:—according to a more probable account, founded shortly before the accession of Alexius I., Comnenus (A.D. 1080), and restored by Manuel II. Palæologus (1391—1425). Revenue unknown: 30 monks.

3.* Esphigmenou (Ἐσφιγμένου), founded by the empress Pulcheria (414—453); ruined afterwards by a fall of rock, and apparently not restored till about A.D. 1000; revenue 642*l.* from lands in Moldavia: 80 monks.

4. Xeropotamou (Ξηροποτάμου), founded by the Empress Pulcheria; ruined by Arabs; restored under Romanus I. (A.D. 919—944) by a monk named Paul, who was the son of Michael III.; again abandoned by its monks on account of the attacks of pirates, and desolate many years; restored at last by the Voivode Alexander, Hospodar of Wallachia: revenue, 642*l.* from land in Wallachia: 80 monks.

5. Lavra (Ἡ ἁγία Λαύρα), founded by S. Athanasius of Athos, under the auspices of Nicephorus Phocas (A.D. 963—969), and enriched by that Emperor's successor, John Zimisces; restored long after by Neagoulos, Hospodar of Moldo-Wallachia. Revenue, 378*l.*: 140 monks.

6. Docheiariion (Δοχειαρίου), founded in the reign of Nicephorus Phocas, by a monk named Euthymius, the friend and pupil of S. Athanasius, and at one time Controller (δικαῖος or δοχειαρῆς) of the Lavra under him, and his nephew Nicholas or Neophytus, who had been a Patrician of Nicephorus, and high in favour; ruined at one time by pirates; restored about A.D. 1578, by the Voivode Alexander, Hospodar of Wallachia; revenue unknown: 50 monks.

7. Iberians' (Ἰβήρων), founded under the charters of Basil II. (A.D. 976—1025) by three Georgians or Iberians, John, Euthymius, and George Tornicius, of whom the last had been a General in the Greek Emperor's service; revenue 2,406*l.* from two monasteries which belong to it in Moldavia and Wallachia, besides other lands in Georgia: 140 monks.

8. Philotheus' (Φιλοθέου), founded before A.D. 992, by three persons named Philotheus, Arsenius, and Dionysius; restored A.D. 1412 by Leontius King of Kachetia, and his son Alexander: revenue 48*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*: 40 monks.

9.* Caracalla (Καρακάλλου), established in the reign of Romanus Diogenes (A.D. 1067—1071) by a certain Antonius, called the son of a Roman Prince named Caracalla; restored in later time by the Voivode Peter, Hospodar of Moldavia, and his Protospatharius, another Peter, both of whom became monks here under the name of Pachomius; revenue 32*l.* from an Oratory at Moscow: 35 monks.

10.* Xenophus, or Xenophon (Ξενόφου ἢ Ξενοφώντος), founded by a saint called Xenophus, or Xenophon, before 1071 A.D.; restored A.D. 1083, by the monk Symeon, who had been high in dignity under Nicephorus Botaniates; restored again A.D. 1545, by Ducas Vornicas and his brother Radoulas, Hospodars of Hungro-Wallachia; beautified by another Voivode, Mataies Bassarabas. Revenue, 1,443*l.* 15*s.* from lands in Wallachia: 70 monks.

11.* Russicon (Ῥωσικὸν ἢ τῶν Ῥώσων), known before A.D. 1169 as the monastery of S. Panteleemon, of Thessalonica;

given in that year by the Elders of Athos to Russian monks, who had been living from the end of the eleventh century in the Monastery of the Assumption on the opposite side of the peninsula; inhabited during the Tartar occupation of Russia by Servians, and after the fall of the Servian kingdom by Greeks; removed to its present site near the sea A.D. 1765; rebuilt by Greek monks, with the aid of Callimaki, Hospodar of Moldavia A.D. 1812; resorted to again by a little colony of Russian monks A.D. 1836; revenue unknown: 150 monks.

12. Chilandari (Χιλανταρίου), refounded on the site of an old ruined monastery by Stephen, King of Servia, his father Symeon, and his brother, S. Sabba, between 1195 and 1203 A.D. under the charters of Alexius III., whose daughter Stephen had married; foreign revenues lost, [it owns, however, some of the most profitable corn and vine land in Athos]; 150 monks.

13.* Simopetra (Σίμωνος πέτρα), founded A.D. 1261 by an ascetic named Simon, at the cost of Ivan Onglesh, King of Servia; among its benefactors, the Voivode Michael. Revenue, 3,850*l.* from a monastery at Bucharest, which has been its property since 1594: 70 monks.

14. Zographos (Ζωγράφου), said to have been founded by three nobles of Okotsk, in the time of Leo the Philosopher (A.D. 886—911), but more probably formed between 1268 and 1273 out of a small dependency of the central church at Caryæ; afterwards burned by pirates, and restored (A.D. 1502) by the Voivode Stephen, Hospodar of Moldo-Wallachia; revenue, 3,850*l.* from possessions in Moldavia and Bessarabia: 140 monks.

15. Pantocrator (Παντοκράτορος), founded A.D. 1263 by Alexius, the General of Michael Palæologus, who recovered Constantinople from the Franks, and his brother John, the Primicerius; restored by Barboulas the Logothete, and Gabriel, Hospodar of Wallachia. Revenue, 471*l.* 15*s.* from lands near Bucharest: 30 monks.

16. Kutlumush (Κουτλουμούση), founded during the reign of Andronicus the Elder (A.D. 1283—1328) by Constantine, son of Aseddin, of the Turkish family of Kutlumush, related to the Seljuk Sultans. He himself was near becoming Sultan of Iconium. After the death (A.D. 1268) of his mother Anna, who was a Christian, he embraced Christianity at Constantinople, and finally became a monk and the founder of a monastery in Athos. It is indebted for several restorations to Neagoulas, Hospodar of Wallachia, Radoulas Bassarabas, and two other successive Voivodes. Revenue, 320*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* from lands in Wallachia: 45 monks.

17.* S. Dionysius (Διονυσίου); founded in 1375 by Alexius III., seventeenth emperor of Trebisond, at the entreaty of

S. Dionysius the youngest brother of Theodosius, then archbishop of Trebisonde: among its restorers and benefactors are the Voivode Neagoulou Bassarabas, his son Theodosius, Hospodar of Hungro-Wallachia, Peter, Hospodar of Hungro-Wallachia (A.D. 1580), and his daughter Roxandra, the wife of the Voivode Alexander, who himself turned monk here under the name of Pachomius. Revenue, 236*l.* from lands in Wallachia: 140 monks.

18.* S. Gregory (Γρηγόριον); founded by a saint of that name (Gregorius Palamas?) in the reign of John Cantacuzene (1342—1355): restored in 1497 by Alexander, Hospodar of Moldo-Wallachia. Revenue, 471*l.* 15*s.* from Wallachia and Moldavia: 35 monks.

19.* S. Paul (Παύλον); said to derive its name from an ascetic saint who was the son of the emperor Maurice (A.D. 582—620), and who built a little church here, up to 1404 a dependency of Xeropotamo: sold in that year to Gerasimus and Antony, two Servian nobles, who founded here an independent monastery. The daughter of Gerasimus became wife to Mahomet II., the taker of Constantinople. It was restored by John Constantine Bassarabas, Hospodar of Hungro-Wallachia. [There are no longer any Servians here, and but a few Bulgarians: it is tenanted almost exclusively by Ionians, most of them from Cephallenia, who claim the protection of the British Consul at Salonica.] Revenue, 2,807*l.* from lands in Wallachia and Moldavia: 45 monks.

20. Stavronicetes (Σταυρονικήτου); founded about 1540, by Jeremias, patriarch of Constantinople: enriched by Servanus Cantacuzenus, Hospodar of Hungro-Wallachia. Revenue, 755*l.* from the neighbourhood of Bucharest: 30 monks.

These are the twenty independent monasteries of Athos to whom alone the property of its land belongs. Dependent on them, besides innumerable hermitages, are ten scetes, viz:—

1. S. Anne; perhaps as old as A.D. 1007, historically founded in 1680: a dependency of the Lavra, with 120 brethren.

2. Capsocalybe; founded in 1745, also dependent on the Lavra: 80 brethren.

3. Demetrius of Salonica, founded in 1725, belongs to Vato-pedhi: 35 brethren.

4. S. Elias; founded in 1759, belongs to Pantocrator: a little Russian cœnobium with 24 monks.

5. New Scete; founded in 1760, belongs to S. Paul's: 80 brethren.

6. S. John Baptist; belongs to the Iberians: 30 brethren.

7. The Blessed Virgin; belongs to Russicon: a Bulgarian house with 11 brethren.

8. S. Demetrius: 30 brethren.
9. S. Panteleemon: 40 brethren.
10. The Annunciation: 50 brethren.

This account reckons the whole number of monks in the monasteries at 1,700: the whole number in the scetes at 500; to these it is supposed that 600 must be added for those who live in the scattered cells which depend immediately upon the monasteries; and so we shall get 2,800 for the sum of the monks now in Athos. The revenues noted above, together with 4,492*l.* from possessions at Jassy, and in Wallachia, which belong to the twenty monasteries in common, amount to 27,958*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.*; but it must be remembered, that these are only the revenues arising from landed possessions beyond the limits of the Mountain. We may notice, that ten of the monasteries have rich endowments in Wallachia, eight in Moldavia; five draw more or less from Russia; one has a valuable property in Bessarabia; two, Philotheus' and the Iberians', have estates in Georgia, (of which the revenues are not specified in the account which we have followed): none draw any thing from the Ionian islands: nor do the dominions of King Otho contribute to the income of the Mountain above 320*l.* per annum, although several of the monasteries have farms there (*μετόχια*). For the main part of this statement, and especially for the figures, we are indebted to the researches of the Russian archimandrite, Porphyry. Revenues from lands in and near the Mountain, and in the islands of the *Ægean* are here omitted. In Macedonia and Thasos alone the different monasteries possess no less than fifty-five farms.

It may now be asked, what is the employment of these three thousand monks, and how their life is distinguished from that of other men. The traveller's answer to this question must of course be superficial; but some answer may be attempted. The simplest idea of monasticism was retirement from the world for the purpose of devotion and mortification. This idea is upon the whole still realized on Athos; but in general without the accessories of intellectual or imaginative exercises which are associated in our minds with the cloisters of the West. The Athos monks are completely withdrawn from the world, their devotions are long and regular, and they practise a discipline of no slight oppressiveness to the bodily inclinations. Their services last six or seven hours every day, sometimes twice, and even now and then thrice as long; their sleep does not exceed four or five hours; their food is always meagre in quality, often in quantity too. They never taste meat: on 159 days in the year they have but one meal, and at this eggs, cheese, fish, wine, and oil are forbidden them. But these may be called

routine observances. On the other side it must be admitted, that if you turn away your eyes from these things, you see no other remarkable appearances of spiritual character or religious life. There are no times set apart for study; none for meditation. The monks are not idle indeed; but almost all the rest of the day they are employed in secular work: the inferiors in labouring with their hands, the superiors in conducting the affairs of the community. The consequence is, that in a traveller's eyes the former have the air of simple peasants with unusual opportunities of going to church,—the latter, except for extensive differences of dress and manners, seem like officials in a college or hospital. Only here and there an old man, especially among the superiors, will strike him as representing more nearly his conception of monastic sanctity. Nor can we suppose that the motives which bring men to embrace the monastic profession are always of the most spiritual kind. The tranquillity (*ἡσυχία*), for which Greeks resort to Athos in the present day is not merely as in old times, rest for the soul, rest from the excitements and perplexities of secular life; but as much, or even more, rest from Turkish oppression, from unprofitable labour, from infinite exactions and extortions. This description will suggest no doubt, to those who have dwelt with admiration on the first fervours of Cîteaux and Clairvaux, the idea of deadness and corruption: nor can it be denied, that much of vital warmth has been really lost. Yet is this corruption difficult to estimate; because the outward system remains, and is religiously observed, though it may seem on the whole to be carried out in a spirit of formalism rather than of ascetic piety. It is not the austerity, but the fervour which appears to be wanting; and as this is just the thing of which a chance visitor can least surely note the presence or absence, it becomes us to speak modestly on the subject. Be their feelings ever so cold, their practice ever so formalistic, their motives for seeking retirement ever so secular, these Greek monks unquestionably submit to a life of privation, which would seem to our luxurious habits a most exorbitant price for so inglorious a liberty as they enjoy. Nor must it be forgotten, that the above remarks apply exclusively to the ordinary run of monks: there are still, and always have been, hermits in the peninsula, whose reported austerities recal the memory of early asceticism. The existence of these solitaries, and the reverence with which their less aspiring brethren regard them, is valuable as an indication that the original idea of the recluse life has not been lost or changed. While on this subject we may say a word about the frequency of communion among the monks. From them, as from the laity, the Church *requires* only four communions in the year: what is done beyond this

depends on the disposition of individuals, and the permission of their spiritual advisers. We are told that those in the monasteries who communicate oftenest do not do so twice within fifteen days, except perhaps in Lent, when there is more fasting. To communicate once a week or oftener is the practice only of hermits, who live on bread and water and shun all society.

We have already referred to the length of the church-services: it may, perhaps, be felt that a more precise mention of their arrangement in Athos is desirable.

The following account we do not take from the journal which supplies our principal material for this article, but from the M.S. notes of another traveller, who visited the Mountain last summer.

‘The time spent in the services of the Church is not always the same. In Lent the services themselves are much longer, and the readings which are inserted in them more numerous than at other seasons: in winter there are more readings in the Matins than in summer: on Sundays and festivals more than on other days; and in proportion to the rank of any festival, its services, both with respect to the quantity and nature of the singing, and with respect to the number of readings, will be either longer or shorter than those of other festivals.’

The services of a common week-day in the month of August are upon an average as follows:—

‘About three quarters of an hour before the time fixed for the commencement of the Nocturn, the sounding-board or bar (*σήμαντρον*) would be struck for the first time: not because so long a time is necessary for the monks to rise, *✠* for the candle-lighter (*κανδηλάπτης*) to light the lamps in the church, but because the monks must also have time to say in their cells a short office prescribed to be said “on rising from sleep.” This office is sometimes, though not generally, read in the church immediately before the Nocturn begins, for the benefit of such as cannot read, or prefer to join in it, rather than say it alone in their cells; and the same holds of another similar office to be said “before retiring to rest,” which sometimes is read immediately after the Compline in the Church. These two private offices may require each of them about a quarter of an hour to say through.

‘Supposing, then, the sounding board to have sounded for the first time at one, or a quarter past one, A.M., the same board (or a bell, where they have bells) will sound again twice before the Nocturn actually begins, which will be at a quarter before two, or two o’clock. It is read in the inner porch, or Narthex, and takes nearly half an hour; so it will be a quarter

' or half-past two when the Matins begin, which are said inside the church. The Matins themselves, with no other readings than one inserted after the first Cathism,¹ or division of the Psalter, and the Synaxaria (*i.e.* accounts, printed in the Menæa, of the Saint or Mystery celebrated each day), after the Sixth Ode of the Canons, and with no more singing than is common on week-days, will take about two hours. The First Hour, or Prime, follows immediately, in the Narthex, and may be read in about ten minutes. So the whole of this continuous service, or series of three united services (Nocturn, Matins, and First Hour), occupies, on a common week-day, from two hours and three quarters to three hours, and is over about a quarter to five, or five o'clock.

' Then follow the Third and Sixth Hours (Tierce and Sext), in the Narthex, the Liturgy in the church itself, and two Psalms, xxxiv. and cxlv. (which are preparatory to going into the refectory); and these, together, require an hour and a half more.

' There is commonly, but not always, an interval or pause between the end of the First Hour and the commencement of the two next following Hours with the Liturgy. Such an interval or rest is not less than half an hour, nor often more than two hours. So that the Hours and Liturgy will begin from a quarter past five to six or half-past six, and will end from a quarter to seven to half-past seven, or even eight o'clock. The common practice is to celebrate the Liturgy in the chief Church (*Καθολικόν*) of the monastery only on Sundays and festivals: on other days there is indeed a Liturgy in almost all the monasteries, but it is celebrated in some one or more of the lesser churches or chapels, either attached to the chief church or scattered in other parts of the precinct. When there is no Liturgy in the chief church, but only in some one or more of the lesser churches, such a Liturgy is very often celebrated with little or no delay after the conclusion of Matins and the First Hour in the chief church. But if the Liturgy is in the chief church, there is almost always an interval. It may be noticed, that in other parts of the Levant, as at Constantinople and Athens, and especially in parochial churches, there is no interval at all; while in Russia, on the other hand, the interval is more uniform and greater, being seldom less than two hours; so that if the Nocturn began, as it commonly does there even in winter, at four A.M., and the First Hour was over at seven, the Liturgy would not begin till nine or even ten A.M.

¹ The Greeks divide the whole Psalter into twenty portions, which they call *καθίσματα*: two of these are gone through daily in the Matins, and one in the Vespers, except on Sunday evening; so that the whole is recited every week. In Lent they recite it twice a week.

' In those cases where there is not every day a Liturgy in some lesser church (as is the case more particularly in the Lavra of S. Athanasius), they read in the Narthex of the chief church the Third and Sixth Hours and the Typica (a separate short service always joined to the Sixth Hour, except in Lent, when it follows the Ninth), at an interval greater than that which usually intervenes when the Liturgy is celebrated. For instance, at the Lavra, the First Hour is over, we will say, at five A.M. or a little before: they do not begin the Third and Sixth Hours and the Typica before twenty minutes or half-past nine. The service so separated from the Liturgy will last, perhaps, rather more than half an hour, but less than three quarters. Those who wish to take their first meal before the conclusion of this service in an Idiorhythmic monastery, like the Lavra, will read these Hours earlier in their cells, and will not be present at their public reading in the church.

' After Liturgy, at a longer or shorter interval—say, on an average, at ten or eleven o'clock—in Cænobia, the brethren breakfast or dine. There is a sort of office for the Table, which begins and ends in the church, and is often accompanied by the singing of a Canon or Hymn to the Blessed Virgin either before or after. Besides this, there is the actual Grace in the refectory, before and after eating; the reading of some religious book during great part of the meal, and for some time after, at the discretion of the superior; and, before the return of the company into the church, the elevation and distribution of certain bread in the name of the Blessed Virgin,—a ceremony, the details of which may be found in the "Book of Hours" (*Ωρολόγιον*). The whole, without a Canon, may last three quarters of an hour, or with a Canon an hour. If the day before was a Fast-day with only one meal (*μονοφαγία*), they will go to the refectory rather earlier than their usual hour: if on the other hand the day be itself a Fast-day with only one meal, it will be rather more towards the middle of the day than usual, or even at twelve o'clock. Some time in the middle of the day, and in summer during the hottest part of it, if possible, they take a siesta, often liable to interruption; but, perhaps it may be said that they sleep in this way for an hour a day on an average.

' At some fixed time in the afternoon (in the month of which we are now speaking, not earlier than three nor later than five P.M.), the sounding-board or bell having gone perhaps ten minutes before and at three distinct times, they begin the Ninth Hour in the Narthex, which lasts about ten minutes, and is immediately followed by Vespers in the church itself. The Vespers may take rather more than half an hour more—

‘ say that the Ninth Hour and Vespers together take forty-five minutes—to which, if there be a special form of Supplication (παράκλησις) added, or a string of hymns (κανών) sung in honour of the Blessed Virgin, as is often the case, we must add another quarter of an hour, as we should have to add in the case of a minor festival, for its three Lessons and longer singing. So the whole two offices of Ninth Hour and Vespers, together with any such addition as is common, may take generally about one hour.

‘ Within an hour, perhaps, or thereabouts, after the conclusion of Vespers (or so as to have at least one hour’s daylight remaining) on such days as they are allowed two meals, the brethren will go to the refectory for supper, at which there is a benediction before and a thanksgiving after, and a reading of some religious book during and after the repast, just as at dinner—the whole lasting perhaps three quarters of an hour.

‘ At the interval of a quarter of an hour, half an hour, or longer, after supper—about the time that it is growing dusk—they begin the Compline in the Narthex, singing with it a Canon to the Blessed Virgin. The Compline may take rather more than half an hour, and the Canon about a quarter of an hour: the whole, therefore, something over three quarters: besides this, in some monasteries they read after all, as has been already noticed, the prayers appointed to be said on retiring to rest. In Idiorhythmic monasteries, where there is no common table, they often read the Compline in the Narthex immediately after the Vespers, for the benefit of such monks as do not prefer saying it alone after their supper in their cells. And in Cœnobia on Fast-days, when there is no supper, the Compline is usually read in the Narthex, about half an hour after the termination of Vespers.

‘ At this time of year (in the month of August) the monks commonly retire to rest about eight or nine o’clock, and sleep till twelve or one, (not more than four hours,) when the first stroke on the sounding-board calls them up to prayers.

‘ Monks that live outside the monasteries go through all the same offices (with the exception of the Liturgy) daily in their private church or chapel, with one of which every monastic retreat or hermitage is furnished. They meet together at the common church of the scete or monastery to which they belong on Vigils, Festivals, and Sundays—at least, if they have no priest to celebrate the Liturgy for them in their own church.

‘ Thus the services of a common day in August are in all (including the prayers at rising and going to rest) six hours and a half: to which, if we add the readings, &c. of one or two

' meals (which would of course only be found in the Cœnobia),
' we shall make them from seven and a half to eight.

' On a Sunday there would be some difference, both at the
' Vespers overnight and at the Liturgy in the morning, in con-
' sequence of additional and longer singings; but the chief in-
' crease of length would be in the Matins, both for the same
' reasons, and also because there are more Psalms from the
' Psalter in this service on that than on other days, and more
' readings—as for instance, at this season probably one long
' reading of a commentary on the Acts, between the Nocturn
' and the Matins, and another reading after the first or second
' Cathism of the Psalter, from a commentary on the Gospels.
' These would lengthen the duration of Nocturn, Matins, and
' First Hour, to five hours instead of three; and so we may
' state the whole services of Sunday at eight hours and a half at
' the least, or, including the readings of the two meals in the
' refectory, at nine and a half. And this may be taken as holding
' also of any such festival as has three Lessons and Introit in the
' Vespers and the Polyeleos (a division of the Psalms so named
' from the frequent recurrence of ἔλεος, mercy, in the first in it,
' viz. Ps. cxxxvi.) in the Matins, without being either a night-long
' Vigil (ἀγρυπνία) or a festival of the highest kind (πανήγυρις).

' What length and sequence of Services and Readings belongs
' to a festival of the highest rank (πανήγυρις), such as is cele-
' brated on the anniversary of the monastery-church, i.e. of the
' Saint or Mystery after which it is named, may be seen from the
' following specimen. The day is Tuesday, July 25th (old style),
' being the Festival of S. Anne, in the year 1850. The scene
' is the scete of S. Anne, an aggregation of hermitages depen-
' dant on the Lavra of S. Athanasius. On Monday afternoon,
' the eve of the festival, at about twenty minutes past one P.M.
' they began the Ninth Hour and the Little Vespers, upon the
' conclusion of which they went almost immediately into the
' refectory (which in a scete like this, exists only for such
' occasions), and took their meal, which was accompanied by
' a long reading. When this was over it wanted but half an hour
' of the time which was fixed for the commencement of Great
' Vespers. When this time came, viz. at twenty minutes past
' four, they began the Great Vespers, in which they sang the
' introductory Psalm (Ps. civ.) so slowly (the latter part of it, too,
' with the insertion of a short hymn to the Trinity after every
' half-verse), that before they had come to the end of it it
' wanted only ten minutes of seven. At ten minutes before
' nine they went out into the Narthex for the Liteia, which on
' such occasions is inserted into Vespers. While they were sing-
' ing the last Sticheron of the Liteia, a few of those present, and
' in particular the ex-bishop of Trajanopolis, who had been

' invited here from his retreat near the Lavra to officiate, went
 ' out for a few minutes, and took a cup of coffee in the nearest
 ' dwelling. The Liteia was over at twenty minutes to ten.
 ' Then they returned into the body of the Church singing the
 ' Aposticha of the Vespers, which lasted about an hour longer,
 ' and were followed by the Benediction of the Loaves—another
 ' adjunct of the Great Vespers on such occasions—for which the
 ' Bishop robed in his stall (it being then five minutes to eleven),
 ' and unrobed again immediately afterwards. Then followed,
 ' between the Great Vespers and the Matins (the Nocturn being
 ' omitted, or rather being superseded by the Great Vespers on
 ' such occasions), a reading at a lectern in the middle of the
 ' Church, about the Departure or Rest of S. Anne. At twenty
 ' minutes past eleven they began the Matins, at which there
 ' was a reading of a homily (from a MS. collection by Maca-
 ' rius of Patmos), after the second of the two Cathisms of the
 ' Psalter. About twenty minutes past twelve they began to
 ' light up the church for the Polyeleos, the singing of which was
 ' drawn out to a great length, and accompanied by insertions
 ' after each half-verse, like those of the introductory Psalm in
 ' the Vespers. It was finished at a quarter to two A.M.: at
 ' a quarter past two the Gospel was read. The singing of the
 ' Canons, broken by two readings, one after Ode III. and the
 ' other after that of the Synaxarion, which followed Ode VI.,
 ' lasted from twenty-five minutes past two till nearly four
 ' o'clock. At half-past four or thereabouts the Matins ended,
 ' and so did the First Hour at five o'clock. There was then a
 ' pause of one hour or rather more, during which some sat
 ' down in the stalls of the church, some went out and stood
 ' about the doors and walls of the church, or dispersed to
 ' the neighbouring hermitages, where they might lie down and
 ' rest for half an hour or three quarters. But at six o'clock
 ' A.M. we were all again in the church, and, the Third and Sixth
 ' Hours having been read, at half-past six the Bishop came
 ' down from his stall and was robed for the Liturgy in the
 ' middle of the Church. In this Liturgy a monk-deacon was
 ' ordained priest, which made scarcely any difference in the length
 ' of the service. At ten minutes to nine the Liturgy was finished;
 ' the Bishop had blessed two large dishes of Collyba¹ (memorial
 ' cakes), and was distributing the Antidoron (*i. e.* the blessed
 ' bread, which is given to those also who are present at Liturgy
 ' without communicating) from his stall, while they read the
 ' two Psalms preparatory for the refectory; and thereupon fol-

¹ The Collyba (κόλλυβα) are unbaked cakes or puddings, mixed of grain and cur-
 rants, which are blessed in the Church at the end of every service in which there
 is special memory made of any dead, and distributed afterwards to the people.
 The friends of the dead bring them.

lowed the final dismissal, and they left the Church. After a very short interval they all met again in the church, and went thence, preceded by lights, to the refectory, where about 300 dined together, of whom nearly two-thirds were strangers from other parts of the Holy Mountain. The Bishop and five or six others dined apart, but at the same time, at the house of the controller (*δικαῖος*) of the scete, who was also the chief priest of its church. The table in the refectory was blessed before, and thanksgiving made after the meal, as usual. A reading was going on about half the time we were there, and during the rest there was no noise nor conversation, except it may be a word or two here and there in an under tone. When we first sat down, portions were set at each place of soup, fish, bread, and wine: there was a second entry, consisting of portions of rice made savoury; and a little later, some better wine (though there was no great difference) was carried round to be drunk without water; and the contents of the dishes of Collyba, which we had seen blessed in the church after the Liturgy, were distributed. Before the last grace the father who seemed to have the superintendence of the refectory made an appropriate oration or address to the company at some length: he thanked God for having granted them so to meet this year again, and to keep with due honour their festival; expressed pleasure at the sight of so many strangers, and hoped they might see the same festival return, and take part in its celebration on many more anniversaries; and with all this he mixed proper religious allusions to its associations. Lastly, there was the elevation of the bread in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and each received a morsel of it, holding it over the incense before he ate it. Then we all left the refectory, preceded as before by the lights, and at the foot of the stairs, as we turned to go into the church, we passed by four brethren, the three cooks and the reader, lying prostrate on the ground. In this posture they remained till all had gone by, in compliance with a monastic custom, which enjoins them on such occasions to ask forgiveness in this fashion for any faults or deficiencies in the manner in which they have performed their respective duties towards the company. In the church we were not detained more than a minute or two, and then separated, each going in what direction he pleased. Most, however, of those present by this time stood in need of some repose, and sought a place to lie down in some one or other of the neighbouring hermitages. Plenty of these were scattered all about among the rocks and trees, while underneath the mountain bore down almost perpendicularly into the sea, which was, however, at a considerable distance, as S. Anne stands on a far higher level than most of the sea-side monasteries. When we finally left

‘ the church it wanted about a quarter to eleven A.M. Thus the whole series of services and readings, with one interval only of an hour, and one or two other inconsiderable pauses, lasted twenty-one hours and a half. And the Vigil service alone (consisting of Great Vespers with its adjuncts, Matins, and First Hour) took up twelve hours and forty minutes. Such festivals (*πανηγύρεις*) are of course comparatively rare, though every monastery or scete would have one such in the course of the year, and some two or three. But on all the festivals of the first rank on which they make a solemn Vigil (*ἀγρυπνία*) the same order is followed: and the Vigil service lasts, not indeed, as in this case, twelve or thirteen hours, but yet not less than eight or nine, being nearly three times as long as on ordinary weekdays, and half as long again as on an ordinary Sunday. Of such festivals there may be on an average in each monastery about two in every month, or twenty-four in the course of the year. On the whole, the length of the services on festivals is increased chiefly, though not exclusively, by a difference in the style of singing, and by the appointment of a greater quantity of matter to be sung. In Lent, on the contrary, the services are lengthened beyond the practice of other seasons, and in winter, ordinarily, beyond the use of summer, not so much by additional singings as by very large additions to the quantity of prayers and psalms and readings,—the Psalter being appointed to be said twice through weekly instead of once, the Great Compline being added to the other daily services, and the ordinary monastic readings being at once more than doubled in number and considerably increased in length.’

This may perhaps suffice for the services. Much of it, we fear, will be hardly intelligible to a person who is unacquainted with the Greek ritual: but it would be foreign to our present plan to enlarge upon this subject. We will now proceed to illustrate the actual condition of Athos by a few extracts of more varied character from the journal which has been put into our hands: and we will begin with the travellers’ arrival at the Lavra of S. Athanasius, one of the most important houses, which is situated at the S.E. corner of the promontory.

‘ At six A.M. Imbros and Samothrace were out of sight, and little of Lemnos still visible: Thasos, a tolerably mountainous island, lay some way off to our right; while in front, Athos rose full in view, with the long ridge of the peninsula running off from his left shoulder at a lower level to the north. A noble mountain he is certainly, broad and swelling, almost covered more than halfway up his rocky sides with masses of green, but bare at the top, and rising into a perfectly sharp peak. He may have been now twenty-five miles off. Two hours later he was said to be eighteen, and the Lavra was then distinctly

‘ visible on the eastern point of the promontory, and apparently
‘ not far above the beach. We had six hours to contemplate
‘ this prospect, as our schooner crept on at the rate of two
‘ or three miles an hour ; till, about two P.M., when we were not
‘ more than a couple of miles from the shore, the wind dropped,
‘ and a dead calm followed—the water most provokingly blue.
‘ Two of our sailors got into the boat, and tried to tow the
‘ schooner in shore ; but she would not stir. Meantime thick
‘ heavy clouds had gathered in the north, and were drawing
‘ along the mountain ridge ; a sudden blackness, followed by an
‘ universal ripple, swept over the sluggish blue water, and in less
‘ than five minutes the boat was called in, half the sails furled,
‘ (for every stitch had been spread before,) and our captain roar-
‘ ing at his men to get in the rest. Down came the squall,
‘ making the cordage rattle again, and driving us below decks
‘ with a soaking rain, and peals of thunder and lightning. Our
‘ captain did his best to keep his vessel’s head up to the wind
‘ under jib and mizen sail ; but warned us that if the wind
‘ lasted, he must either put back or carry us to Salonica. It
‘ did not last, however, more than half an hour, though the sea
‘ was much longer in going down. When we came again
‘ on deck we found ourselves off the S.W. corner of the pro-
‘ montory. Some time was spent in unavailing efforts to beat
‘ back ; at last this was given up, and as the sea had consider-
‘ ably abated, we were invited to go on shore in the boat.
‘ Accordingly two men rowed us round the head of the pro-
‘ montory (for the wind had forced us to double it, and the
‘ Lavra was no longer in sight from the ship), without much sea
‘ to resist them, but against a tremendous current, for which
‘ our sailors, who had never been here before, were not at all
‘ prepared. It was a stiff pull of more than an hour, and gave
‘ us abundant opportunity of observing the merciless cliffs
‘ against which Xerxes’ ships were dashed to pieces—no beach
‘ between the waves and the bare steep rock. About six P.M.
‘ we entered the tiny harbour of the Lavra, through a passage
‘ fifteen or sixteen feet wide. It is commanded by a fierce-
‘ looking square tower, (which was armed with guns till the
‘ Greek insurrection, when the Turks took them all away,) and
‘ surrounded by some other buildings and a wall. We found in
‘ it two sailing-boats ; perhaps it would have held a dozen
‘ or twenty Thames wherries, certainly not more. The only
‘ garrison was a solitary father, decidedly rustic in his looks, dress,
‘ and language : he showed us the way up to the monastery,
‘ and as we went along contrived to tell us his own history in
‘ most villanous Greek. He was a Spartan ; had been a soldier,
‘ had served in the war against Bonaparte under General
‘ Stuart at Messina, and had now been twenty-three years in

‘Athos. We had to walk about half a mile up a steep winding path, roughly paved with stones and bordered on both sides by a thicket of most luxuriant shrubs, chiefly arbutus, heath, myrtle, and catalpa. The myrtle was in blossom, and singularly fragrant. The last turn of the path brought us in front of the monastery, which is commandingly placed on one of the many projecting platforms afforded by the dark green sides of the mountain. It is a picturesque mass of building, in a style half-warlike, half-domestic. The strong lofty walls, without chink or opening for thirty feet from the ground, with the iron-bound doors and massive towers, tell of danger and defence, while the medley of broad square windows and Turkish balconies in the upper stories indicates the unmilitary character of the tenants. These walls (which their owners call τὸ κάστρον) form an irregular quadrangular enclosure, of which the shorter sides are towards the east and west, the chief tower is at the south-west angle, but it does not rise higher than the tall and handsome chimneys which stand thick on the other buildings. Inside there are two courts, almost quadrangles, each of which contains in its centre a detached church—the two principal churches of the monastery; but the smaller court is so much blocked up with buildings, that the other seems almost exclusively to deserve the name. As we approached the gate, we noticed an airy kiosk or summer-house on a projecting shelf of rock, with window-frames—no windows—open all round it; and passing under a little cupola on four columns, which served as an outer porch to the gateway, we entered and sat down on a stone bench within the arch beside the porter’s lodge, while our arrival was announced.

‘Over both the inner and outer doors (for there were two, with ten yards of passage between) were fresco paintings of the Blessed Virgin, glazed, and with lamps burning before them: the inner one was a face of greater softness and sweetness than usual. On one side of the Blessed Virgin stood S. Athanasius, offering to her his monastery; on the other, S. George. Presently some of the superiors appeared, to whom we offered our letters from the patriarch, and the metochi, or house of Athos-monks at Constantinople; but they assured us that hospitality was the profession of their society, and therefore all introductions were superfluous. Accordingly we were led at once into the great quadrangle, and shown into a pleasant room, with matted floor and divans round three sides of it, (furnished, in short, à la Turque,) which looked out straight over the sea, and offered views of Thasos in front, and of the Thracian coast towards the left. This was assigned for our lodging, and here we were immediately joined by the two wardens (ἐπίτροποι), Fathers Cyril and Melchisedek, and by the secretary (γραμματικὸς), a

‘monk named Dionysius from the neighbourhood of Adrianople, to whom we had brought a special introduction from Andrew Coromelas, the Athenian bookseller. The usual accompaniments of an Oriental visit—sweetmeat, cold water, arrack, and coffee were brought; a practice which we never saw omitted on our arrival at any monastery. The wardens were good-natured hearty men; but the intelligence of the society seemed to centre in the secretary, who showed no lack of information, although he could not pretend to theological learning. Indeed, he said himself that there was no learning at present on the Mountain,—an assertion which our subsequent experience certainly did not contradict: he dated its disappearance from that never-forgotten period of confusion—the Greek revolution. We supped at half-past eight, in an open corridor looking down over a vine-clad trellis into the great court of the monastery. The warden Cyril, and another father, joined us at our meal, which consisted, besides vegetables and bread, of fish, eggs, and cheese—the furthest limit of monastic indulgence on Athos. Meat there was none to be had, for which our kind hosts made a most unnecessary apology. We were supplied with a thin red wine of their own manufacture. So ended our first day on Athos.’

Before we follow the travellers in their morning walk round the different buildings of the monastery, we must glance at the interior effect of the great quadrangle.

‘In the middle, detached from all other buildings, stood the principal church. This is the invariable rule in Athos, except in one or two instances, where, from the peculiarity of the site, the space available for the conventual buildings is too small to admit of such complete isolation. It was an object rather grotesque than beautiful, in the Byzantine style of architecture, which had become familiar to us at Athens; its walls painted deep red, which was relieved by broad bands of ochre-yellow drawn round the arches of the narrow round-headed windows. Four little cupolas it had, unpainted; but to compensate this advantage, the beauty of the central one was spoiled by the substitution of solid masonry for glass in several of the windows which lighted it. Near this church, in fact, attached by a junction roof to its outermost porch, was a beautiful little cupola, carried by eight open arches, supported on light pillars, and protecting a noble marble basin for the periodical consecration of water. The buildings which formed the quadrangle exhibited a most picturesque variety. I have heard it observed of Megaspelion, the great monastery of free Greece near Patras, that it looks as if each monk had built his own cell on a distinct plan, irrespective of any consideration but

his individual taste. This quadrangle looked rather as if seven or eight people had agreed to build as many contiguous houses, without observing each other's plans or work till all was finished. Height, breadth, colour, disposition of windows, staircases, balconies—wherever there was room for difference, difference was to be seen. Here was whitewash, there some other colouring; in a third place, a huge unpainted wooden staircase, leading up to an equally naked corridor; there again a trellis of vines; there an open cloister, supporting two or three stories of building. A square bell-tower, covered with dark red paint, rose out of the buildings opposite the north-west end of the church; a little dome of similar hue, at the south-west corner of the court, indicated a chapel over a passage leading into the second quadrangle; while in the distance appeared the great tower of the gateway, without paint indeed, but not without a somewhat comical and seemingly casual smear of whitewash. Below there was a sort of kitchen-garden, occupying great part of the court to the east of the church, and a little ugly church, with a red cupola, at its south-west corner; four or five fountains, under little arches more or less painted, and sometimes with cupolas before them, were to be seen against the walls; and near the east end of the south wall the tombs of three patriarchs of Constantinople, in arched niches painted in fresco. Then there were six or seven cypresses, by no means to be passed over; two gigantic ones opposite the west end of the church, which are believed to be 900 years old, and to have been planted by the founder, S. Athanasius; the others younger, and of a fresher green than I ever saw cypress before;—inexpressibly green they looked after the dusty groves of Pera.

In Greek monasteries the three chief objects of inquiry are the Great Church (τὸ Καθολικὸν), the Refectory (ἡ τράπεζα), and the Library. Not that the third of these would be classed by the monks themselves with the other two among the things worthiest of a stranger's notice, since it has neither the religious interest of the former, nor the splendour often found in the latter; but we suppose that few European travellers, after the reports of Mr. Curzon and other book-hunters, would be proof against a vague hope of feasting their eyes on rare illuminations, or even lighting by chance on long-forgotten literary treasures.

The Great Church of the Lavra is strictly cruciform in its original shape; the arms are formed by transepts, with circular terminations, which are covered by half-domes, the upright limb by the Sanctuary at one end—which is covered in part by a stilted roof, in part by a conch, and flanked by two shorter apses—and the nave at the other; this last is covered in part

' by the principal dome, in part by a ridged roof. There are no aisles, but in their place, west of the transepts, are two dome-covered side-chapels, with apsidal eastern terminations. Then there are three porches (*νάρθηκες*), or more strictly an *ἔσω* and an *ἔξω νάρθηξ* and a *προαύλιον*, the last exposed to the weather like an open cloister. The side-chapels are carried far enough westward to cut off the ends of the inner Narthex.'¹

Perhaps we ought to remind our readers, that the porches of a Greek church are usually as long as the breadth of its west end: they are called exterior when they are manifestly excrescences outside the real wall of the church, interior when their existence cannot be detected from the outside; but they are merely sections taken off from the length of the church itself, and parted from the nave or 'church' by a partition-wall, screen, or curtain, or (as is the case in one or two instances) merely by columns, the intervals between which are left quite unencumbered. The interior porches answer nearly to some of our antechapels, the outer to our church-porches. The ancient use of these divisions seems to have been the distinction of different classes of worshippers, catechumens, penitents, &c.: now in the monastic churches they are used to say the less solemn services; as the Nocturn, Hours, and Compline. Almost every Greek church, as well secular as monastic, has at least one inner porch; many two, and an outer one besides. But to proceed.

' The body of the church is said to be 900 years old—coeval, in fact, with the establishment of the monastery, which was founded by S. Athanasius of Athos, under the patronage of Nicephorus Phocas. The floor has been richly ornamented with various marbles; the walls and ceilings with fresco. Both species of ornament have suffered much from time, but most of the frescoes still remain, though they seem to have been a good deal injured in substantial repairs of the fabric. Here, as elsewhere, one finds representations of our Lord on a large scale in the crowns of the cupolas. The sanctuary-screen, or Iconostase, is richly gilt; the Icons of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, which stand in it right and left of the Royal Doors, are covered with silver sheathing, on which the heads of its donor, Andronicus Palæologus, and his wife, are wrought in small medallions. In the sheathing of our Lord's Icon are set also turquoises and rubies. Under the arches of the two transepts stand two lecterns for the readers, richly inlaid with

¹ The word '*Narthex*' is often used, generally in Greek, as we have used here the word '*porch*' in English, for the sake of general readers. But for the ecclesiologist it is both more convenient and more correct to distinguish the '*Nartheces*' from the '*Proaulion*' or '*porch*,' as Mr. Neale has shown in his most valuable '*General Introduction to the History of the Holy Eastern Church*,' vol. i. pp. 207—214.

' mother-of-pearl; and a movable stand for the Icon of the
 ' saint of the day, placed before the screen on the south side of
 ' the Royal Doors, is similarly decorated, and carries a jewelled
 ' cross on its top. There is a throne for the Bishop against the
 ' north end of the west wall of the south transept, and on his
 ' right an inferior one for the chief father of the monastery.
 ' Round the walls of the two transepts are stalls for the choirs,
 ' *i.e.* for those monks who can sing, while the others occupy stalls
 ' against the north, south, and west walls of the nave. This
 ' church is very rich in relics, which are kept in a sort of cabinet
 ' formed in the back of the Iconostasis: the workmanship and
 ' jewellery of the gold and silver reliquaries have attracted much
 ' attention from travellers; the monks, however, have not yet
 ' learned to regard them as specimens of *virtù*, but evidently
 ' suppose, in those who are curious about them, the motive of
 ' religious veneration. The northern side-chapel contains the
 ' tomb of their founder, Athanasius of Athos: the interior of the
 ' cupola which adjoins the Great Church is painted with frescoes,
 ' representing baptismal subjects both from the Old and New
 ' Testament, especially scenes connected with the Jordan. I re-
 ' marked, among its decorations, the Blessed Virgin painted,
 ' standing in a font with her Child in her arms, instead of her
 ' usual sitting posture. In the marble basin under this cupola
 ' they bless water on the first day of every month—and in a
 ' more especial manner on the Feast of the Epiphany; and on
 ' these occasions they sprinkle each other, the church, the sacred
 ' vessels, and drink of the water which has been thus conse-
 ' crated. This is its only use. The ordinary Latin employment
 ' of "holy water" is unknown in the Greek church.

' Opposite to the west end of the church is the entrance of the
 ' Refectory, over which are painted the emperors Nicephorus
 ' Phocas and John Zimisces. This building is a regular Latin
 ' cross. Its length is east and west, and it stretches right
 ' through from the chief court of the monastery to the smaller
 ' one which has been mentioned above. The shorter limb of
 ' the cross is at the east end, and here is the entrance; at the
 ' extremity of the longer limb—*i.e.* at the west end—is a sort of
 ' dais ending in an apse. On this dais stand three tables,
 ' answering to the high table of our college-halls, for the use of
 ' the seniors, while on the lower level are twenty-one other
 ' tables (six on each side of the longer, and two on each side of
 ' the shorter limb of the cross, and the other five in the tran-
 ' septs) for the other monks. These tables are shaped like
 ' elongated horse-shoes (except two in the transepts, which are
 ' round); they have benches round their curved sides, and the
 ' rectilinear end, which is turned to the middle passage, unoc-

cupied : each table is formed of a slab of white marble on a wooden framework.

The Refectory is now covered by a plain wooden roof ; but we were told that it had formerly had a dome, which was destroyed by an earthquake. The pavement has been handsome like that of the church, but is now clumsily patched. Against the southern wall, not far from the dais, is a pulpit for the reader's use. In the east walls of the transept are large doors or hatches, which communicate respectively with the bread and wine stores, or butteries. The walls are entirely covered with fresco-painting, of which the subjects are still generally distinguishable, although they have suffered a good deal from time. In the conch of the western apse is the Last Supper. Judas, who alone in the company has no glory on his head, is dipping his hand in the dish, which—in allusion probably to the monastic diet—contains a fish. Under this, within the apse, are large figures of S. Basil, S. John Chrysostom, and S. Gregory Palamas, on the same level with whom a line of similar figures is carried down both sides of the longer limb of the cross. Above these are two tiers of more complex subjects, of which the upper tier embodies the ideas found in the twenty-four divisions (*οἴκοι*) of the Greek Hymn to the Blessed Virgin, called *ἀκάθιστος*. In the transepts are miscellaneous subjects ; saints, prophets, martyrdoms, the founder's death (Athanasius of Athos), the Council of Nice, scenes from Genesis (such as the creation, the sacrifice of Abel, his murder, &c.) and a Jesse tree. The eastern end is occupied with the Last Judgment ; and the same subject is completed, or further illustrated, on the side walls of the shorter limb of the cross. This refectory was once in daily use, when the Lavra was a Cœnobium : but now, since it has become one of the Idiorhythmic class, it is only used four or five times in the year, that is to say, on occasions of special festival. One such, the founder's day, had occurred the week before our visit ; and 400 or 500 people had dined here—many of them, of course, visitors from other parts of the mountain.

We found the library to consist of two small ground-floor rooms in a little court, the passage into which is opposite the north side of the Great Church. The books were in wooden shelves, not quite in order and not quite in confusion. The printed books were chiefly in the outer, the MSS. in the inner room : nor were the classical books much mixed with theological. Among the latter, too, the MS. Gospels seemed to be collected on one shelf. Titles were usually written on the backs both of the printed books and the MSS. But there was no catalogue, nor much appearance of the books being used :

'sometimes whole shelves stood bottom upwards, and often single books, MSS. &c. lay on the tops of the rows. Curzon says that this library contains 4,000 printed books and 900 MSS. Our guide, the secretary Dionysius, told us that any inmate of the monastery might carry the books to his cell: indeed, there was no appearance of convenience for reading in the library. There is but one key, however, which is kept by the superiors; and Father Dionysius did not affect to say that there were any readers of "old books" among the present monks.'

Now that we have given the travellers' description of a single church, hall, and library, we may sum up briefly the results of his experience among the same objects in the rest of Athos. The plan of the churches is generally the same, and their architecture the same; so that to describe one is to describe all. Differences in size, decoration, number of domes, side-chapels, and porches, are not worth detailed report. Their exterior effect is quaint to a western eye, but picturesque, seldom beautiful: their interior effect is very striking, but produced almost entirely by the decoration, not by the architecture. The two chief features on which it depends are the fresco-painting of the walls and roofs, and the great screen, or Iconostase, which in Greek churches is carried in front of the apse or apses, and reaches nearly, if not quite, to the ceiling. There are subsidiary ornaments besides, which add to the effect. Such is the great circle or coronal of lights (*πολυέλαιος*)—a huge brazen hoop, suspended by a chain from the ceiling, much fretted in workmanship, and adorned with various ornaments, crosses, &c. as well as small fantastic lamps; such are the lecterns, the Icon-stand, Icons, great and small, often sheathed with silver or set with stones, and hanging against the pillars of the dome or walls of the choirs; such, again, are the varied marbles of the floors, and the inlaying of mother-of-pearl and tortoise-shell on the doors between the nave and the porch. There is very little mosaic in Mount Athos; only in the Great Church of Vatopedhi are several representations in this work of the Annunciation, and one of our Lord between S. John Baptist and the Blessed Virgin. But even without these helps, if the Iconostase and the frescoes are in good order, the effect is undeniably magnificent. Now one almost always finds the former brilliant in Athos; and in many instances the latter also. The Iconostase is generally a blaze of gilding on a much-wrought wooden frame: but in the new Catholicon, or chief church of Xenophus, the whole screen has been constructed of beautiful grey marble; and the monks are justly proud of its effect. All the churches in Athos (as, indeed, seems to have been the case throughout the Greek empire) were originally filled with

frescoes; and there are only one or two now in the mountain in which they have been either wholly lost or are not yet finished, but often they are much faded. The art, however, is far from having been lost as with us: on the contrary, these churches have been continually repainted by artists from the neighbourhood of the mountain even to the present day, who seem—at least to an untaught eye—neither to have departed from the style of their predecessors, nor to fall short of them either in gracefulness of design or brilliancy of colouring. But the restorers of Athos have been severely blamed by some visitors for destroying the superior work of older artists, especially that of the famous painter named Panselenus; and the critics seemed to have frightened the good monks a little. In the paintings themselves, alike old and new, if examined in detail, there is much that is grotesque—much that is positively unsightly; and the stiffness for which Byzantine art is infamous among us, pervades them generally: but, on the other hand, examples are not wanting of greater softness, and even of beauty in form and face, while in several of the churches, the grouping or composition in the larger subjects is decidedly good, although the faces will not bear scrutiny. But we must repeat, that with all imaginable faults of detail, the general effect of these frescoes as decorative painting is magnificent. A certain degree of uniformity may be observed in the position of subjects. For example, in the church itself (or nave and transepts as we should call it) are usually subjects from our Lord's history; His birth, Epiphany, baptism, crucifixion, burial, resurrection, &c.; often, too, the death of the Blessed Virgin. In the inner porches are often found the Œcumenical Councils: the outer porch, in a great majority of instances, is painted with scenes from the Apocalypse. In one instance (the church of the Portaitissa, at the Iberian monastery) the outer porch is filled with representations of patriarchs, prophets, and *philosophers*, among whom figure Solon, Chilon, Thucydides (!), and Plutarch. In the refectory also, there seem to be fixed places for two subjects at least; for at the lower end is very often represented the Day of Judgment, while at the upper end, over the high table, one finds almost invariably the Last Supper. The position of the refectory relatively to the great church does not seem to be fixed; but it frequently stands, as in the Lavra, to the west of it. It is generally a simple rectangle, but almost always ends in more or less of an apse.

About the libraries there is not much to be added to Mr. Curzon's very detailed account. The commonest place for them is a room over one of the church-porches: sometimes they are in a tower. In one monastery only, that of Vatopedhi, was a modern catalogue found, twelve years old. In another there was

an ancient one, now useless. Speaking generally, the monks seem to have the idea of preserving, and even taking some care of their books, as so much property, but little notion of using them, and still less of *offering* them for sale.

The other buildings, for the use of the community within the walls, do not require particular notice. Travellers are sometimes shown the granary, mill (for many of these monasteries contain a mill, turned by a stream brought down from the mountain), bakehouse, kitchen, workshop, infirmary (with its kitchen and chapel), &c. &c. One kitchen may be remarked—in the Iberian monastery—a square building, with a high four-sided roof, through a hole in the middle of which escaped the smoke of a wood-fire on a large open hearth immediately under it. Nor need we linger on the various minor churches, of which there are ten or twelve here, as in almost all the monasteries. We are tempted, however, before we quit the Lavra, to extract a morning walk outside its gates.

‘We had remarked, when we first approached the Lavra, several lone houses, each with a little dome rising from some part of its roof, scattered among the natural shrubberies and lawns (for such they seemed) around it. These I wished to see nearer; and so followed a path which led across a green field, and then through thickets of most luxuriant vegetation to one of the number, by which stood three or four cypresses. But it was closed; and I could hardly determine whether it was a storehouse or a solitary chapel. Looking back over the grass field which I had crossed, I saw Indian corn growing under the walls of the Lavra; while the hill-side was sprinkled with various useful trees, such as olive, fig, mulberry, walnut, &c.; and on several of the slopes were bright green vineyards. Among these stood another house, which promised a bird’s-eye view of the monastery, and towards this I made my way, passing now under, now over, a great multitude of wooden pipes which carried water from the heights of Athos to the gardens or vineyards, and deposited it in reservoirs at different levels. Everywhere were signs of rural industry; paths, stiles, fences, &c. At last I reached the house, which proved to be one that had been shown me as built, or at least inhabited more than a century ago, by an ex-patriarch of Constantinople, named Dionysius, whose tomb is in the Lavra, and to whose munificence the traveller is indebted for the rudely paved ways which conduct him from monastery to monastery. As I was admiring the view, one of the inmates invited me to enter. He told me that he lived there constantly with three or four companions. There is a bishop too residing now in the house; (the ex-bishop of Trajanopolis;) and they perform all the

'services regularly, just as the monks do in the Great Church of the Lavra, in their little chapel which is dedicated to S. John Chrysostom; that is to say, Nocturn and Matins, the Hours, Vespers, and Compline; with the Liturgy on Sundays and Festivals. They grow their own vegetables, and make their own wine; only their bread they receive from the monastery. Permission to live here thus, and a right to the bread which they want is purchased for each by a contribution of 5,000 piastres, (about 45*l.*) once for all, to the monastery on their first coming. The life of a monk in such a case is almost wholly agricultural. My entertainer told me that he came from Constantinople, and had been here six years. He seemed a simple peasant. To be employed on his vines, and to eat the fruits of his labour in security, this he said was his happiness; and it is doubtless not the least charm of Athos for the Christian subjects of the Porte.'

Col. Leake says that 'there are more than 300 scattered retreats (*κελλεία*) on the Mountain. Their tenants are either cultivators of vineyards, gardens, or corn-fields, of which latter, however, there are very few, or they tend the cattle of the peninsula. Some of the inmates of all the monasteries are employed in spinning wool and making articles of clothing, generally those confined to the house by incapacity for outdoor employment; but the manufactures are chiefly carried on in the scetes, (*ἀσκητήρια*, more vulgarly *ἀσκήταις*, or *σκήταις*, or *σκήτια*,) from whence the bazaar at Caryæ is supplied with articles of monastic dress, caps and bonnets of almost every kind used in Greece, beads, crosses, wooden spoons, and other ordinary implements used in the monasteries. Some of the ascetics, particularly at S. Anne, are book-binders, painters, and framers of church pictures; and there are some calligraphers, the last remains of a profession which was very extensive before the invention of printing, and was probably a great resource to the monks of Athos.'

There are always ex-bishops resident in Athos: it has been long the great place as well of banishment as of voluntary retirement for those who have been deprived of their sees, or have resigned. No less than eight or nine are mentioned in the journal now before us. By these bishops, at the request of the monasteries, ordinations are performed in the Mountain. Else Athos is a peculiar of the patriarch of Constantinople; and for him the monks pray in their services as 'our archbishop;' a simple style in strong contrast with the sounding titles of 'Ecumenical Patriarch,' &c., with which he is named in the churches of the capital.

But it is time for us to leave the Lavra, and to pass from the

most important of the individual monasteries to the seat of government, (as we may call it,) or political centre of the peninsula. This is a village called Caryæ: it is the only village of any sort in Athos, and perhaps the only village in the world in which no woman nor child is to be seen. It is situated about the middle of the peninsula, high up on the north-east side of its main ridge or back-bone. Above it rises the forest, crowning the hill-tops; around it are tolerably level slopes with an unusual amount of cultivation—chiefly vines; below the ground falls with a most charming variety of wood, cliff, and ravine, to the sea, along the shore of which three different monasteries may be counted, each with its battlemented tower.

Among the groves and vineyards near the village are many detached houses, some of which depend on different monasteries, some on the church of Caryæ itself, which bears the name of Τὸ Πρώτατον, as if it were the metropolitan church of Athos. The village of Caryæ itself does not depend on any single monastery, but it is a kind of common ground to all. Anciently it was reckoned as a great scete. Here sits a council which regulates all matters that concern the general interests of the Holy Mountain, as distinguished from the private affairs of the several societies. Its constitution is as follows. There is a deliberative body of twenty representatives (*ἀντιπρόσωποι*), to which each of the twenty monasteries contributes a member by annual election. But besides these there are four presidents of the community, (*ἐπίσταται τοῦ κοινοῦ*), in whom the duties of administration are vested, and whom the council of Twenty assist only in their formal deliberations. These presidents are taken from four different monasteries each year; so that in five years each of the twenty monasteries has had its turn to name one. One of the four takes precedence of the rest, and is styled the 'First Man of Athos,' (*ὁ πρῶτος τοῦ Ἀθωνος*;) and the cycle has been so arranged that the five monasteries of the Lavra, Vatopedhi, the Iberians, Chilandari, and Dionysius are distributed into different years; because it is the privilege of those five that the presidents who come from them should be each 'First Man of Athos' in his year. This complicated system has not been in use much more than a hundred years. The older practice was to have a single director of the common affairs of the Holy Mountain, who had the same title which is enjoyed by the apex of the modern system; and accordingly in all ancient transactions of the Mountain, the 'First Man of Athos' is named alone as the manager. The mode of his election does not appear. The body, therefore, which meets in the council-room consists of four-and-twenty members; or, if their secretary be counted, twenty-five. They meet weekly,

on Saturdays. Each monastery has an establishment at Caryæ for its own representative; and there is a common establishment for the presidents besides, supported by contributions from all the societies. Fifteen or twenty soldiers—Christians from Macedonia—are kept at Caryæ in the pay and at the disposal of this government. The Turkish Aga too resides here, as has been mentioned above; but he has no soldiers of his own, nor any control over those of the Mountain. His sole duty is to receive the tribute for his master, and to confer with the monastic council on any emergency which their resources are insufficient to meet. Another establishment at Caryæ must not be passed over, though it has only been set up within the last four years. This is a school for the intellectual education of the younger monks, to which at present each of the monasteries sends one or two pupils. It is a large building, but contains only lecture-rooms and chambers for the masters, although it has a chapel of its own hard by. There is nothing of a collegiate system: the learners are neither lodged nor boarded in the house, but have to find quarters as they may in the nearest cells. It has two teachers at present, both laymen; one of them called master, (*μάγιστρος*,) the other ‘Teacher of Greek.’ The master is a young Peloponnesian from the university of Athens. His salary is about 18,000 piastres, or about 160*l.* a-year. The pupils are divided into three classes. The subjects of the lectures are the Greek language with its grammar, syntax, &c.; Sacred History; Divinity (in Greek *ἡ ἱερά Κατήχησις*); Political Geography; and Arithmetic. This is not the first attempt at a school which has been seen in Mount Athos; for Eugenius Bulgaris, the great Corfiote, set one up in 1750, the scale of which is attested by the imposing ruins of its buildings now seen on the hill above Vatopedhi, and the success of which while it lasted was so great, that its effects are said to have been traceable in the Mountain for forty years after its ruin. But it lasted only five years, for in 1755 its talented director was driven out of Athos by disagreements which arose between him and some of its older inhabitants. He seems to have aimed at making it a school for the Greek youth as well as for the younger members of the monasteries; a combination not likely to favour its permanence. Another school is mentioned in the journal before us as having been recently built by the monks of Zographou, near their own monastery, for their own juniors; and it appears that they have sent two or three of their number to the universities of Kieff and Moscow to qualify themselves for the work of teaching in it. But the mention of these schools has carried us away from Caryæ, into which we will now accompany the travellers.

' Leaving the small monastery of Kutlumush, in which we
 ' had passed the night, in company with its representative in the
 ' Council of Twenty, a father named Daniel, we walked over to
 ' the village, in which we arrived within a quarter of an hour.
 ' Most of the way lay through a grove of hazels, from which the
 ' village (*Kapval*, *Anglicè* "The Hazels") derives its name.
 ' There were many vineyards of delicious greenness about it,
 ' and many of the outlying retreats (*καθίσματα*, or *κελλεία*),
 ' which have been already mentioned. These last look much
 ' like solitary farms or homesteads, except that one misses the
 ' corn-stacks and farm-yards which should accompany them,
 ' and sees in every case rising out of one of the roofs a small
 ' tile-covered dome of rather nondescript appearance, which
 ' denotes the presence of a chapel. Yet, as this is covered with
 ' the same material as the house-roof, and is often not higher
 ' than the gables in some other part, it would not attract much
 ' notice if it were not for its constant recurrence, and certainly
 ' would not inform the uninitiated that a church was there. We
 ' found Caryæ a regular little village, rather straggling, perhaps,
 ' else much like any other, except for the absence of women and
 ' children. It has two or three little narrow streets, which
 ' include a line or two of shops called the bazaar, but not like a
 ' Turkish bazaar in any respect except the use of the window for
 ' the counter. The shops looked poor enough; but in them
 ' were to be bought all the necessaries of life, not only for the
 ' monks themselves, but for their secular dependants; meat, for
 ' instance, gun-flints, shot, and powder. On some of the coun-
 ' ters were trifles of monkish handiwork, crosses of wood or
 ' horn, spoons, &c.; of which the majority were cheap and rude
 ' enough; but some of higher price (120 piastres, *e.g.*, or a
 ' sovereign English) were exquisitely carved with representa-
 ' tions of sacred subjects. It was Saturday, which is the day
 ' both for the market and for the council-meeting at Caryæ, so
 ' we saw the place in the utmost bustle of which it was capable.
 ' Both in the streets, and behind the counters, we noticed about
 ' an equal number of monastic and secular habits; and here,
 ' for the first time in Athos, we saw beggars. Our companion
 ' took us straight to the council-chamber, a long room of no
 ' pretension, with divans round three sides of it, and a narrow
 ' space on a lower level at the door end, as is usual in the East.
 ' The fathers were assembling when we arrived: ten or twelve
 ' who seemed to have been expecting us outside the door entered
 ' the room with us; and we soon found ourselves seated on the
 ' divan at the upper end of the room in the middle of this
 ' august conclave. Sweetmeats, water, arrack, and coffee, were
 ' brought for us as usual. Conversation followed till the arrival

' of the first president, Father Cyril of the Lavra, who took his seat beside us, and read aloud for the benefit of his brethren our letters of introduction from the patriarch and the Athos monks at Constantinople. Nineteen members of the council were present, but, with the exception of Father Cyril, we could not distinguish the presidents from the ordinary representatives; amongst the number were young men as well as old, laughers as well as grave senators; but there was very little donnishness about any, nor was there any stiffness about our conversation with the assembly, formidable as it had appeared to be received thus in full senate. It was not yet eight A.M. when we came; and after a long visit we took our leave and were conducted to the school-house, where they had assigned us lodgings, as it was now vacation time; for, "on account of the heat," the school-work does not go on here between July 10 and September 13. They took advantage of the market to supply our table liberally with *meat*.'

Another aspect of this village must not be omitted. Although in the heart of the peninsula, it is the point of contact, so to speak, between Athos and the outer world. For centuries the monks in Athos have enjoyed a physical separation from all that is unmonastic, which is, at the present day, without its parallel. Our readers have heard of the extreme rigidity with which the peninsula is barred to the female sex; a rigidity which, whether from superstition or policy, is extended even to the case of domestic animals, cows, sheep, goats, and even poultry. This, of course, has not always been so; there were villages in Athos long after the first establishment of monks here; and the annals of some monasteries speak of visits from royal foundresses. But for centuries the rule has been absolute; so much so, that even the Turkish agas have submitted to it, and leave their families behind when they come to live at Caryæ. The common feeling on the subject among the monks is, that Athos is a holy place—hallowed by the frequent miraculous appearances which have signalized it; and that this sanctity would be violated by the presence of women within its limits: but the more intelligent among them view the prohibition as a matter of policy also, and regard it as of the highest value for the preservation of discipline and morality. Of course this tradition has been subject to occasional violations; such as the incursion, at one time, of some wandering families from Wallachia, who fed their flocks in Athos till the monks obtained firmans from the Porte for their expulsion; at another, the resort of Greek fugitives of both sexes during the revolutionary war to these mountain hiding-places; but at that time all was in confusion. We are only aware of two visits which the monks have received from

lady travellers; one ten or twelve years since, the other in the past year; in both cases the fair intruders were our own countrywomen. Indeed, by members of the Greek Church, such a thing would be thought quite out of the question. Now, at Caryæ we should expect to find the first attempt at the reintroduction of family life; for it is among the shopkeepers who live there that the feeling of complete dependence on the monks least prevails. One of the most intelligent among the fathers of Vatopedhi told the writer of the journal which we have been quoting, that 'he was jealous of the growth of Caryæ; no doubt 'a few shops were wanted to supply them with the necessities 'of life, some kinds of food for example, iron tools, and other 'things which must come from abroad; but there were now 'too many, and they introduced many superfluous things, and 'the community, as it had no custom-house, could not prevent 'them.' It is remarkable, in connexion with this idea, that the Athos monks themselves have been making great efforts to obtain a regular communication with Constantinople, by inducing the Salonica steamers to touch regularly at their peninsula, an object which, if gained, would probably bring a very inconvenient number of strangers among them. But the Company has hitherto refused because Athos has a bad character for storms, and there is no harbour in it whatever, and only one tolerably safe roadstead, which is thought security itself, because it is open only to the south-west, and ninety-nine out of every hundred gales that come to Athos blow from the north.

We have not room for the church at Caryæ, whose faded frescoes, by Pansélenus, have perhaps been saved (?) from restoration by the mistaken advice of a recent antiquarian visitor; but the mention of its bells calls up too agreeable reminiscences in an eastern traveller not to arrest us for a moment.

'Four months of the jingling chapel-like bells of Athens had 'made us hail with special delight the full rich tones of the 'Angelus pealing out from the Latin Church at Syra; but the 'utter absence of bells from the Greek churches during our late 'sojourn in Turkey, prepared a more exquisite pleasure for the 'Sunday morning, when the bells of the great church at Caryæ 'sounded out among the woods and mountains. One at least 'among them had a home-like voice, worthy of an English 'church. In many of the monasteries there are two bells only '—one small, one large; which produce, when rung together, 'a somewhat singular sound; but here, and at Chilandari, there 'were enough of the larger size to renew upon the ear the 'impression which had been so long absent.' The use of bells is among the privileges of Athos not accorded elsewhere to

Greek subjects of the Porte. It must be owned, however, that less use is made of bells in these monasteries than of sounding-boards (called *σήμαντρα*), which are indeed most effective in disturbing the heaviest slumbers. In one of the monasteries, that of the Iberians, where they had just completed the building of a new bell-tower, our travellers were good-humouredly invited, and indeed pressed with an amusing earnestness by the old sacristan, to send them some bells, or at least one good bell, from England. They thought there was little chance of their being able to find anybody in England to send bells to a monastery on Mount Athos; but one of them had no objection to promise to see what could be done by making the request known, only the monks were recommended not to be too sanguine in their expectations.

We have not attempted to find a description of scenery; it is a rare skill which can, by the use of mere words, convey a picture worthy of Nature to the imagination of a reader. But we must extract the journal of one day's ride as a specimen of touring in Mount Athos. It should be observed, that the usual way of passing from monastery to monastery is on mules, which are furnished to the traveller by the convent from which he starts, without any charge for their hire. On these is placed a high pack-saddle, covered with a piece of gaudy carpet, which forms a tolerably comfortable perch, if you do not push your animal beyond a foot's pace. Between many of the monasteries, however, which are close to the sea-side, it is easier in calm weather to use a boat; and there are always boats to be had, although the rowing is apt to be far from first-rate.

' We were to go from S. Paul's to Xeropotamo. Both lie on ' the south-west side of Athos, and near the coast; but the sea ' ran too high for a boat. The road over the cliffs near the ' sea was said to be so very craggy and difficult, that the *Œcono-* ' *nomus* objected to let his mules go so far along it. There were ' two or three other monasteries on the way, and if we had liked ' to change mules at each he would have let us go; but as we ' were returning over old ground, we wished to make a single ' stage of it. An ingenious father suggested that we might have ' our wish without injury to the mules, if we left the coast and ' took the road towards Caryæ—a much better one—till we came ' into the Caryæ and Xeropotamo road, (for each monastery has ' a direct communication with the metropolis). By this means ' our ride would not last longer than five or six hours. We ' jumped at the idea; and the *Œconomus* (a very simple peasant, who was called away from the employment of shelling ' onions to hear the new proposal,) was induced to consent by ' the reflection that it would be the same thing for his mules—

‘ or rather half an hour’s work less—as taking us to Caryæ,
‘ which would have been quite in the regular way of business.
‘ At 8.30 A.M. we turned our backs on the convent, with a bril-
‘ liant summer sky, and a tremendous north-easter, which put
‘ umbrellas out of the question, and made hats dangerous. We
‘ mounted the hill behind the monastery by a capital mule-path,
‘ though somewhat of the steepest, through a good deal of shrub
‘ and brushwood, till we got to the very top of the ridge, which
‘ runs up the peninsula towards the mainland from Mount
‘ Athos itself. Here we enjoyed magnificent views of the moun-
‘ tain, which rose out of the sloping pine-clad ridge on which
‘ we were now mounted, at the distance of three or four miles
‘ from us—a bare pointed mass of marble. We were now in
‘ a regular pine-forest, among fine trees, undergrown by high
‘ ferns, with the two gulfs right and left. There was a sensible
‘ degree of sharpness in the air up here, (Aug. 7,) although
‘ we were still in the chestnut-region. We now rode north-
‘ west straight along the ridge, getting frequent peeps on either
‘ side down the deep ravines which fall from it into the sea, and
‘ near the bottom of which the monasteries are generally placed.
‘ Our road all the way along the ridge was through a continu-
‘ ous forest of much finer timber than we had yet seen on the
‘ peninsula—oak, fir, chestnut, beech, and ilex. The soil looked
‘ as if it would repay cultivation, but there was none. It was
‘ a red sand; a very comfortable exchange for the mules after
‘ the rocky cliff. About eleven we stopped to breakfast, among
‘ some noble beeches, on bread, cheese, eggs, and wine, which
‘ we had brought with us, close by a fountain of deliciously cool
‘ water. Fresh water is one of the summer luxuries of Athos,
‘ and a common boast of its monks. It was just the scene for
‘ a draughtsman; variety enough of broken ground about us;
‘ the laden mules straggling under the beech-trees; and our
‘ Albanian guide, with his gaudily-decorated gun, sitting on the
‘ fountain, with two Greek sailors from a schooner under the
‘ shore, who had joined us on the road. An hour or two later
‘ we arrived just over the village of Caryæ, and had two monas-
‘ teries in sight as we looked down to the Singitic gulf over its
‘ woods and valleys; the square pile of Philotheus, on an appa-
‘ rently flat site, some miles above the sea; and Pantocrator,
‘ with its warlike tower, on the edge of the cliff—the hills about
‘ it brown and wasted by a recent fire among the underwood.
‘ Here the road parted: we left Caryæ to our right, and
‘ struck down westward towards Xeropotamo. Before we got
‘ clear of the forest, or began to feel ourselves descending, our
‘ curiosity was roused by the unusual sight of a high paling
‘ beside the path. Looking over it, we saw that it enclosed

'a great piece of grass land, with two or three single trees only in it, which looked much like a huge English dairy-ground. But the only stock consisted of a goat, two or three sheep, and as many mules. Twenty minutes later we arrived at Xeropotamo, which is situated about half-way down the south-west side of the ridge. There is no tower, and the hollow square, which its buildings compose, is not so picturesque as some other convents, but looks from some distance much like a magnificent English country-house. The monks asked us if we had noticed their meadow in the forest: they seemed a little proud of it; indeed, it is unique in Athos. They told us that the sheep we saw were kept for the chance of a visit from a stray Pasha, or other dignified Turk, whom it might be proper to regale with mutton.'

After the wild forest of Athos, a word or two about its cultivation and live stock:—

'Vine-cultivation is the most frequent. The monasteries almost universally make their own wine; oil, of which there is a large consumption, they get from the islands—chiefly Thasos; and corn in like manner, though a few corn-fields are to be seen about several of the more northern monasteries, —a good many, indeed, about Chilandari. They grow a good many vegetables, but very little fruit; and to the want of fruit they ascribe their exemption from fevers. Popular opinion in the East associates fruit and fever as cause and effect, just as ours does fruit and cholera. Raw cucumbers were generally given us for dessert; in two or three instances melons or water-melons; the grapes and figs were not ripe, and the oranges were over, but of these last they had not many. Mulberries we ate off the trees, but never saw them at table. In nuts they abound. Strange to say, they keep no bees, nor use honey as an article of food; and this is from a notion that bees would not live in Athos, or that the care of them is very difficult. Yet the people of Thasos bring over annually scores of hives to the mountain, and leave them there from May to August, when they carry them back. We saw these Thasian hives standing in rows behind the monastery of the Iberians, yet we could not persuade the monks that bees of their own would thrive on the chestnut blossoms as well as their neighbours'. All the monasteries keep mules—a rich one perhaps forty or fifty; donkeys are rare, and horses rarer still. Those who have corn keep an ox or two for the plough, and other oxen are brought here poor and small from Macedonia, and fed in the forests for sale without the peninsula; but these are not very many. There may be a dozen sheep, and as many goats in the mountain. Of course

'there is no poultry. Game is said to be abundant, but we never crossed any—beast or bird. Indeed, we saw little wild life except grey rock-pigeons, which have found a safer domicile about the monasteries than in the cliffs—often to the annoyance of their landlords. The jay was almost the only other bird we saw except the smallest kinds.'

We are inclined to give a specimen of a monastic dinner. The scene is the monastery of Zographou, which is occupied by Bulgarians—the day that of S. Elias, a festival, though not of the first class:—

'Here, for the first time, we were allowed to dine with the monks in their refectory. We had made the request in all the Cœnobia we had visited, but in vain. The monks considered it the proper thing that we should have a special dinner in our chamber, at which two or three of the superiors usually joined us. This was from motives of hospitality, because in the refectory all must have the same dinner; whereas in our own room special luxuries might be added. We sat at the high table (though there was no difference in the level of the floor) with the superiors. It was placed not across the hall but lengthways, only at the top of the room and in the middle. The hegoumen sat at its upper end, the lower end was unoccupied. Dinner began at 9.30 A.M., and lasted about half-an-hour. Lighted candles were brought in from the church before dinner, and some prayers said and hymns chanted; and the like after dinner. Indeed, the after-dinner office was only begun in the refectory, and concluded in the church, whither all the company adjourned in a sort of procession, the candles being carried out before them. During dinner the history of the Prophet Elias was read in Slavonic from a pulpit on the right side of the hall; this went on all the time, so of course there was no talking. The dinner was served in commons or messes; each man had a commons of each thing set before him, and several clean plates. The quantity of the messes exceeded largely our own appetites as well as our entertainers'. Each man had a bason of rice soup, two broiled fish, a stew of fish and vegetables, bread, cheese, wine, and water. All this was put on the table before we sat down. A sweet greasy dish of rice was brought in later, like a pudding. The fare was just the same at all the tables, only the knives, forks, and spoons were a little neater at ours, and perhaps the change of plates also was a high-table luxury. The reader came to the superior for leave to take his dinner when we had all done.'

Wednesday and Friday are the weekly days of abstinence in the Eastern Church. To these the monks add Monday; and

on these three days they take only one meal—about the middle of the day—at which they eat nothing but bread and vegetables, and these prepared without wine or oil. Fish, milk, cheese, and eggs (the latter three especially) are feast diet with the monks, and by no means fast diet with secular clergy or even laity in the East. In Athos the monks never touch meat. Other monks in the Eastern Communion are not held bound to this rule, at least if they do not belong to a Cœnobium; or at all events, if from any cause they are living away from their monastery. To these weekly fasts must be added the four Lents, and two or three other special days. Altogether the system is very trying to the bodily strength, especially during an Athos winter; and this fact we find in the journal before us often voluntarily stated, or at least alluded to, by the monks themselves. On Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, they have ordinarily two meals—one at nine or ten A.M., the other at six or seven P.M.

It has been already said that learning does not flourish at present in Athos; and that in this respect as in others the mass of the monks seem little removed from the condition of common peasants. Yet in most of the monasteries the traveller finds some among the superiors who are not wanting either in intelligence or information. Nor do we see in the journal before us any signs of that utter ignorance about the affairs of the outer world which tourists have sometimes represented so amusingly. It would be strange, indeed, if it were so. Not only do new monks or exiled bishops bring with them the news of their own time and country, and several of the superiors of the different monasteries, who visit from time to time Constantinople, different parts of Turkey, the Danubian provinces, Russia, &c., carry back with them what they have heard on their travels, but Greek newspapers from Constantinople and Smyrna find their way regularly to some at least of these societies. Perhaps we shall best illustrate the extent of the information thus obtained by extracting the notes of a few conversations in different monasteries:—

‘At the monastery of Philotheus we were cordially welcomed by the two wardens, and an archimandrite named Cæsarius. We found also here an ex-bishop of Tornova in Bulgaria; and in conversation with these four we spent a long evening. The bishop took in a Smyrna newspaper, the *Amalthea*, and his companions often alluded to things as having appeared in “the newspapers,” although they seemed not to have read them there themselves, but to have heard of them through their correspondents. The archimandrite was a thorough old Greek: his talk about Hellenic affairs, the 400 years of slavery to

‘which “the nation” had been subjected, and the political jealousies of the European powers which kept it still in slavery, “to the shame of Christendom,” reminded me so strongly of friends at Athens, that I demanded his country. “Argos,” he replied. He told us that although he first came to Athos 46 years ago, he was in the Morea during the war of independence; and he spoke familiarly of Church, Cochrane, Hamilton, &c., who had aided the Greeks. They had heard of the late assault upon Queen Victoria; and Cæsarius had got a ludicrously-false version of it—namely that a pistol had been fired at her, and by his own hero Hamilton! This same archimandrite had been in Georgia (I suppose on the business of his society, for it is connected originally with that country): he said he liked both the country and the people; and told us that they suffered much from Circassian inroads. We observed that the Russians would stop that in time. “No,” said the Greek: “the Russians are good soldiers in a plain country, but can do nothing in the mountains.” On a casual mention of the ex-Patriarch Anthimus, of whose abilities and acquirements we had heard a good deal at Constantinople, the bishop said that whatever he knew he had picked up here in the monastery of Sphigmenu, and added that a sharp man could scarcely help picking up a good deal *here* between the services with their various readings, and the facilities afforded for study by the monastic life, as he would “have nothing to do but to read.” He must have been speaking, however, of temporary residents like himself, rather than of common monks;—if, indeed, he meant all that he said, which his extreme fluency of speech and fulness of compliment to the mountain, in which he perhaps considered himself as a guest, rather inclined us to doubt.’

In the monastery of the Iberians the travellers were entertained by an archimandrite, named Agathangelus, who was also one of the wardens for that year. ‘He had been in Russia, and had learned to drink tea there; so we must come and drink some tea in his room. The Greeks hardly ever use tea; nor did we once see it in Athos, except here, at a Russian Scete, and in a Bulgarian monastery. There were many signs of civilization in his room; tables, chairs, a divan fifteen inches high instead of six, Russian prints of the Emperor and Empress, the Archbishop of Moscow, &c.; a cushion, also, which had been given him by an English lady at Moscow, on which was worked in worsted the picture of Sir W. Scott in his arm-chair with his dog. Our host was pleased at our recognising it; and asked if he was not an English teacher [διδάσκαλος; the word might mean in his mouth either a schoolmaster or a

‘preacher; its two present uses in the Levant]. One of the
 ‘company talked a good deal about the Andrian Caires, who had
 ‘been his schoolfellow, and spoke very well and plainly both of
 ‘his abilities and his errors. This Caires is a man of eminent
 ‘genius, who first mastered whatever was to be learned in the
 ‘Greek schools, and then went to Europe to enlarge his know-
 ‘ledge, and to solicit aid for the establishment of a school at
 ‘home. He succeeded in both his objects, and fixed his school
 ‘at Andros, where it flourished for some time beyond example.
 ‘But it became at length notorious that he had returned from
 ‘Germany a complete *philosopher*; certainly not a Christian in
 ‘the sense which his countrymen put on that word. He was
 ‘summoned to Athens, by the Greek Synod, and offered the
 ‘opportunity of refuting all accusations by repeating before the
 ‘bishops the Nicene Creed. But he refused. His school was
 ‘suppressed, and he himself imprisoned. He is now, however,
 ‘again at liberty, and living in his native island without a
 ‘school, but not without pupils. He seems to have acquired
 ‘a marvellous hold over the minds of those who heard him.
 ‘The philosophy which he taught was almost entirely physical.
 ‘We asked many questions about the monastic life, &c., in
 ‘return for which many were asked about England. Our
 ‘friends’ notions did not seem clear about the relation of Eng-
 ‘land to London. Indeed it was the general idea in Athos,
 ‘that “London was an island.” They had heard of the Thames
 ‘Tunnel, and evidently considered it the chief wonder of our
 ‘country.’

‘In the Society of Kutlumush we found an Imbrian, named
 ‘Bartholomew, who came nearer to the character of a learned
 ‘man than any one we had seen before. He was for some years
 ‘at Venice, then a teacher for some time at the Greek Theolo-
 ‘gical School in the Princes’ Islands, and latterly master of
 ‘that which had been set up at Caryæ. But he resigned this
 ‘employment a year ago, from dissatisfaction with the arrange-
 ‘ments of the school, which he thought inconsistent with its
 ‘prospects of efficiency. He seemed not only intelligent, but
 ‘acquainted with books, and decidedly scholar-like in his lan-
 ‘guage. His theological tone was amiable and charitable; he
 ‘assented feelingly to some remarks on the unhappy inconsis-
 ‘tency between the present appearance of the Christian world
 ‘and the belief which we profess in “One Catholic Apostolic
 ‘Church;” and even added strongly, “There is not [now] one
 ‘Church,” (*Δὲν εἶναι μία ἐκκλησία*). But there was no appear-
 ‘ance of liberalism about him: on the contrary, he seemed
 ‘strictly orthodox in the sense of the Eastern Church. He
 ‘told us that his native island was exclusively Christian.’

‘ The most active-minded man in the monastery of Vatopedhi was a Cretan, named Paisius, who had been a schoolmaster before he came to Athos. He was once a pupil of Caires, but spoke strongly against his master, whom he represented as a mere physical philosopher, wholly indifferent to religion. He said, that he used to teach his pupils first his own Gnostics (*Γνωστική*), which he has since published), then Arithmetic and Physics on alternate days. He praised his school as a very effective one. He reviewed briefly all the Greek schools which have subsisted within the present century, at Yanina, on the Asiatic coast opposite Mitylene, at Patmos, Andros, Chalke, &c. That of Yanina he praised much, and lamented its ruin, occasioned by the Greek war. The new school at Chalke, too, was commended; its organization and personal staff promised well for its stability and usefulness. But of that opposite Mitylene he spoke in the highest terms: it had flourished specially under Gregory, who afterwards became Patriarch, but was deposed by the influence of Lord Ponsonby. He did not seem to expect great results from the new establishment at Caryæ; they could not get good masters, he said, although they gave 18,000 piastres (160*l.*) a year, whereas the Bishop who presides over the college at Chalke has only 12,000 (107*l.*). The great event in Paisius’ Athos life had been his employment as one of the Presidents at Caryæ, in 1840, when he had literally worked himself into a dangerous illness in clearing the Mountain from a band of Greek banditti, who had come there under the pretence of trading.’

‘ A father, named Hilarion, entertained us at Chilandari: he was a Bulgarian, like the rest of his fraternity, but spoke Greek with ease, and with a better accent than the Russian monks we had met here. The common monks either knew none at all, or only the lowest form of Romaic. He came to Athos twenty years ago, but had been studying within the last ten years at Athens, where he had picked up a little French, Italian, and Latin. He had been engaged of late in hunting out the history of his monastery from its numerous records and charters, for the Russian church-historian, Mouravieff, and, consequently, was able to give us a full account. A monastery, whose history is unknown, had subsisted on this spot in ancient times under the name of Chilandari, but had been ruined and deserted before the year 1200. In the last year of the 12th century, Sabba, the second son of the reigning prince of Servia, which was then an independent royalty, came to Athos without the knowledge of his parents. His father, Symeon, learned, after two years, the place of his flight, and pursued him. But the result of their conference was that the father,

instead of bringing back his son, was persuaded to follow his example. He resigned his crown in favour of another son, who had married a daughter of the Emperor Alexius III. brother of Isaac Angelus, and took the monastic habit with his son in the monastery of Vatopedhi. Within this house they at first organized a little Servian community, with a separate church and refectory; but afterwards, at the instigation of the Hegoumen of Vatopedhi, they moved to Chilandari, and restored its ruined monastery under a charter from Alexius. Symeon died here a monk, but his son, Sabba, returned to Servia as its archbishop: his bones, however, lie at Chilandari. Both father and son are now reckoned saints. A century later, another prince of the same family built the present church, and succeeding emperors and kings enriched the monastery with lands in Servia, Bulgaria, &c., and other donations, of which the gift-deeds are still preserved in the monastic archives. These deeds are called χρυσόβουλλα, from the gold or gilt seals appended to them. They often rehearse some special deliverance, by the prayers of SS. Symeon and Sabba, from war, famine, or the like, for which they were thank-offerings. But all these possessions were lost when the Turks overran the Byzantine empire, and the monastery became overwhelmed with debt. This was paid off, at one time, by the charity of a rich merchant, but the cause remained. At last, an ingenious father invented for the monastery a kind of mendicant system (they call it ταξειδιωτικὸν σύστημα), which subsists up to the present day. A large number of the priest-monks were sent into the Danubian provinces, which were then ill supplied with priests, partly in the place of the parish priests, partly as itinerant confessors. They became very popular, especially in Bulgaria, where there was most need of them, and established a connexion from which both money and recruits flowed into their house. Thus the monastery, which was originally Servian, connected itself with Bulgaria, and as the change of political circumstances made communication with Servia less and less practicable, it became by degrees almost entirely Bulgarian. Out of one hundred and fifty monks on its roll at present, forty or fifty are discharging the duties of parish priests in Bulgaria. We talked to our entertainer about the lack of learning in Mount Athos. "How could it be otherwise?" he replied, "especially in a poor monastery like ours: the common monks have no time to learn, because they are all day at work, and such as myself are too much employed with the business of the society to find leisure for it." He lamented much his own want of time even to keep up what he had learned at Athens. S. Sabba, we had heard, had left something like a

'rule (τυπικόν) or order for his monastery; and we asked whether this prescribed the occupations of the monks, or, in particular, mentioned literary study. But we were told that its only directions were about the conduct of the Church-services. During our conversations about the antiquities of the society, Father Hilarion said, that in the charter which founded Chilandari were words to the following effect: "We permit the monks of Chilandari to use their own language [Servian, *i.e.* Slavonic] in the church, as is done by the Iberians and Amalfitans in their respective monasteries." It seemed from this, he said, that not only in the Iberian monastery was the Georgian language used (the Iberians are Georgians), but that there existed at that time a house of Italian monks whose services were in Latin.'

This observation suggests one or two remarks on the distinct races and languages existing now, or formerly, in Athos. At the present time the church-language of eighteen out of the twenty monasteries is Greek, and the great majority of their monks are of that nation, although a few Bulgarians, and still fewer Wallachians, are scattered up and down in them. Two monasteries are exclusively Bulgarian, and use the Slavonic in their services. But of old it was far otherwise. Nine of the twenty are said to have been Slavonic, some Servian, some Bulgarian, one Russian; two (the Iberians' and Philotheus') were Georgian; and one (now a picturesque ruin on a hill top between the Lavra and Caracalla) used the Latin language, and was peopled by monks from Amalfi. 'This was founded' (we quote now from M. Mouravieff) 'by orthodox settlers from Amalfi, in the days of its commercial relations with the East. I saw, in an Athos deed bearing the date of 1169, a Latin inscription of the Amalfitan Hegoumen.' But if Italians, Georgians, and Servians have disappeared, the Russians are no longer confined to a single monastery. An early Russian traveller in Athos writes: 'Our countrymen come here sometimes, but seldom stay long: they do not like the working life of the Greek monks.' This was written at a time when the convents in Russia were rich and prosperous, and the so-called 'Russian' monastery here had ceased to be tenanted by Russians: now that the Russian government has seized the monastery lands within its dominions, monks of that nation are no longer in a position to despise labour, and, accordingly, one finds Russians at the present day scattered through the different Athos houses—little communities of them with a separate Russian service in two, one distinct Russian scete organized, and another in process of formation.

As a match for Father Hilarion's history of Chilandari, we

are tempted to add briefly that of the Iberian monastery from the pages of M. Mouravieff. It is a good example to illustrate the vicissitudes which have befallen the societies in Athos. This monastery was founded towards the end of the tenth century, under Nicephorus Phocas, by three Iberians or Georgians,—John, his son Euthymius, and their kinsman George Tornicius, who were contemporaries of S. Athanasius of Athos. It was laid waste in 1260 by some crusaders, who are supposed to have been Catalans; and its ruin was completed some years later by the Emperor Michael Palæologus, because its monks would not follow the example of those of the Lavra in submitting to the Union with the Pope, which that emperor, in conjunction with the Patriarch Veccus, endeavoured to force upon them. This expedition of Michael's was marked by violence and bloodshed all over Athos, and is often described by the monks as an attack made upon them by the Pope of Rome himself. Scarcely had the society begun again to raise its head, when the Turks ruined it once more, and it languished till the end of the fifteenth century, when some of its monks appealed to the princes of Georgia as representatives of their founders, and procured its restoration. A century later it was again overwhelmed with debt from the oppressions, as is said, of the Turkish government; and again it had recourse to Georgia in 1592. In 1614, Parthenius of the Morea, and Gabriel of Athos, two of the then superiors, restored the hall, by the aid of Radulas, Voivode of Hungro-Wallachia. We find a Georgian prince again interposing in 1674, when the buildings were painted with frescoes, of which nothing has survived the latest repainting, except the portraits of this last Georgian benefactor, and of the Voivode Radulas. In this monastery have been buried from the beginning, 27,000 bodies; many of these may be supposed to have been brought here by choice, for interment. It is the custom in Athos to dig up every grave after three years, and collect all the bones together into a great pile in a crypt.' M. Mouravieff (who, by the way, is a vehement censurer of the restoring mania in Athos) remarks, that the great time for these restorations and for the consequent destruction of the older paintings, was the close of the eighteenth century, when so many of the leading Greeks were enriched by holding the office of hospodar in the Danubian provinces, or great dragoman to the Porte.

In the extracts we have hitherto made from conversations in this journal, we have purposely reserved what seemed to be of most theological bearing. The travellers do not seem to have met with any depth of theological learning in the mountain, or ability to go deeply or logically into important questions. Yet

they often found readiness in talking of religious subjects, and a sufficient amount of acquaintance with them. Whatever may be thought of their arguments, it is rather striking to observe the quickness with which the monks would sometimes take the offensive, on the very subject where a Protestant controversialist would suppose that they were most easily attacked; such as the *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints. 'The English,' said the schoolmaster at Caryæ, 'dishonour the Lord in His Saints: as those who refused the customary salutations to the dignitaries of a Court, would thereby do dishonour to the king their master.' The same charge was repeated by Cephalenian monks at S. Paul's. These last defended with great confidence the custom of saluting images and relics, for which they alleged three chief arguments: first, the authority of the Seventh Œcumenical Council, and the long usage of the Church; secondly, the analogy of spiritual and natural affection, both of which are called out by the presentation of memorial objects, likenesses, &c.; and thirdly, the multitude of miracles which have been granted in connexion both with icons and with relics. This last, the argument from miracles, is perhaps the chief practical support of all which Protestants call idolatrous in the Eastern Church. Invocations, as well as image and relic-worship, rely on this as an unassailable basis. Such miracles as that which is said to have happened within the last few years in the island of Tenos, where the Blessed Virgin, by three successive visions, prevailed upon an incredulous peasant to dig up a long-buried icon of the Annunciation, are extensively believed by clergy and laity in the Eastern Church, wherever an enlightenment closely allied to infidelity has not spread. And if this argument is familiar throughout the East, Athos is as it were its home. The sanctity of their peninsula is attributed by the monks to the frequent miracles vouchsafed in it; above all, to the numerous appearances of the Blessed Virgin to its ascetic inhabitants. 'The monks of S. Paul referred with great volubility and most simple evident faith to the recorded miracles of the Holy Mountain. They seemed at a loss to conceive how any one could have heard of a tenth of these wonders, and yet continue to doubt that the use which the Eastern Church makes of images and relics is well-pleasing to God.'

All over Athos, by intelligent monks as well as simple, this same entire faith was evinced,—this same consequent confidence in the rightfulness of their practices. Paisius at Vato-pedhi, whom we have already cited as an example of an active and intelligent superior, in speaking of the exclusion of women from Athos, gave as the first reason for it, that 'the Blessed

‘ Virgin had been pleased to appear here so often to the religious, that it was accounted holy, and called the Garden of the Mother of God (ἡ παράδεισος τῆς Θεοτόκου).’

The class of miracles with which Athos abounds may be easily illustrated; they are chiefly such as these:—Appearances of the Blessed Virgin or saints or angels to monks, to indicate fountains, sites for monasteries, and the like; miraculous conveyance of icons to the mountain from beyond sea—especially in the times of the Iconoclasts; miracles of icons speaking, shedding blood when struck with a weapon, and the like; deliverances from sicknesses, pestilences, visitations of locusts, &c., by virtue of relics. To these have been lately added the miracles during the Turkish occupation of Athos, when the sacrilegious violence of the infidels is said to have been strangely arrested by many signal judgments upon individuals who dared to injure particular icons, especially those of the Blessed Virgin over the monastery-gates, or to treat roughly other sacred things. Certain it is, that the Turks, whether from policy or otherwise, spared the churches and their ornaments wonderfully, while they pillaged money, lead, bell-metal, &c. Nor is there any idea of miracles being now unusual. ‘At the monastery of S. Gregory, we asked the monks whether individual miracles happened now in Athos. Two were immediately cited, of which the narrators were eye-witnesses; of a kind, however, not closely similar to the older and more famous ones. The Hegoumen said that he had been at the scete of S. Anne, when after a drought of three, four, or five months, which had nearly ruined all the produce of their soil, the fathers all kept a vigil with solemn prayer (ἀγρυπνία) in the Church, which was immediately followed by abundant rain. An old monk too, who was by, told us that he had seen a man in 1846 fall from the top of the rock of Simopatra, (a height of more than 200 feet,) with no further hurt than a slight scratch on his forehead and one hand. There was a remarkable appearance of simple faith and religious temper about these monks. Speaking of the divisions of Christendom, they said that a man who knew not what to believe, must surely receive satisfaction if he resorted to God for light, with a week of fasting, seclusion, and prayer.’

We find one or two notices of opinions about the character of the English Church. The monks of S. Paul’s, who are almost all now Cephallenians, and consequently British subjects, were asked what they thought about the religion of the English. “We fancy that they believe the Gospel,” was the reply, “but have nothing to say to the Councils or the Fathers.” They asked whether we had monasteries in England. We replied

“that we had formerly many, but that one of our kings, three centuries ago, had destroyed them all and seized their property.” They were quick enough to perceive that the endurance of such an act by the church, and the fact that no new ones had been established since, proved the existence of an anti-monastic feeling in England not confined to the breast of a single tyrant. And in connexion with this, they observed, that the Church of England, since the Reformation, was further off from agreement with the orthodox than before.’ So at Docheiareion, one of the superiors who ‘seemed an intelligent man, and talked more fluently of European politics and kingdoms than one would have thought the whole Greek press together could have enabled him to do, received with unusual coldness and opposition what we advanced in favour of the English Church. He insisted that on the essential point of difference between East and West (the addition to the creed) the English still held with the Latin innovators: and that our “Reformation,” while it left this point untouched, had still more embarrassed our position as regarded the orthodox Church, by involving us in a medley of Lutheran and Calvinist heresies. This seems, indeed, to be the most natural view for a well-informed Greek, and agreed closely with that which we had heard from the Professor of Dogmatic Theology at Athens; who informed his hearers in one of his lectures, that the Anglican Church agreed with the Eastern in preserving the authority of the Episcopate, and an ecclesiastical tradition of doctrine: but that, besides her adherence to the Western interpolation of the creed, she had been carried away (*παρεσύρθη*) by the stream of the Reformation in the time of Henry VIII., and that, in consequence, the Articles *given her by Queen Elizabeth*, contained Lutheran and Calvinist errors.’

Another interesting subject of conversation was that of modern martyrdoms in the East. ‘At the monastery of Vatopedhi, we were introduced to an ex-bishop of Adrianople, named Gregory. He was an old man, but very lively and hearty in his manner. A brother of this bishop, named Theodorus, was martyred by the Turks. His story, as we heard it from Father Paisius, is as follows: “When a young man he followed the trade of a house painter, and was at that time thoughtless and careless about religion. His chief business was to decorate the interiors of Turkish houses. While thus engaged, he was frequently solicited by his employers to turn Mahometan: and at length their importunity or their brilliant offers prevailed. He apostatised and married the daughter of a rich Turk. But soon after he repented, made his escape with some difficulty from his new friends, fled to

‘Mitylene, and was concealed in the bishop’s house there. From this bishop he received a course of Christian instruction and readmission to the bosom of the Church. Once more a full Christian, he went before the Turkish authorities and avowed his re-conversion: they rewarded him with tortures and death: but his countrymen reckon him among the martyrs, and his memory is celebrated, together with that of his greater namesake S. Theodore Stratelates, on the first Saturday in Lent.” For two similar histories we are indebted to M. Mouravieff. ‘A monk,’ he says, ‘in the monastery of Sphigmenu, with whom I was conversing in the Hegoumen’s apartments, thus addressed me. “This tower, in which we are now sitting, is noticeable for having been the dwelling of the recent martyr Agathangelus, whose relics you have already saluted in the Church.” I was curious to learn who this recent martyr was, and the more so as when I was at Vato-pedhi, the ex-metropolitan of Adrianople, Gregory, who lived there in retirement, a truly venerable old man, had related to me the life of his own brother Theodore, who suffered for the name of Christ at Smyrna, at the end of the last century. He has been added by the Patriarchal Church to the list of the Saints, and his relics are preserved entire in the Isle of Mitylene. “The last years before the breaking out of the Greek Insurrection,” he said, “produced many martyrs, who spared not their blood to wash out the stain of an involuntary apostasy from the faith of Christ; and it was the Lord’s will that I—unworthy as I was of such a grace—should have to act as spiritual father to two of them, named Timothy and Agathangelus, whose memory we now celebrate here by permission of the Great Church. I was charged by our Hegoumen Euthymius, with the spiritual direction of Agathangelus, then a youth aged nineteen, when he first fled to our convent to do penance here, for the apostasy to which he had been compelled in his childhood. He imposed on himself the severest mortifications, took the greater Angelic habit (which denotes constant seclusion and preparation for death), and continued unintermittingly in fasting and prayer: but nothing could quiet his conscience, and he even had repeated visions which called him to martyrdom. At last he announced to the Hegoumen that it was his fixed determination to go to Smyrna, and confess Christ aloud at the same place where he had denied Him. They sent me with him, that I might be at hand to strengthen him with the last viaticum; and in fact the young man courageously confessed the Lord Jesus before the whole Divan of the Pasha. Casting off his Turkish costume, he trod his turban under foot, and cried aloud, that by the

power of the cross all the enemies of Christ shall be destroyed. In vain the confounded and enraged Imams strove alternately, by cajoleries and by threats, to move him to relapse to their profession. The martyr, after being cast into prison, continued to reply to his last moment, "I am a Christian," and, finally, he was decapitated in presence of the whole city. The Christians, and even some of the Turks, dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, as used to be done in the time of the first martyrs, and his holy relics were secretly conveyed away to Scio. The other of the two martyrs, Timothy, was by origin from Thrace, and was a married man. A Mahometan seduced his wife, who deserted not only her husband but her religion. Notwithstanding this, Timothy still loved his wife, and, for her sake, became himself an apostate. Having learned by some means that she was miserable with her seducer, he set his mind to get her back again. But there was no other possible way for him to obtain her liberation unless by becoming himself a Mahometan. Timothy did not spare his own soul to save the soul of his wife. He professed Mahometanism, and then redemanding her, obliged the Turk to give her up. Hereupon they both fled across without loss of time to Anatolia, and there, by mutual consent, took upon them the monastic state, to do penance for their sin. Timothy settled himself on Mount Athos, and passed seven years in the Lavra of S. Athanasius in the performance of the greatest austerities. But on hearing of the martyrdom of Agathangelus, he went to the monastery of Sphigmenu, and announced himself to the Hegoumen Euthymius as having determined to follow the example of that young man, who had suffered in expiation of a forced apostasy, whereas he had himself voluntarily, although feignedly, denied Christ. The Hegoumen, seeing him fixed and resolute, sent him to me into Roumelia, where I then was, having been appointed preacher there by the Great Church. So we went together to Adrianople, and there Timothy confessed Christ before the Pasha. His confession brought upon him cruel tortures and imprisonment, but nothing could move him. Several clerks were in prison together with him, but Timothy was the only one that suffered. The whole night preceding his martyrdom we spent with him in unceasing prayers. In the morning, after having received the Communion of the Holy Mysteries, and once more confessed the Lord Jesus, he had his head cut off with a sword. I myself wrote the lives and services for the commemoration of both these martyrs, Agathangelus and Timothy, whose memories we keep on the 19th of April and the 29th of October. The Convent of Sphigmenu has added them to the list of its founders and patrons, together

‘with S. Gregory Palamas, of Thessalonica, and the Emperor Theodosius the Younger, and his sister Pulcheria.’”

But it is time for us to conclude our extracts. It has been our object in these pages to exhibit Mount Athos, neither as an idealist might wish to view it, nor as an humourist might be apt to caricature it; but in its own mixed character of beauty and grotesqueness, ignorance and religion. Much that is laughable on paper fails to provoke a smile when it is acted in simplicity and seriousness before our eyes. Nor do we believe that any traveller of ordinary intelligence would return from the mountain with a ludicrous impression predominant in his mind. The picturesque tourist will reap no small pleasure from wandering among its woods and glens, and peeping into the quaint and quaintly-peopled buildings with which they are spotted. The antiquarian will revel in a perfect cabinet of Byzantine monuments, charters, and imperial seals, illuminated manuscripts, elaborate reliquaries, paintings, forms of architecture, and the like, which he might search the world in vain to parallel. To the ecclesiastical student belong the incongruities, but to him also belongs the greatest share of interest. He will find the religion of the middle ages still living and breathing in the nineteenth century—with its many miracles, its simple credulity, its cumbrous ceremonial, its dense ignorance. He will see the long services of the Eastern church fully and reverently performed by congregations in which many cannot perfectly understand them. He will see a severe rule followed by all; a severer one attempted by some, and admired by those whose aim is below it. He will see peasants where he looked for monks, and then discover those to be monks whom he had judged to be peasants. He will find no theologians, yet all orthodox: zeal and readiness to defend the faith without weapons of learning: and at last, in spite of all apparent decline, and laxity, and ignorance, and superstition, he will recognise in the monastic peninsula the very heart and kernel of the Eastern Church.

- ART. III.—1. *Poems*. By ROBERT BROWNING. London: Chapman & Hall. 1849.
2. *Christmas Eve and Easter Day: a Poem*. By ROBERT BROWNING. London: Chapman & Hall. 1850.
3. *Poems*. By MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. New Edition. London: Chapman & Hall. 1850.
4. *Festus: a Poem*. By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. Third Edition, with Additions. London: Pickering. 1848.
5. *The Angel World*. By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. London: Pickering. 1850.
6. *Reverberations*. In Two Parts. London: John Chapman. 1849.
7. *The Burden of the Bell; and other Lyrics*. By T. WESTWOOD. London: Edward Lumley. 1850.
8. *Poems*. By CURRER, ELLIS and ACTON BELL. London: Smith & Elder. 1846.

It is not easy to determine how far originality is a legitimate aim in composition. For a man to sit down to say over again, and in the same manner as has been used a thousand times, certain facts or views, is a manifest absurdity. Each bard, the humblest that ever strung verses together, must be buoyed up by the fancy that there is some novelty, some sort of freshness, something of the morning dew about his efforts. However utter his failure, however trite and familiar are his thoughts, images, versification; however our ears may recognise the same sing-song, our memories echo the same reflections, images, descriptions, our understanding trace the origin of every thought, not to its alleged source, but from son to father, through the whole genealogy of poets, the writer has at least laboured under the impression that some grace, some subtle distinction stamps upon his effusions the image of his individual mind, and separates his work from all that has gone before. But this feeling, which is inseparable from the impulse which leads men to write at all, is very different from the conscious desire of saying things because they are new. Whatever has been intensely, deeply felt within the heart, in process of time, as the mind has leisure and calmness to contemplate and meditate upon what has so stirred it, —to see its bearings, to reckon up its consequences,—excites a longing for utterance and expression. It is part of the constitution of our being to be relieved, benefited, strengthened by the setting in order and communicating our thoughts; it is an instinct with some minds,—from a vivid realization of their

own impressions and emotions, from a consciousness of power, from an experience that they can influence, charm, do good to their fellow-men,—to seek their sympathy, to compel them to feel what they feel, to see what they see, to know what they know. But here it is the intensity of their feelings or convictions which impels them, a sense of their reality, importance or sacred value, not any deliberate speculations on their novelty; indeed they are actuated by a contrary intention, not to tell what is new, but their experience, which to them is old. Every one who studies his own nature, who comprehends himself, and in that process necessarily compares his mind with other minds, knows that there are differences innumerable between himself and all others. This impression need not be conscious, but it will yet actuate him to express fearlessly his own conceptions and sensations, untroubled by the apprehension that others have felt or thought the same. We cannot realize that we have a soul without being also aware that it stands alone, distinct and different from all that has gone before, or will follow after. It is quite another matter, of course, whether a writer has power to express this difference; but with that we have at present no concern. The consciousness of it is enough to set the mind at ease.

But it is one thing to trust in this separateness of our natures, and another to aim at producing evidences of it. The poet's true object should rather be to excite sympathy in spite of it, to strike upon those chords which prove the whole world kin; and to do this he must either choose topics which concern men alike—men as men—the hopes and fears we are born with, the sorrows, the affections that come to us with the air we breathe; or, if his genius leads to strange or high things, he must connect them with what is familiar by clear, tangible, unmistakable links of association; so that by the things seen we may apprehend what is not seen; which certainly needs at least an equal degree of experience of life and thought, with more common and simpler themes. There must have been a slow maturing process somewhere, at some time, to produce any new or valuable thought, and therefore, men's most original conceptions are not those which at once strike themselves as such. They get familiar with them by degrees. What a correct critical judgment owns as such is struck out by the imagination working upon thought, reflection, memory, habits of comparison, and a world of silent hidden powers, on which it acts as the light, bringing forth into order what these seething elements have long been secretly preparing; and ten to one, when a man dashes off what he denominates to himself, with conscious complacency, an original idea, which he believes has never occurred even to himself before, it is a sham, a delusion, a clap-trap,

some notion which he has borrowed and travestied from his next neighbour, and which either youth or the perpetual immaturity of an unreflecting nature suffers him to be dazzled with: and if he possesses a showy style, or has the confidence to shade what he indistinctly apprehends himself, in language still more dim and oracular, the world for a time will be dazzled too.

It cannot be doubted by any one versed at all in the poetry of the day, that there is in its writers much of that deliberate aim at originality which we deprecate. It is, we may say, the *fashion* to be original—the fashion to strike out new lines of thought—to say things the like of which have never been said before; a fashion, we venture to say, quite as easily adopted and needing as small a stock of gifts, in spite of all its pretension, as any other costume which has preceded it. In one age it is the fashion to be metaphysical; in another, amatory; in another, pastoral: at one time every poet is compelled to look back into the past, in another to worship the present; sometimes all men are real, at another all are ideal. Sometimes the muse is cased in armour; sometimes prim in powder and pomatum. Now, her hands and feet are embarrassed by her crook and her sheep; then again, she is over the hills with hound and horn: at one time she is muffled up to the throat, at another we are glad of a rag to cover her. Now, *nous avons changé tout cela*. Now, every poet aims at dressing her to his individual taste, thinks for himself, and looks at things from a new point of view, explores new fields, and plunges into the empyrean vast. But lo! at the same precise moment, it turns out that every one else is guided by the same desires, is influenced by the same lofty ambition, and the muse has still no *change* of raiment, but even on common days must wear her mystic veil and star-be-spangled mantle, forced into ceaseless speculation and unvarying doubt. We are naturally impressed by the profundity of such an age of thinkers, till the very universality of the gift raises doubts of its genuineness; and, shaking off the awed bewilderment which at first enthralled us, we call common sense to our aid, and look about us, and after a process of slow disenchantment come in time to the conviction, that many a poet who now sets us upon doubting our own existence, or,—emulating the Titans,—would fain scale heaven, a hundred years ago would very contentedly have indited sonnets to Delia through his whole poetical career, nor dreamt that he had missed his vocation. We do not deny that, the present being in truth an intellectual age, his verses are better now than they would have been with only Delia for his inspiration. The age does so much for those who live in it that they all more or less share its characteristics. We are all probably cleverer than we should have been a hundred years ago; we probably use our minds

more, and on more important things. It does so much for us all. And this influence of our age is no doubt a talent committed to us. But it cannot make really precious things common—it can work no miracles—it cannot make the shallow waters deep, nor change lead or brass into gold. Great qualities will still be rare ones in all ages. And on the other side of the picture, and to counterbalance the advantages to us all, we have acknowledged—most thankfully acknowledged—as derived from an age of intellectual activity, there is one temptation peculiar to it, and to which, as belonging to it, we all are liable, in the form of an idolatry as degrading, as slavish as any past one which men have learnt to loathe,—perhaps, as touching our noblest part, more deeply debasing—the worship, we mean, of intellectual power; the submission of the individual mind to it as to a divinity above itself, which sometimes in men's writings does not scruple to express itself in a deliberate preference of the idol to God himself, and without this hyperbole of impiety is yet evident as a prevailing principle of the day wherever we turn, and especially through the whole range of literature. Authors, indeed, and poets, have a sort of interest in fostering this delusion, and persuading men to worship greatness wherever they see it: for, believing themselves to belong to the privileged class,—the men of progress, the model men, the regenerators of their species,—they may hope by nourishing the spirit of servile adulation to come in for their share of it in time, and thus exalting genius in general terms are all the while organizing a band of devotees for their own future service. This is a fact too generally granted perhaps to need illustration; but as a proof that we cannot exaggerate in our statement, we will present our readers with a passage from Paracelsus, by the author at the head of our list, Mr. Browning. Aureole Paracelsus, 'the master-mind,' the 'thinker,' the 'explorer,' the 'creator,' after a very discreditable career, is dying in an hospital, his respectable religious friend, Festus, is watching the ravings of delirium by his pillow, and thus addresses the object of his unshaken (unshaken by everything that ought to have shaken it) allegiance:—

Fes. Behold thy might in me! thou hast infused
Thy soul in mine; and I am grand as thou,
Seeing I comprehend thee—I so simple,
Thou so august! I recognise thee first;
I saw thee rise, I watch'd thee early and late,
And though no glance reveal thou dost accept
My homage—thus no less I proffer it,
And bid thee enter gloriously thy rest!

Par. Festus!

Fes. I am from noble Aureole, God!
I am upon his side, come weal or woe!
His portion shall be mine! he has done well!
I would have sinn'd had I been strong enough,

As he has sinn'd! Reward him or I waive
 Reward! If thou canst find no place for him,
 He shall be king elsewhere, and I will be
 His slave for ever! There are two of us.'

Browning's Poems, vol. i. p. 134.

But in order to win this homage, in order to reach the idol's envied seat, it is needful to follow the requirements of the times, to be an 'explorer, a creator,' and how is this to be brought about? Of necessity it must be by some means of which the author is himself vividly conscious, or he will not be sustained by his own enthusiasm. The first and indispensable step is to dismiss judgment from her place,—that obstinate, questioning, critical, restraining power, which checks so many high flights in us all; and thus freed, he must force himself—and it will not be difficult—into an unbounded self-reliance—an indiscriminate confidence in every suggestion of the fancy. 'Believe,' says Mr. Bailey, the ingenuous author of *Festus*, 'believe yourself inspired, and you are.' A great step is here gained: the history of all sects shows what apparently marvellous effects are produced by this one persuasion; and under such encouragement and the reins thus entirely abandoned, those must be very dull brains indeed that will not produce something uncommon—something that we shall all stare at; nor is it of dull brains that we would be understood to speak. It is not, perhaps, a very safe speculation, yet all our readers must be aware that there are a great many subjects which they leave unexplored, because having no guide through them, it would be wrong to speculate upon them. But, if suddenly released from this salutary restraint, and at the same time excited by the stimulants of vanity and ambition, any one ventured on such a course, he might elicit from his own unassisted thoughts something new, strange, startling, which he would himself be afraid to look upon, and which, therefore, might not unlikely excite in other minds of an indiscriminating character, sensations of fear or awe or curiosity, which would reflect upon the originator of them a character of daring invention. For instance, if he should choose, availing himself of the few glimpses inspiration furnishes us with, to compose scenes in heaven—to dramatise incidents, to make angels and the Creator of angels speak in his language, and express his own thoughts; so long as he had any power over numbers, any knack at sounding blank verse, to cover the too manifest impiety, we are much mistaken if he would not find many readers to think it fine, and to congratulate themselves on having experienced some new, agreeable sensations. What was the fruit in the writer of simple irreverence, would not improbably seem to them the noble flight of a genius not to be judged by common rules.

A choice, then, of an unusual subject, one which for any

cause has been hitherto avoided, is one road to this desired object. Another is a new mode of treating old ones. There is a certain code of morals, for example, which through all ages has been received and acknowledged. Vices, breaches of this code, of various kinds, have, it is true, been always invested by immoral authors with interest, they have sought to make men sympathise with error, but all the while admitting it to be error. The new mode of treating the question is, to justify and defend it; to maintain that sin is either a necessity of our nature, or a chosen selected road to good, and to encourage men by these arguments to the practice of it; and thus the part of the modern master-mind is not to throw an illusive, attractive halo round the sinner, but with unscrupling fidelity to depict him as he is, and to defend the sin. Such is the *tendency* of modern modes of thought, in those who think themselves enlightened; not often to be seen developed, though we think fully brought out in one poem in our list. Profaneness in the familiar treatment of sacred names and things, a quality which may be said indeed to be a main ingredient in the preceding modes, is also, in its own unaided nature itself, another distinct means; not indeed an invention of modern times, for it has before been successfully used to produce the same result; but systematized in this, and often enhanced by a kind of religious gloss. The defence of sin may be done in language scarcely to shock our ears, but the profaneness we speak of makes its chief assault on our senses, and aims to surprise them by unexpected combinations. Scripture names and characters familiar to us only through one set of associations, are brought forcibly before us in another, and made to speak in wholly new language. We entertain ideas, strict, formal, conventional, it may be, of certain awful or sacred characters; we feel that it would be unsafe, with our limited knowledge, tainted imaginations, worldly aims, to intrude in unwarranted speculation on their uninspired life and common existence, it would indeed be fatal to reverence for such to become a habit of mind; and therefore here is another unfrequented field for the experiments of the searchers after novelty of effect. Sentiments which would hardly keep our attention for a moment, when spoken in the writer's own name, arrest it when put into the mouth of some saint of the old dispensation, and all the more effectually the more they are out of character; and one trained in a stern exclusive code is made to utter the thoughts and desires of modern liberalism. Out of character, we say, but there is a contrary view at which the admirers of this style arrive, who consider these startling juxtapositions of the ancient with the modern in the same person as proving a profound insight into human nature, looking through the husk of manners, habits of thought, associa-

tions, deep down into the heart itself. There was an example to the purpose in one of the earlier numbers of Mr. Dickens's 'Household Words,' where, in a little dramatic scene, the patriarch Abraham, whose especial call it was to leave a land of idolators, and to separate himself from worldly associations, is made to acknowledge his error in refusing the right hand of familiar fellowship to a fire-worshipper, and not allowing him to be exactly on a par with himself in God's favour and approbation.

One other means we must mention out of many which might be particularized, and then pass on from this part of our subject. It used to be a part of the common law of literature, that before a man presented his thoughts to the world, before he committed himself to type and all the formalities of publication, he should at least know himself what he wished to say,—he should have some distinct definite idea on the subject he undertook to treat of. Nothing can be further from the thought of modern regenerators. They understand better the principles of intellectual *chiaro scuro*, and are aware of the value of mists, hazes and distances in giving mystery to the familiar, and importance to the trivial. Whatever is clearly seen, defined against the broad light of common sunshine, is known for what it is, and gains no adventitious value or importance; therefore it must have an intrinsic value to stand inspection. A contrary method entails as it were a double advantage to the author, for by raising a mist of indistinctness around his crude conceptions, he is both spared the trouble of facing them and ascertaining their real value; and by presenting them in a cloud to his readers he secures their being received by a certain portion of them for something infinitely grander and more important than they really are. The blinded reader, finding a difficulty to unravel, concludes it is caused by the inherent depth of the thought, and worships with the more fervour the mystery of the oracle.

But it is time to turn from general reflections, necessarily bounded and imperfect, to the individual examples at the head of our article, which have so far themselves suggested them, as they appear in different ways specimens of current modes of thought and of subservience to the age, though very distinct in character, and deserving of widely different treatment from the critic's hand. A poet may be tinctured by his own day, yet will retain, so far as he has inherent force or genius, his individuality unimpaired. One bond necessarily connects the works at the head of our list in our first mention of them, however separate in their own aim and nature, and that not a common one in the relation of books to each other, and productive no doubt of endless confusion to booksellers and publishers. Almost at the same time husband and wife, the poet and the poetess, issue each

two thick, close-printed green volumes, identical in their aspect, and bearing the same name; 'Mr. Browning's Poems, in two vols.,' a new edition; 'Mrs. Browning's Poems, in two vols.,' a new edition. There is a harmony, a domestic agreement in this arrangement so pleasing, suggestive of such happy thoughts, of a household conducted on such melodious principles as quite to atone for the confusion our minds suffer, and the mistakes which pursue us in taking up the volumes. Fortunately the similarity is confined to name and outsides, and when we open the page something generally shows at once the sex of the speaker; some tender new coinage of the fanciful poetess, who never can find dictionary words enough to suit the capricious exigencies of her verse, betrays the Miss Elizabeth Barrett of our earlier acquaintance, while on the other side too often some rough indecorous rhyme and unscrupulous word declares the movements of a manly pen. Some such distinction must needs have been to produce those differences absolutely necessary in the conjugal relation. If Mr. Browning had been in the habit of writing of 'Dream-breath and blè,' or of a

'Ruffling of green branches
Shaded off to resonances,'

or if Miss Barrett had made 'Gallio' rhyme with 'tallyho,' or 'vestment' with 'testament,' we venture to pronounce in our utter ignorance of the real state of things, or of the authors, except as known to us in their works, that it could never have been a match.

Mr. Browning possesses one distinction, of which his friends make a boast, as placing him in the rank of original writers: he is with the commonalty of readers unpopular, by many is regarded as simply unreadable. He has excited much notice in the reading world, he is said to be in high favour in American literary circles—but the multitude as yet turn from him and refuse to listen. He has his devotees, however, and he is evidently proud of them, and likes very well to be a leader; on the other hand talking cavalierly, as men will, of the people who criticise his verses, loftily admitting the truth of their small carpings, but implying that they are incapable of entering into his keener train of thought, and new mode of expressing it, who will be hindered by such slight impediments. The general reader complains of a want of beauty; there is nothing pleasing, no fair scenes, no illusions, no music, no harmony of thought or diction, and is revolted besides, by far more grave and serious faults. His enlightened admirers, on the other hand, hail him as a teacher who comes with a mission, with real things to say, which he can say but in one way, a way which we must tolerate till we learn to love it: offering their

own rule as our example in the needful submission of our private judgment ; which seems to be, in every case where the mind is shocked on a first perusal, to read the passage again and again, till it learns to like it. Paracelsus, Sordello, Pippa Passes, his latest work, 'Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day,' are to be regarded as a poet's 'revelations.' Nature has made him what he is, and he acts on her dictates ; he cannot be expected to adopt received modes ; he has a higher task, they say, than to create beauty ; force, action, life, are his elements, his genius is purely dramatic ; it is forced to express itself in this didactic, harsh, severe form ; and a host of other arguments, which are good or bad, according to the merits of their subject. His longer poems are most of them, it is true, cast in the dramatic mould, but, as we hope to prove when we reach that part of our subject, this is a wholly different thing from having genuine dramatic genius. We believe that his power lies generally in his shorter pieces and less ambitious efforts, which implies of course our want of faith in his 'mission ;' yet siding as we do with the multitude in their general judgment, we must yet admit that there is real *force* in his poems. We feel this both at the time of reading them, and, what is even a better test, because they stand forth distinctly in the memory out of the midst of many other volumes of poetry read at the same time. They assert their superiority over verse of a more poetical character by this power. What Mr. Browning wishes to say is frequently not worth saying, and very often would be better unsaid ; it is heathenish or coarse, or asserting the supremacy of our lower instincts and passions, or gloating over our nature's savage propensities, and often (though we believe not with a full realization) profane : also the verse is generally extremely unmusical, and seldom conveys the peculiar pleasure it is the duty of numbers to convey—though once or twice we have passages of melody, which show what he might have attained to had he cultivated instead of wilfully vitiated his taste—but he has the power of imprinting what he desires to say on the mind. We exclude from these remarks altogether the Dramas, in which he cannot make us realize the scenes he dwells upon. But in his Lyrics, and his Dramatic Poems, if either can be properly so denominated, he can produce a forcible impression. Many of the minor pieces in his collective poems might be adduced as examples, and several descriptive passages from his latest work, 'Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day.' The first judgment of most minds, on glancing over this avowedly religious poem, would be, that it was written in intentional irreverence and impiety. The choice of the metre, the grotesqueness of the rhymes, often suggesting to the reader that he has stumbled on some forgotten page of Hudibras ; the tone of

rough humour contrasted with the sacredness of the subject, and of the Vision which guides the poet in his search for truth, would justify the opinion; but though all this is in its nature profane and irreverent, we fully exonerate the writer from any intention of the sort. We even believe after its perusal, as opposed to the impression left by many of his works, that he considers religion a real and important thing, that he would willingly strengthen his faith, that the work was written with this aim. But it betrays the workings of a coarse, rude, though powerful mind, incapable of spiritual elevation, and despising flights because it cannot attain to them. In all systems it seeks the visible, the gross, the earthy; without this element religion seems to possess to him no body. But before proceeding to his religious views, or to the choice which terminated his doubting bewildered search, we will give some specimens of his secular manner. The following passage from Paracelsus gives his views of social regeneration. Paracelsus, we must explain to such as are unacquainted with the poem, is the mind's life of one of this earth's noblest spirits. As an historical character he does not come out very well, having in his intense burning desire for knowledge taken to forbidden arts, and at length, to win popular favour, condescended to the most base and humiliating means for obtaining money and distinction. One of his names, Bombastus, has become a byword, from the form of eloquence he chose to adopt in his charlatan career. Such as he was, however, he is asserted to have been the father of modern chemistry, and therefore a master spirit, and deserving of all the fine names which Festus, according to the passage already quoted, heaped upon him. It is thus that towards the close of his career he prophesies of progress. What this progress means, what it especially means from the lips of those who admit the inevitable starting point of each soul of the human family to be an utterly fallen nature, we do not pretend to say; but probably our present author had no theological difficulties to interfere with the free expansion of the grand theory. We give it at length, to put our readers in possession of the views on this subject of a growing school of opinion:—

‘ And this to fill us with regard for man,
With apprehension of his passing worth,
Desire to work his proper nature out,
And ascertain his rank and final place;
For these things tend still upward—progress is
The law of life—man's self is not yet Man!
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness, here and there a towering mind
O'erlooks its prostrate fellows: when the host
Is out at once, to the despair of night,

When all mankind alike is perfected,
 Equal in full blown powers—then, not till then,
 I say, begins man's general infancy !
 For wherefore make account of feverish starts
 Of restless members of a dormant whole ;
 Impatient nerves which quiver, while the body
 Slumbers as in a grave ? O, long ago
 The brow was twitched, the tremulous lids astir,
 The peaceful mouth disturb'd ; half-utter'd speech
 Ruffled the lip, and then the teeth were set,
 The breath drawn sharp, the strong right hand clench'd stronger,
 As it would pluck a lion by the jaw ;
 The glorious creature laugh'd out e'en in sleep !
 But when full roused, each giant-limb awake,
 Each sinew strung, the great heart pulsing fast,
 He shall start up, and stand on his own earth,
 And so begin his long triumphant march,
 And date his being thence,—thus wholly roused,
 What he achieves shall be set down to him !
 When all the race is perfected alike
 As Man, that is : all tended to mankind,
 And, man produced, all has its end thus far ;
 But in completed man begins anew
 A tendency to God. Prognostics told
 Man's near approach ; so in man's self arise
 August anticipations, symbols, types
 Of a dim splendour ever on before,
 In that eternal circle run by life :
 For men begin to pass their nature's bound,
 And find new hopes and cares which fast supplant
 Their proper joys and griefs ; and outgrow all
 The narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
 Before th' unmeasured thirst for good ; while peace
 Rises within them ever more and more.

Browning's Poems, vol. i. p. 147.

This high-flown rant must be considered as the sentiments of our author. The impatience at the 'narrow creeds of right and wrong' that exists now is perhaps not unnatural to minds who are for such wholesale methods of restoration. The quiet axiom, 'Let each one mend himself,' and the like, falls coldly on ears which listen to promises of men being reformed altogether by a universal abstract 'thirst for good.' But we need not moralize to our readers at length on such visions, nor on the small connexion such aspirations have with any practical self-improvement. The following, in a different style, are we think very spirited lines, and express with keen truth feelings common to all who have loved and lost their idol. Many a one may sympathise with a line here and there, who has not been forsaken and betrayed for the love of gold or distinction, who takes no part in the general tone, in the implied feelings outraged, nor in the threat of ceaseless uncompromising war, but only because he too has loved and known the bitterness of desertion. Whenever there is real feeling and pathos in the heart, these emotions

will force themselves into harmonious eloquent expression; we do not meet with many verses in Mr. Browning's volumes that read off so flowingly:—

‘THE LOST LEADER.

‘Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allow'd:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, follow'd him, honour'd him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learn'd his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakspeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley were with us,—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

II.

‘We shall march prospering,—not through his presence;
Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:
Blot out his name, then,—record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him,—strike gallantly,
Aim at our heart ere we pierce through his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardon'd in Heaven, the first by the throne!’

Browning's Poems, vol. ii. p. 350.

‘Count Gismond’ is another example of nervous, forcible expression. The heroine of the story tells the history of the terrible day in which first she knew her husband, and was saved by him from ignominy. There is much truth and power in the abruptness, hurry, and simplicity of the narrative, and the absence of mere poetical decoration, all contrasting favourably with the deliberation of the action in Mr. Browning's Dramas:—

‘COUNT GISMOND. AIX IN PROVENCE.

‘Christ God, who savest men, save most
Of men, Count Gismond who saved
me!
Count Gualtier, when he chose his post,
Chose time and place and company
To suit it; when he struck at length
My honour, 'twas with all his strength.

‘And doubtless ere he could draw
All points to one, he must have
schemed!
That miserable morning saw
Few half so happy as I seem'd,
While being dress'd in Queen's array
To give our Tournay prize away.

'I thought they loved me, did me grace
To please themselves; 'twas all their
deed;

God makes, or fair or foul our face;
If showing mine so caused to bleed
My cousin's hearts, they should have
dropp'd

A word, and straight the play had
stopp'd.

'They too, so beauteous! each a queen
By virtue of her brow and breast;
Not needing to be crown'd I mean,
As I do. E'en when I was dress'd,
Had either of them spoke, instead
Of glancing sideways with still head!

'But no: they let me laugh, and sing
My birthday song quite through, ad-
just

The last rose in my garland, fling
A last look on the mirror, trust
My arms to each an arm of theirs,
And so descend the castle stairs.—

* * *

'And they could let me take my state
And foolish throne, amid applause
Of all come there to celebrate
My Queen's day—Oh, I think the cause
Of much was, they forgot no crowd
Makes up for parents in their shroud!

'Howe'er that be, all eyes were bent
Upon me, when my cousins cast
Theirs down; 'twas time I should pre-
sent

The victor's crown, but . . . there,—
'twill last
No long time . . . the old mist again
Blinds me as then it did. How vain!

'See, Gismond's at the gate, in talk
With his two boys: I can proceed.
Well, at that moment, who should stalk
Forth boldly (to my face indeed)
But Gualtier, and he thunder'd "Stay!"
And all stay'd: "Bring no crowns, I
say!"

Gualtier then makes his false and infamous charge:—

'I? What answer'd I? As I live
I never fancied such a thing
As answer possible to give.

What says the body, when they spring
Some monstrous torture-engine's whole
Strength on it? No more says the soul.

'Till out strode Gismond; then I knew
That I was saved. I never met
His face before, but, at first view,
I felt quite sure that God had set
Himself to Satan; who would spend
A minute's mistrust on the end?

The knight gives the lie to Gualtier both by word and blow,
and she already feels herself cleared. In the following stanzas
the exclusive rest and trust of her thoughts in her champion, is
of a piece with all the author's notions of true affection:—

'This glads me most, that I enjoy'd
The heart of the joy, with my content
In watching Gismond unalloy'd

By any doubt of the event:
God took that on him—I was bid
Watch Gismond for my part: I did.

'Did I not watch him while he let
His armourer just brace his greaves,
Rivet his hauberk, on the fret
The while! His foot . . . my memory
leaves

No least stamp out, nor how anon
He pull'd his ringing gauntlets on.

'And e'en before the trumpet's sound
Was finish'd, prone lay the false
Knight,

Prone as his lie, upon the ground:
Gismond flew at him, used no sleight

Of the sword, but open-breasted drove,
Cleaving till out the truth he clove.

'Which done, he dragg'd him to my feet
And said, "Here die, but end thy
breath

In full confession, lest thou fleet
From my first, to God's second death!
Say hast thou lied?" And, "I have lied
To God and her," he said, and died.

'Then Gismond kneeling to me, ask'd
—What safe my heart holds, though
no word

Could I repeat now, if I tasked
My powers for ever, to a third
Dear e'en as you are. Pass the rest,
Until I sank upon his breast.

* * *

Much of Mr. Browning's force of expression unquestionably lies in the development of sentiments and passions which form no fit subject for poetry,—low desires, fiendish revenge, sordid hate. There is a singular scene entitled 'The Bishop orders his Tomb in St. Praxad's Church,' which excels in this vein. The poet has thrown his mind into the subject, and delights in pourtraying in the person of a dying Churchman that absolute subjugation of the soul to the body, which a life of selfishness and sin may reduce men to. Another styled 'Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister,' and beginning

'G R—R—R—there go, my heart's abhorrence,'

is of the same character, where impotent hatred is expressed in a strain of apostrophes, interjections, curses, animal hisses and groans, perfectly adapted to convey the desired impression. We are brought into direct close contact, through the power of the poet's imagination, with something infinitely low and base. Again, wherever his delineation of love has any force, it is as a lowering and degrading passion, a thing of sight and sense only, and never considered full and complete till it has renounced for its idol's sake all higher hopes and desires; as in 'Time's Revenges,' where a poet and author, after describing his faithful friend, thus rhapsodizes:—

'And I've a lady. * * *
* * * * * *

I tell you I stride up and down
This garret, crown'd with love's best crown,
And feasted with love's perfect feast,
To think I kill for her, at least,
Body and soul and peace and fame,
Alike youth's end and manhood's aim,
—So is my spirit, as flesh with sin,
Fill'd full, eaten out and in,
With the face of her, the eyes of her,
The lips and little chin, the stir
Of shadows round her mouth.'—Vol. ii. p. 408.

His women are forward, and often immodest; qualities, however, which very little affect their admirers, who are enchained solely by personal charms: 'great eyes,' 'smooth white faces,' 'coiled hair.' Nothing can be less intelligent than their love; no reserves are kept up, and the ladies generally make the first advances. Most of those depicted, show something which would disqualify them for the society of their own sex. These faults are all so common with a certain class of writers as to have needed no notice here, but for the stand Mr. Browning takes as one of the lights of the age; in his way a teacher, a guide to a higher state of things. The following extract is in illustration of the propensity of modern writers to invest sacred characters with their own fancies. For no reason that can be gathered from any appropriateness in the poem, any

catching of the ancient spirit in thought or language, he has chosen to embody his own notions of the animal joys of existence in the person of David. Never was presumption less rewarded. How dull must the ears have been which could listen to the sweet Psalmist of Israel, and parody his strains in such words as these. Abner summons David to charm the evil spirit under which Saul was subject. The opening lines give the description of the darkened tent, and the attitude of the possessed monarch :—

' And I paused, held my breath in such silence!
 And listen'd apart;
 And the tent shook, for mighty Saul shudder'd,
 And sparkles 'gan dart
 From the jewels that woke in his turban
 —At once with a start
 All its lordly male-sapphires, and rubies
 Courageous at heart;
 So the head—but the body still moved not,
 Still hung there erect.
 And I bent once again to my playing,
 Pursued it unchecked,
 As I sang, " Oh, our manhood's prime vigour,
 —No spirit feels waste,
 No muscle is stopp'd in its playing,
 No sinew unbraced;—
 And the wild joys of living! the leaping
 From rock up to rock—
 The rending their boughs from the palm-trees,—
 The cool silver shock
 Of a plunge in the pool's living water—
 The haunt of the bear,
 And the sultriness showing the lion
 Is couch'd in his lair:
 And the meal—the rich dates—yellow'd over
 With gold-dust divine,
 And the locust's-flesh steep'd in the pitcher,
 The full draught of wine,
 And the sleep in the dried river channel,
 Where tall rushes tell
 The water was wont to go warbling
 So softly and well,—
 How good is man's life here, mere living!
 How fit to employ
 The heart, and the soul, and the senses,
 For ever in joy!" —*Browning*, vol. ii. p. 405.

Though 'Pippa Passes' is styled a drama, it is so much more really a poem with some dramatic scenes, that we will mention it here. The idea is a good one. Pippa, a poor Italian girl, rises in the morning, resolved to enjoy to the uttermost her one holiday throughout the year, and falls to musing over the great and rich of her town, 'Asolo's four happiest ones,' who through accident have attracted common attention. They all have the

whole year to enjoy themselves in ; in their abundance they could well allow some drawbacks to the perfection of that single day which is her all. The story is composed of four different scenes, in which these personages are engaged during that day, in each of which, as Pippa passes down the street, singing in careless unconscious happiness, some words of her song strike on their ears in some critical juncture, and wholly change their plans and purposes. The guilty lover is smitten with remorse ; the poor tricked student who has been cheated by his companions in a revengeful frolic into a degrading marriage, recovers from his despair, and resolves to make the best of his poor bride ; the young Italian patriot rushes off under her inspiration to act the regicide's part ; the crafty unscrupulous churchman is terrified out of schemes of infamous aggrandisement. There is power and beauty in many passages, characterised and disfigured by the faults we have noticed ; but one great defect lies in the total inadequacy of Pippa's songs to produce the alleged effect. It requires a repeated perusal to make any sense at all out of them ; how they could have struck on any one's ear or conscience is past conjecture. Nothing short of a miracle could have educed such effects from such causes. We give the following scene as an example. The villainous intendant is in conference with the avaricious priest, and is proposing to betray poor Pippa, who is it seems the true heiress of the wealth the churchman is seeking to obtain, and to carry her off the scene. Monsignore is on the highway to assent, when the voice of the unknown girl awakes his conscience.

'Intendant. 'Tis as well settled once and for ever : some women I have procured will pass Bluphocks, my handsome scoundrel, off for somebody ; and once Pippa entangled !—you conceive ? Through her singing ? Is it a bargain ?

(From without is heard the voice of Pippa singing :)

'Overhead the tree-tops meet—
Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet—
There was nought above me, and nought below,
My childhood had not learnt to know !
For, what are the voices of birds,
—Ay, and of beasts,—but words—our words,
Only so much more sweet ?
The knowledge of that with my life begun !
But I had so near made out the sun !
And counted your stars the Seven, One,
Like the fingers of my hand :
Nay, I could all but understand
Wherefore through heaven the white moon ranges ;
And just when out of her soft fifty changes
No unfamiliar face might overlook me—
Suddenly God took me !'

'*Monsignore (springing up)*. My people—one and all—all—within there! Gag this villain—tie him hand and foot! He dares—I know not half he dares—but remove him—quick! *Miserere mei, Domine!* Quick, I say!'

Browning's Poems, vol. i. p. 266.

Besides Paracelsus, and Pippa Passes, both in the dramatic form, these two volumes contain six regular plays, five of which are tragedies, and these embrace more than half Mr. Browning's poetical works. It is clear, therefore, that he feels his genius to lie especially in the drama; that he believes it to be the best and aptest means for the expression of his powers. If, pursuing this persuasion to its probable conclusion, he goes on to think that he writes good dramas, that he has the gifts needed by a dramatic poet, we do not think he could have made a greater mistake. We would adduce these six plays as examples of failure. What merits they possess are not dramatic merits: in dramatic requirements they are essentially wanting, and therefore these plays are failures beyond their real deserts. When a composition is in a dramatic form, our taste has certain requirements which *must* be satisfied, which no substitute will atone for the want of. Every composition suffers if it is not what it pretends to be: no borrowed graces make up for the absence of qualities inherent in the thing aimed at; a sermon should be a sermon, a novel a novel, a poem should be a poem, a play a play. The drama, active, stirring, and full of change and incident, the very reflection of man in his moments of greatest excitement and elevation, is perhaps of all compositions the grandest and most exciting; but if we have only its husk and outer form, some of its external qualities and not the heart of it, it changes its nature into something more wearisome, unprofitable, trite and unattractive than any vehicle for thought and invention men have ever hit upon. If its form has been adopted to supply certain intellectual deficiencies in a writer rather than to express his fulness and play of invention, the result is something irksome beyond ordinary dullness. The dramatic talent, it need not be said, does not consist in bringing out a given event in conversation; this is often the resource of want of power. Simple narrative is commonly the best mode of telling things, but it is not everybody's gift. We have no doubt it is easier to many people to put a story in the form of dialogue, than to relate it in their own person. Narrative implies a *style*; again, narrative must be terse, connected, to the point. In dialogue, on the contrary, there is no need of style; it is enough to be natural, and it is, we all know, only too natural to be diffuse, discursive, irrelevant; it is natural not to keep to the point; thus an author can, as it were, throw all his weakness upon his characters, and make them bear the blame. Narrative, then, simple, straight-forward, graphic, smooth, is, we repeat, a great test of an author's powers; it is, moreover, the only proper

mode in most cases for conveying information. Take some grand event easily comprehended, if not already familiar, acted in by personages great in proportion to the event, and we have materials for tragic interest. But the proceedings in politics or war, or love, of ordinary people in an unknown insignificant field, are best told in the simplest fashion. Our demands in this form of composition are more inexorable and positive than in any other, our interest is more difficult to excite. If when we look for action we have prolix talking in its stead,—for nature, we have only the repetition in each character of the poet's own mode of thought,—for passion itself, we have only a cold deliberate description of its workings, all our legitimate expectations being disappointed, we are in no mood to take what is offered to us in exchange for the more stimulating pleasure we had a right to expect. There may be wise sentiments, we heed them not, for they are out of place either in the time or in the speaker. There may be a flow of poetry, it stops the business of the play, and we regard it as an impertinence,—profound metaphysical inquiries, but they are felt as simply ridiculous if the personages of the piece stand idly by analysing their separate peculiarities, instead of being influenced by them; and in this perpetual disappointment of what we consider our just expectations, we grow weary and impatient.

We appeal to our readers, if a modern play is not amongst the most difficult feats of reading they are ever called upon to undertake—if they do not commonly rise stupified and confused from its perusal, with the haziest possible notion of what has been the drift of the whole. The dramatist in poring over some unfrequented because uninteresting fields of history, has formed his plot,—a cast of characters not much to be cared for, playing off a maze of intricate schemes upon one another. If the story were told intelligibly and shortly, it would scarce repay perusal; but the dramatist has other plans. We are to discover the plot for ourselves, and the characters of course are to be developed by it; while in order to show his depth, and his knowledge of the hidden workings of the heart, nobody means what he says, which is a grievous hindrance to our catching the clue. The people talk at length for our benefit, and detail their schemes for crowns, or places, or hearts: and we, in a region of mistrust, have to gather what it all means from 'asides,' and hints carelessly let fall. We read on in doubt, incapable of ever taking a side, perpetually asking ourselves, with the children, 'Is he good? is he naughty?' and nobody till the end of the piece tells us. A king of whose existence we never heard, but who does exist in some genuine record, comes forward reading a letter, or dictating to his secretary about Spain, and France,

and the Pope, and the Legate. The secretary is ambiguous, we alternately suspect him of being a spy, or a lady in disguise, for we feel it necessary always to keep our wits unnaturally and suspiciously on the alert: he proves to be nothing but a secretary after all, some impersonation of worldly wisdom discussing the pretensions of the European powers with the king, who seems inextricably involved with them all. They are overheard by a personage hid in a closet conveniently at hand; he appears in the scene, followed by the prime minister and some courtiers—more about Spain and Austria, and the Pope, who gives occasion for clap-trap sneers against priestcraft as often as he is mentioned, then the lady comes in, and either joins in the plotting, or is its victim. Somebody is disinterested and somebody is selfish, somebody is devoted and somebody is ungrateful. We turn to the *dramatis personæ* to help us, for by some mismanagement in the choice of names, perhaps a single vowel is the sole distinction between these opposites, the friend being signified by such an abbreviation as Cor, the enemy by Car, which is scarce difference to enable us always to distinguish between the hypocrite and the honest man. Towards the end of the play people get reckless of the time and patience of their hearers. The last scene is 'a feat of loquacity;' they have all their motives to explain, a process which always takes time; at length, after the longest and most elaborate harangue of all, the one speech most distinguished by self-possessed rhetoric, the speaker dies; why he should die in the evident possession of such health and strength would be a difficulty, were it not solved by the exigencies of the play, which demand this sacrifice to constitute it a tragedy. We look back, and find within the last scene or two that the hero had taken poison; but the dose had affected his mind, and, as it would seem, appearance so little, that the incident might well escape our recollection. In the play throughout everything has given way to talk; the action has invariably waited till the speakers have finished what they had to say; the scenes have been throughout 'reciprocal declamation.' Yet the dramatic talent lies not in talk but in action; we should see a plot developing, tending towards its accomplishment in every scene. In the dialogue everything is irrelevant which works not towards this end; and this end in view keeps the characters true to nature, as the forgetfulness of it leads to that endless prose and generalization which is fatal to the modern drama. In these 'pro and con poems,' as they have been termed, there is always time for whatever people have to say. Our patience may weary, but we know by experience that the action will wait. The battle will not be lost, nor the city taken, nor the

critical moment let slip for all the misplaced talking, which in real life would stretch us on the tenter hooks of unendurable suspense.

Take for example Mr. Browning's tragedy of 'Luria.' There are good passages and some just observations, but as a dramatic effort it is simply monstrous, a monstrous impossible fidelity, playing upon and set off against an equally monstrous treachery. All the characters of the piece, however else opposed, man or woman, soldier or civilian, crafty Italian or half-savage Moor, agreeing in talking metaphysics in the precise moment for action; analysing to one another, in the most critical junctures, and in situations of the most direct hostility, their own motives and their views of life; and this with a prolixity and zeal for philosophical inquiry not to be equalled by any class of human debaters ever met together for the sole purpose of discussion. Even the semi-barbarian Hussein talks of, 'I, with my Arab *instincts*.' The characters are all impersonations of abstract qualities. Luria is generosity, and always generous; Braccio is deliberate self-justifying treachery, and always treacherous; Dometzia is revenge; Hussein the Moor is instinct; and all act up to their characters, till in obedience to the author's turn of thought the reformation begins, and it proves that—

'The only fault's with time,

All men become good creatures, but so slow!'

Luria, the Moor, is the Florentine general; Tiburzio is the Pisan general; the two states being at war with one another. The tragedy is at its close. Turn over the leaf, and half-way down, Luria dies from the effects of poison he had taken for reasons it is not very easy to divine. Circumstances had given Tiburzio the advantage, which he has rejected on the following grounds. The action itself; the grounds for it; the deliberate detail of motives to a dying man, are all, we maintain, outrages to nature and probability.

'Luria. Tiburzio not at Pisa?

Tiburzio.

I return

From Florence: I serve Pisa; and must think
By such procedure I have served her best.
A people is but the attempt of many
To rise to the completer life of one—
And those who live as models for the mass
Are singly of more value than they all.
Such man are you, and such a time is this,
That your sole fate concerns a nation more
Than it's apparent welfare; and to prove
Your rectitude, and duly crown the same;
Imports it far beyond the day's event,
Its battle's loss or gain—the mass remains;
Keep but the model safe, new men will rise

To study it, and other days to prove
 How great and good was Luria's having lived.
 I might go try my fortune as you bade,
 And joining Lucca, helped by your disgrace,
 Repair our harm—so were to-day's work done;
 But where were Luria for our sons to see?
 No, I look farther; I have testified
 (Declaring my submission to your arms)
 Your full success to Florence, making clear
 Your probity, as none else could: I spoke,
 And it shone clearly.'—*Browning's Poems*, vol. ii. p. 209.

In 'Charles and Victor' the plot is taken from some obscure passage of history, and never, we may say, elucidated from beginning to end. The story is at once unintelligible, as far as Mr. Browning has brought out the motives of the actors in it, and devoid of interest. 'Colombe's Birthday' leaves us often in the same sea for actuating motives, nor can we account satisfactorily nor in accordance with our notions of feminine propriety, for the duchess so instantaneously falling in love with a chance advocate that comes to her court. In 'The Return of the Druses,' the reader is kept in a mist which never clears. The choice of subject is in itself fatal to interest; up to the very end we neither know nor can bring ourselves to care, which of the two lovers the heroine prefers. The 'Blot in the Scutcheon' has more human interests, and has one or two effective scenes, but the story is objectionable, nor is there anything distinctive in the author's treatment of it.

Every reader of dramatic poetry must be alive to the happy effect of relieving its severer beauties by the occasional introduction of the more directly poetical lyric element, and have felt the exquisite repose which Shakspeare often infuses through this means. But for this purpose it is evident there should be some connexion between the pure poetry our minds are thus led to, and the prevailing subject of the drama. We however have noticed a modern fashion of inserting passages of this description without any regard to this rule. Descriptions of nature, for instance, are inserted in critical scenes which bear no relation either to the poet's own mind, or to the situation in which they are brought to bear. The highest poetry can assimilate nature to our feelings, the preoccupied mind only seizes upon what harmonizes with its sensations. The poets of whom we speak think it enough to take a square yard out of a hedge or river bank, and simply describing, catalogue-wise, all the plants that grow, all the birds that haunt, all the vermin that burrow within its limits, lay it like a plaister upon the diseased mind, expecting it to possess some marvellous healing power. It is very pleasant and a healthy exercise to peruse in this minute spirit some piece of real nature: in painting too, where the eye

is at least delighted by the truth of imitation, there is also considerable pleasure from such an accurate investigation; but it is otherwise in description: there the impressions on sense are faint, and the fancy to be pleased must see fitness. When we are engaged in the contemplation of some mental struggle, there is almost an impertinence in the sudden transporting of our attention to the alluvial formation of some river bank, as in the following passage. Paracelsus is dozing; his friend sits by him, and in order to gain his attention, sings thus:—

Fest. Softly the Mayne river glideth,
Close by where my love abideth;

Par. More, more, say on!

Fest. The river pushes
Its gentle way through strangling rushes,
Where the glossy kingfisher
Flutters when noon-heats are near,
Glad the shelving bank to shun,
Red and streaming in the sun,
Where the shrew mouse with pale throat
Burrows, and the speckled stoat,
Where the quick sand-pipers flit
In and out the marl and grit
That seems to breed them, brown as they.
Nought disturbs the river's way,
Save some lazy stork that springs,
Trailing it with leg and wings;
Whom the shy fox from the hill
Rouses, creep he ne'er so still.

Par. My heart! they loose my heart, those simple words;
Its darkness passes, which nought else could touch.

Browning's Poems, vol. i. p. 136.

In Mr. Browning we recognise one of the numerous class who possess more faculties than soul, more intellect than aims, comprehension and insight without commensurate aspirations: he fails because he has not spirituality enough to use his own powers aright. And yet men are so necessarily estimated by what they can do, that it is a hard matter for one distinguished by the possession of any powers, to be as alive as other men to his own deficiencies. Because in certain things he is above his fellows, it would be difficult to persuade him that in many material points he is as far below them; that there can be a whole class of elevating instincts and intuitive convictions that most men have, and that he is without. We believe, however, that it is these deficiencies, these wants, these points of inferiority which have originated Mr. Browning's latest poem, 'Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day.' What can be said of a man who is without reverence, without ready sympathy for the unseen, who ill discriminates between the pure and the base, who confesses himself more than others tied down to earth and

incapable of looking beyond it; but that he is inferior to others, not the less really inferior in these vital points, though he can ably express his wants, and others could very inadequately express their fulness. It is the possession of wealth, not the power to count his possessions, which constitutes the rich man. Something of these higher deficiencies of comprehension is visible in the following passage, which yet has much feeling and beauty in it. He is speaking of the new reign of love which Christianity brought in:—

‘Do these men praise Him? I will raise
My voice up to their point of praise!
I see the error, but above
The scope of error see the love.—
Oh, love of those first Christian days!
Fann’d so soon into a blaze,
—From the spark preserved by the trampled sect,
That the antique sovereign Intellect
Which then sate ruling in the world,
Like a change in dreams, was hurl’d
From the throne he reign’d upon:
—You look’d up, and he was gone!
Gone his glory of the pen!
—Love, with Greece and Rome in ken,
Bade her scribes abhor the trick
Of poetry and rhetoric,
And exult, with hearts set free,
In blessed imbecility
Scrawl’d, perchance, on some torn sheet,
Leaving Livy incomplete.
Gone, his pride of sculptor, painter!
—Love while able to acquaint her
With the thousand statues yet
Fresh from chisel, pictures wet
From brush, she saw on every side,
Chose rather with an infant’s pride
To frame those portents which impart
Such unction to true Christian Art.
Gone Music too! The air was stirred
By happy wings: Terpander’s bird
(That, when the cold came, fled away,)
Would tarry not the wintry day,—
As more enduring sculpture must,
* * * * *
Love, surely, from that music’s lingering,
Might have filch’d her organ-fingering,
Nor chose rather to set prayings
To hog-grunts, praises to horse-neighings:
Love was the startling thing, the new;
Love was the all-sufficient too;
And seeing that you see the rest.
As babe can find its mother’s breast
As well in darkness as in light,
Love shut our eyes, and all seem’d right.’

Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day, p. 38.

* It is under these impressions that he reviews the various forms of religious profession, despising, as he supposes, illusions, but really rejecting the meaning and spiritual aims of each, and facing and as it were delighting in the gross, carnal, earthly corruptions which disfigure them. In the Roman Catholic ceremonial he delights to picture direct idolatry. The smoke of incense is not a vapour that aspires, but a fume which inebriates the senses; the taper's burning puts out the light of day; transubstantiation is described in revolting language, but such as he alone can apprehend. Even to the flimsy unsubstantiality of German rationalism, which he despises, and which translates every sacred doctrine and fact into a myth, he contrives to give a body in the coughing and spitting of the professor; while apparently the form of Christianity in our own land which attracts him and most fulfils his longings and instincts, is the service in a Ranters' meeting. Very few religious characteristics there are, but he makes what he can of them, and as it were brutalizes them to fulfil the requirements of this taste for body and reality. Thus he carefully records the close smell of the chapel, the lath and plaster of the building, the personal vulgarities and deformities of the worshippers, the gross illogicalness and prosiness of the preacher, the 'hog-gruntings and horse-neighings' of the singing, and the conventicle twang of the hymn,—all are positive inducements to him in the choice, we know not whether real or only poetical, of a denomination. The fair order of our ritual, the spirituality of our sacraments, the exquisite beauty of the language of our services, the sweet tones of our organs, the correct accentuation and cultivated delivery of our preachers, would all be so many drawbacks and act repulsively to the necessities of a vitiated taste, which needs something which *all* parts of our nature may embrace, not only the refined and elevated, but what every coarse and vulgar element of our being will also find congenial.

We have given Mr. Browning credit for some real feeling and genuine anxieties on the subject of religion, but our extracts from his works may all give a different impression. In justice to him we must, therefore, give one passage in support of our favourable construction. In an imaginary argument with a friend, he speaks of the 'Eternal and Divine' dwelling with man on earth :—

‘ That Birth,
That Life, that Death! and all, the earth
Shudder'd at;—all, the heavens grew black
Rather than see;—all, Nature's rack
And throe at dissolution's brink
Attested,—it took place, you think,
Only to give our joys a zest,
And prove our sorrows for the best? ’

We differ then ! Were I, still pale
 And heart-struck at the dreadful tale,
 Waiting to hear God's voice declare
 What horror follow'd for my share,
 As implicated in the deed,
 Apart from other sins ;—concede
 That if He black'd out in a blot
 My brief life's pleasantness, 'twere not
 So very disproportionate !
 Or there might be another fate
 I certainly could understand
 (If fancies were the thing in hand),
 How God might save, as that day's price,
 The impure in their impurities,
 Leave formal license and complete,
 To choose the fair, and pick the sweet.
 But there be certain words, broad, plain,
 Uttered again, and yet again,
 Hard to mistake, to overgloss—
 Announcing this world's gain for loss,
 And bidding us reject the same :
 The whole lieth (they proclaim)
 In wickedness,—come out of it !—
 Turn a deaf ear, if you think fit,
 But I who thrill through every nerve
 At thought of what deaf ears deserve,—
 How do you counsel in the case ?'

Christmas Eve and Easter Day, p. 94.

In the following passage he decides in favour of the conventicle, and at the same time makes his apology for whatever may have struck people as profane in his poem. The measure and rhythm are in admirable accordance with the substance of the whole.

'Meantime, in still recurring fear
 Lest myself, at unawares, be found,
 While attacking the choice of my neighbours round,
 Without my own made—I choose here !
 The giving out of the hymn reclaims me ;
 I have done !—and if any blames me,
 Thinking that merely to touch in brevity
 The topics I dwell on, were unlawful,—
 Or, worse, that I trench, with undue levity
 On the bounds of the Holy or the awful,
 I praise the heart and pity the head of him,
 And refer myself to THEE instead of him ;
 Who head and heart alike discernest,
 Looking below light speech we utter,
 When the frothy spume and frequent sputter
 Prove that the soul's depths boil in earnest !
 May the truth shine out, stand ever before us !
 I put up pencil and join chorus
 To Hepzibah tune, without further apology,
 The last five verses of the third section
 Of the seventeenth hymn in Whitfield's collection,
 To conclude with the doxology.'—*Christmas Eve, p. 79.*

The readers of Mr. Browning's collective works will be very well satisfied to leave him singing a Christian hymn to any tune.

It is time for us to pass on to Mrs. Browning's softer, purer, but too ambitious muse. In a very serious preface to the edition of 1844, but repeated in the present, she thus speaks of her own labours, but of the sense of responsibility under which she has written :—

'But if it were not presumptuous language on the lips of one to whom life is more than usually uncertain, my favourite wish for this work would be, that it be received by the public as a step in the right track, towards a future indication of more value and acceptability. I would fain do better, and I feel as if I might do better. I aspire to do better. It is no new form of the nympholepsy of poetry that my ideal should fly before me; and if I cry too hopefully at sight of the white vesture receding between the cypresses, let me be blamed gently, if justly. In any case, while my poems are full of faults,—as I go forward to my critics and confess,—they have my heart and life in them, they are not empty shells. If it must be said of me that I have contributed immemorable verses to the many rejected of the age, it cannot at least be said that I have done so in a light and irresponsible spirit. Poetry has been as serious a thing to me as life itself; and life has been a very serious thing. There has been no playing at skittles for me in either. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry, nor leisure for the hours of the poet; I have done my work, so far, as work,—not as mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being,—but as the completest expression of that being to which I would attain; and as work I offer it to the public, feeling its short-comings more deeply than any of my readers, because measured from the height of my aspiration; but feeling also that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done, should give it some protection from the reverent and sincere.'—*Mrs. Browning's Poems. Preface, p. xiii.*

Probably an extreme estimate of the value and consequence of the work in hand is necessary to the poet. Reduce him to the state of cool dispassionateness of his critics, and it would be impossible for him to write at all. The fervour, the impetuosity, the impression of importance must be there to sustain him in his labours of composition; we cannot expect him to be always justly weighing his own value. What preacher could preach with effect if he did not attach to his own thoughts and words and choice of subject an importance so far undue, that he accords it to no one else, so that he weighs and considers and looks for results which he would think unreasonable in another man, which as a listener he could not sympathise with? It is not just to be hard in contemplating this feeling even when unsanctioned by the event. Nothing probably has been well done that has not been regarded as of some consequence in the doing, and whose progress has not been cheered—at the moment at least—by a feeling of success. It depends on the natural temper how long this feeling lasts, and when diffidence and mistrust, if ever, succeed to it. Mrs. Browning says that an author's love of his manuscript should be classed by moral philosophers among the natural affections; with her, therefore,

the impression is not transient. Granting all this, we yet believe that the force of this persuasion in the author is no test of the real value of his work. Poetry used to be called a divine madness: there are many authors who have the madness,—the feeling of inspiration, though we see no trace of divinity in the result;—who value those works most, where they have most fancied this influence, disregarding lighter efforts more according to their natural genius, and therefore flowing more easily from them, and centering their hopes of fame where the struggle and effort has been most apparent to themselves. And the disappointment is almost equal to total failure, if they find the world willing to accord praise to what cost them little trouble, while resolute in disregarding or disparaging the labour and toil of their lives. It is provoking to be valued for a ballad or a song, when they had aspired to make us familiar with paradise in an epic; to perceive that where they rejoice in a conflict with difficulty, a battle followed by a victory, we see only an inglorious defeat, an attempt to build a tower without the means to finish it.

Yet while we criticise these higher attempts and prove them unsuccessful, they may yet give indications of power; the too ambitious flight may show at least that the spirit has wings, which we common treaders of the ground know not the temptation of. We should be lenient of failures where anything has been done well; for, every happy thought, every graceful fancy, every musical stanza, bringing to our hearts something brighter and better than the common things of every day, is a boon—something for which we owe thanks—an argument for indulgence, a plea for our most favourable judgment of its author.

These thoughts, these resolutions, towards a favourable construction are, it must be owned, not seldom called for by the poets of our day. There is an arrogant prying into mysteries amongst them; and many stare, or would stare, at the sun, who are not eagles, and so mistake the rings and spots and fleeting light of a dazed eyesight for a vision of the sun in his strength; who not being able to see down to the bottom of their thoughts, mistake morbid shallows for depths; and because their language is ambiguous, suppose they are speaking oracles. In spite of our sincere admiration of some of Mrs. Browning's poems, the genuine lasting pleasure we take in their perusal, it requires all our forbearance and charity to feel tolerably patient towards some of her more ambitious efforts, to do them the justice they deserve, to believe there is something real and genuine in what is expressed with so much affectation, that there can be genius in a mind at times so infinitely mistaken in its own capabilities, that there can be awe and reverence in a design which in its

execution expresses so many irreverent ideas, that there can be a poet's knowledge and sympathies with universal nature, where she so often outrages our taste, our instincts, and our deeper sensibilities.

It is common to regret the affectations and quaintnesses of this author's phraseology as if her choice of words were something independent of her mode of thought, and as if, were these simplified and made natural, simple and natural thoughts would shine through them. But in fact this defect furnishes the key to the secret of failure wherever there is failure. Simplicity never clothes itself in affected language, nor clear thoughts in obscure words, nor distinct ideas in misty involved expressions. It is because the ideas are farfetched, strained, unnatural, inconsequent, ill-developed, that the wording is newfangled, elaborate, affected, crabbed, confused. When Mrs. Browning has a simple, connected, pathetic, human feeling to express, she does it in perfectly appropriate, natural, graceful language. Where she has fancies half-defined, the fruit of memories and dreams, not distinctly apprehended by the head or embraced by the heart,—conceits they would once have been called,—she has composed a language for them which seems from dreamland also, so showy, so pretentious is it, so little adapted for wakeful thoughts or waking ears.

In writers of more impressibility than imagination, more retentive than observant, it is often interesting to trace through infinite forms of disguise the same original thought or conception. The vigorous invention to which all nature ministers strikes off a scene or an image and forgets it to give place to others, as Beethoven throws a few bars of exquisite melody into the solemn mystic march of his harmonies, and never returns to them again, for other airs equally divine sound through his soul in their stead; but the dreaming musing fancy, which feeds itself from within and treasures and counts up its stores, never parts with an idea which it has once loved, which has once made an impression. The same fancy, perhaps, conceived in childhood, or even infancy, a scene, a glimpse, a stir, an aspect, a motion only, something instantaneous, but vividly expressive of the pathetic, the attractive, the interesting, the terrible, to that individual mind recurs again and again, is part of the writer's self, so that none of these qualities can be described without these symbols being used in the expression of them. If his line lies in works of imagination, however varied may be his subjects, these original impressions will always be there; some scene or situation, some perplexity or delicate embarrassment, some conflict of feeling and duty, or it may be only mysterious associations with nature as viewed under these impressions,

some effects of light and shade, some position of lines or curves, aspects too evanescent and trivial to be described, will always characterise his delineations of feeling, sentiment, or passion. This we hold to be very perceptible in Mrs. Browning's writings, and may occasionally make a legitimate excuse for the irritating mannerism of her poetry; the action of *leaning*, e. g. which all things animate and inanimate perform with her,—sunbeams, clouds, flowers, trees, human souls, memories, &c. &c. ('There's no pardon which can *lean* to you aright')—must have associations with which the reader can have no sympathy, but genuine with her. The words *oblique* and *slant*, possessing no doubt some affinity with the first, frequently come in, giving the same impression; *trailing* and *rustling* too, both of constant recurrence, have some arbitrary associations in her mind, or in speaking of angels she could not have written, 'Soiling the *rustling* of their innocence,' nor of the roar of wild beasts '*trailing* along the gorges,' which to us has no meaning. The word *drifted* in like manner is made to serve many uses for which we do not see its fitness, but for which some recollection we will hope adapts it to the author's own mind. This habit has of course a tendency to reduce language to a kind of cypher, unintelligible except to the initiated. It cannot be called *figurative*, because no attempt is made, nor we think *could* be made, to draw an analogy—it is for the most part purely arbitrary, except for these hidden associations, as in the schoolboy who chose to call his hat his cadwallader on no other ground but because he chose.

If we did not believe in our authoress as really gifted, as possessing real poetic power, we should not spend time in reprobating this unfortunate habit, which must have in great part arisen from her resolute choice of subjects above the power of all but the highest genius. She has chosen themes from which Dante and Milton shrink—hold back in reverent fear,—and this mystic indefinite vague jargon (we will call it) hides from herself the extent of the presumption and the failure. Because her angels do not speak like men, she hopes that they speak like angels. In two poems, 'The Seraphim,' and the 'Drama of Exile,' angels and demons are the principal speakers. In 'The Seraphim,' her earlier work in this class, she had not adopted the grand unintelligible style to the same extent. We are therefore all judges how far she can represent the sublimer intercourse of supernatural intelligences.

We will give our readers some specimens of angel-talk from the opening scene of 'The Seraphim.' The time is the crucifixion. Two seraphs, 'Ador the strong one,' and 'Zerah the bright one,' stand on the outer side of the shut heavenly gate:—

' Ador. O seraph, pause, no more!
Beside this gate of heaven we stand alone.
Zerah. Of heaven!
Ador. Our brother hosts are gone.
Zerah. Are gone!

These opening words give us an insight into the two characters. The Strong One is the instructor, the Bright One the 'uncomprehending' listener. They converse on the most awful mysteries in a strain not to increase our awe.

' Ador. Peace upon earth come down to it.
Zerah. Ah me,
I hear thereof uncomprehendingly;
Peace where the tempest—where the sighing is,
And worship of the idol stead of His?
Ador. Yes, peace where He is.
Zerah. He!
Say it again.
Ador. Where He is.
Zerah. Can it be
That earth contains a tree
Whose leaves like Eden foliage can be sway'd
By breathing of His voice, nor shrink and fade.
Ador. There is a tree, it hath nor leaf nor root;
Upon it hangs a curse for all its fruit—
For He the crownèd Son
Hath left His crown and throne,
Walks earth in Adam's clay,
Eve's snake to bruise and slay.
Zerah. Walks earth in clay?
Ador. And walking in the clay which He created,
He through it shall touch death.
What did I utter? what conceive? Did breath
Of demon howl it in a blasphemy?
Or was it mine own voice, informed, dilated,
By the seven confluent spirits? Speak, answer me!
Who said man's victim was his Deity?
Zerah. Beloved, beloved, the word came forth from thee.
Thine eyes are rolling in tempestuous light
Above, below, around.
As putting thunder questions, without cloud,
Reverberate without sound.'

But our readers have had enough to show that intelligible angels are not Mrs. Browning's forte. One short example of the unintelligible we must give from the 'Drama of Exile,' which we ought to say has in the person of Eve some pathetic expression, though there is little throughout that can be called truly imaginative. Adam generally speaks in geometrical lines and curves, a new, and, we may add, feminine mode of representing his supremacy.

' Chorus of Angels. Live, work on, O Earthy!
By the actual's tension,
Speed the arrow worthy
Of a pure ascension.

From the low earth wend you,
 Reach the heights above you;
 From the stripes that wound you,
 Seek the loves that love you!
 God's divinest burneth plain
 Through the crystal diaphane
 Of our loves that love you.'

But we will not multiply examples of mingled confusion and poverty of expression, of which this is after all scarcely an average specimen. Nothing can be more helpless, weak, and powerless than her angels; they do nothing but talk, and talk very badly. The angel Gabriel is the whole of one scene telling Lucifer to *depart*, and the fiend maintains his ground, will not go till he pleases, and moreover insults the archangel by a charge of bad logic:—

' Gabriel. Depart.
 Lucifer.

And where's the logic of "depart?"
 Our lady Eve had half been satisfied
 To obey her Maker, if I had not learnt
 To fix my postulate better.'

It would be unfair to dwell at length on defects and failures in a task of such difficulty, were not the difficulty self-imposed, and the attempt itself a perpetration. Genius is so far an inspiration that certain powers do sanction an entrance upon certain fields of speculation. But our authoress had abundant warnings that the task was above her handling, that it was presumption in *her* to attempt it. If the analogy of a woman's minuter sphere and range of observation and weaker physical powers did not of itself dictate a choice of subject more in conformity with her nature and experience, the straits she was put to for language should have acted as a check:—but here has probably lain the unfortunate mistake—it was presumed that the theme was above words, could only be approached, never reached by them, and that all these symbols were an actual approach. 'The Vision of Poets,' though not open to the same serious objections, labours under similar drawbacks; it is fatiguing, though implying real powers in the writer, because we are constantly reminded of their inadequacy for the task imposed on them. How refreshing are often Mrs. B.'s simpler lays and ballads, flowing smoothly, full of human feelings and human interests, after these ineffectual soarings and broken flights!—poems which, perhaps, as they have cost her little effort, she may value in proportion,—'The Swan's Nest,' 'My Doves,' 'Bertha in the Lane,' though this is tinged by new-coined words, 'The Lost Bower,' 'The Romaunt of Margret,' and many others, all evidencing deep sensibilities, a tender human heart, and adequate powers of expression. This

last, as first published in the late edition, though we should not guess recently written, we will extract. The quaint turn of the words is here necessary to sustain the weird supernatural character of the story. It is simple, pathetic, and natural, and the sympathy of external nature with each failing of cherished love leaves a sad, impressive weight on the reader's mind. Each stanza has the burden 'Margret, Margret!' which, for economy of space, the reader must supply. For the same reason we omit the opening stanzas, which picture Margret sitting by a running stream, whose cheerful flow harmonizes with her pleasant thoughts. The time is a summer night, when all nature shares the soothing influence:—

‘THE ROMAUNT OF MARGRET.

‘The lady’s shadow lies
Upon the running river,
It lieth no less in its quietness,
For that which resteth never.
Most like a trusting heart
Upon a passing faith,
Or as, upon the course of life
The steadfast doom of death.

Margret, Margret !

The lady doth not move,
The lady doth dream,—
Yet she seeth her shade no longer laid
In rest upon the stream !
It shaketh without wind ;
It parteth from the tide ;
It standeth upright in the cleft moon-
light—
It sitteth at her side.

Look in its face, ladye,
And keep thee from thy swoond !
With spirit bold thy pulses hold,
And hear its voice’s sound !
For so will sound thy voice,
When thy face is to the wall ;
And such will be thy face, ladye,
When the maidens work thy pall.

“Am I not like to thee?”—
The voice was calm and low,
And between each word you might have
heard

The silent forest grow.
“The like may sway the like !
By which mysterious law [thine,
Mine eyes from thine and my lips from
The light and breath may draw ;—

“My lips do need thy breath,
My lips do need thy smile,
And my pale deep eyne, that light in
thine,
Which met the stars crewhile ;

Yet go with light and life,
If that thou lovest one,
In all the earth, who loveth thee
As truly as the sun.”

Her cheek had waxed white,
Like cloud at fall of snow ;
Then like to one at set of sun,
It waxed red also :

For love’s name maketh bold,
As if the loved were near !
And then she sigh’d the deep long
sigh
Which cometh after fear.

“Now sooth I fear thee not—
I shall never fear thee now !”
(And a noble sight was the sudden
light

Which lit her lifted brow.)
“Can earth be dry of streams ;
Or hearts of love !” she said—
“Who doubteth love can know no
love ;
He is already dead.”

“I have” . . . and here her lips
Some words in pause did keep,
And gave the while a quiet smile,
As if they paused in sleep ;—
“I have . . . a brother dear,
A knight of knightly fame,
I broider’d him a knightly scarf
With letters of my name.

I fed his grey gosshawk,
I kiss’d his fierce bloodhound ;
I sate at home when he might come,
And caught his horn’s far sound :
I sang him hunter’s songs,
I pour’d him the red wine—
He look’d across the cup and said,
‘I love thee, sister mine.’”

It trembled on the grass,
 With a low shadowy laughter :
 The sounding river which flow'd for
 ever,
 Stood dumb, and stagnant after.
 "Brave knight thy brother is,
 But better loveth he
 Thy chalice wine than thy chaunted
 song,
 And better both than thee."
 The lady did not heed
 The river's silence, while
 Her own thoughts still ran at their
 will,
 And calm was still her smile.
 "My little sister wears
 The look our mother wore :
 I smooth her locks with a golden
 comb—
 I bless her evermore.
 "I gave her my first bird
 When first my voice it knew,
 I made her share my posies rare,
 And told her where they grew.

I taught her God's dear name ;
 With prayer and praise to tell
 She look'd from heaven into my face
 And said,—"*I love thee well.*"
 It trembled on the grass
 With a low shadowy laughter :
 You could see each bird, as it woke and
 stared
 Through the shrivell'd foliage after.
 "Fair child thy sister is ;
 But better loveth she
 Thy golden comb, than thy gather'd
 flowers,
 And better both than thee."
 The lady did not heed
 The withering on the bough,
 Still calm her smile, albeit the while
 A little pale her brow.
 "I have a father old,
 The lord of ancient halls,
 A hundred friends are in his court,
 But only me he calls."

The father loves his daughter, but still better his castle and his
 state, and at the spirit's refutation the moon and stars grow dim.

"The lady did not heed
 That the far stars did fail,
 Still calm her smile, albeit the
 while
 Nay, but she is not pale !
 "I have a more than friend
 Across the mountains dim,
 No other's voice is soft to me
 Unless it nameth *him*.
 "Though louder beats mine heart,
 I know his tread again—
 And his far plume aye, unless turn'd
 away,
 For the tears do blind me then.
 We brake no gold, a sign
 Of stronger faith to be ;
 But I wear his last look in my soul,
 Which said, *I love but thee !*"
 It trembled on the grass
 With a low shadowy laughter,
 And the wind did toll, as a passing
 soul
 Were sped by church-bell after ;
 And shadows stead of light
 Fell from the stars above
 In flakes of darkness on her' ace
 Still bright with trusting love.
 "He loved but only thee !
 That love is transient too,
 The wild hawk's bill doth dabble still
 I the mouth that vow'd thee true.

Will he open his dull eyes
 When tears fall on his brow ?
 Behold the death-worm to his heart
 Is a dearer thing than *thou*."
 Her face was on the ground—
 None saw the agony !
 But the men at sea did that night
 agree,
 They heard a drowning cry.
 And when the morning brake,
 Fast roll'd the river's tide,
 With the green trees waving over head,
 And a white corse lain beside.
 A knight's bloodhound and he
 The funeral watch did keep,
 With a thought of the chase he stroked
 its face,
 As it howl'd to see him weep.
 A fair child kiss'd the dead
 But shrank before the cold,
 And alone, yet proudly, in his hall
 Did stand a baron old.
 "Hang up my harp again,
 I have no voice for song,
 Not song but wail, and mourners pale,
 Not bards to love belong.
 O failing human love !
 O light by darkness known !
 O false, the while thou treadest earth !
 O deaf beneath the stone !"

Margret, Margret.

This image of trusting love must be contrasted with another, in Mrs. Browning's more peculiar vein,—from which, however, we have space for only a short extract—more ambitious, with some vigour of description and a certain real interest in the story, but appealing very little to our personal sympathies. 'The Courtship of Lady Geraldine' is enacted by a poet of great genius but low birth; the genius of course must be taken on trust, but we think there are various indications of 'the low birth' to be gathered from his own narrative. In fact, the poet is not a gentleman. He shows himself affected by details of mere show and splendour which he pretends to despise, humbled by the consciousness of a difference of position where he need not be, and insolently resentful of slights which were never intended, and which only a very low form of pride would take as such. It is wonderful to us how the authoress can take any pleasure in her own creation,—can admire the style of character she has so truthfully drawn. For us, we can only say we never encountered a more inflated, pragmatical, and we believe, if seen in real life, insufferable fellow. The poet writes the history of his loves. He is visiting the heiress, falls in love with her, and narrates the conflict of his feelings to his friend. His part in the affair has certainly a very selfish interested look; he thinks *only* of himself, hates and despises the society he comes in contact with, and yet is afraid of it. We have no end of his scorn and contempt for rank, wealth, station, everything he does not possess, along with an inordinate value for himself; and all the while an eye for state, for property and fine things, which must have betrayed themselves to his associates and rendered him an object of little respect to them. The Lady Geraldine, however, sees nothing of all this; his poetry has won her heart, and his pride and other disagreeable qualities seem only to rivet the chain. He has been some time at her castle in Sussex, his feelings all the while working up to a high pitch of suppressed excitement; when he overhears, as is the custom in fiction, a nobleman making the Lady Geraldine an offer; she refuses him, on which the earl says something inaudible to our friend.

'What he said again, I know not. It is likely that his trouble
Worked his pride up to the surface, for she answer'd in slow scorn—
"And your Lordship judges rightly. Whom I marry, shall be noble;
Ay, and wealthy. I shall never blush to think how he was born."
There, I madden'd! her words stung me! Life swept through me into fever,
And my soul sprang up astonish'd; sprang, full statured in an hour!
Know you what it is when anguish, with apocalyptic NEVER
To a Pythian height dilates you,—and despair sublimates to power?
From my brain, the soul-wings budded!—waved a flame about my body,
Whence conventions coiled to ashes! I felt self-drawn out, as man,
From amalgamate false natures; and I saw the skies grow ruddy
With the deepening feet of angels, and I knew what spirits can!

I was mad—inspired—say either! anguish worketh inspiration!
 Was a man, or beast—perhaps so; for the tiger roars when spear'd;
 And I walk'd on, step by step, along the level of my passion—
 Oh my soul! and pass'd the doorway to her face, and never fear'd.
He had left her,—peradventure, when my footsteps proved my coming—
 But for *her*—she half arose, then sate—grew scarlet and grew pale:
 Oh, she trembled!—'tis so always with a worldly man or woman,
 In the presence of true spirits—what else *can* they do but quail?
 Oh, she flutter'd like a tame bird, in amongst its forest-brothers,
 Far too strong for it! then drooping, bow'd her face upon her hands—
 And I spake out wildly, fiercely, brutal truths of her and others!
I she planted in the desert, swathed her, wind-like, with my sands.
I pluck'd up her social fictions, bloody-rooted though leaf-verdant,—
 Trod them down with words of shaming,—all the purples and the gold,
 And the "landed stakes" and Lordships—all that spirits pure and ardent
 Are cast out of love and reverence, because chancing not to hold.
 "For myself I do not argue," said I, "though I love you, Madam,
 But for better souls, that never to the height of yours have trod—
 And this age shows, to my thinking, still more infidels to Adam,
 Than directly, by profession, simple infidels to God.
 "Yet, O God" (I said), "O grave" (I said), "O mother's heart and bosom,
 With whom first and last are equal, saint and corpse and little child!
 We are fools to your deductions, in these figments of heart-closing!
 We are traitors to your causes, in these sympathies defiled!
 Learn more reverence, Madam, not for rank or wealth—*that* needs no
 learning;
That comes quickly—quick as sin does! ay, and often works to sin;
 But for Adam's seed, MAN! trust me, 'tis a clay above your scorning,
 With God's image stamp'd upon it, and God's kindling breath within."

He then condescends to a strain somewhat less abusive, and speaks of her beauty and his love; consoling himself by casting this stain on her 'ermined pride,' that I—

"Love you, Madam—dare to love you—to my grief and your dishonour—
 To my endless desolation and your impotent disdain!"

But at last there came a pause. I stood all vibrating with thunder,
 Which my soul had used. The silence drew her face up like a call.
 Could you guess what word she utter'd? She look'd up as if in wonder,
 With tears beaded on her lashes, and said "Bertram!" it was all.

The calm of the word and voice overcome our hero, till at length he is—

'So struck backward, and exhausted with that inward flow of passion
 Which had pass'd, in deadly rushing, into forms of abstract truth,—
 With a logic agonizing through unfit denunciation,—
 And with youth's own anguish turning grimly grey the hairs of youth,'

that utterly prostrated by his own vehemence and her gentleness,
 he falls at her feet in a dead faint; and when he comes to himself,
 finds himself alone, and writes his whole narrative to his friend,

'While still, in hot and heavy splashes, fell his tears on every leaf.'

Throwing himself back in his chair, after this exciting task, a vision meets his eyes. The Lady Geraldine has, unheard, entered the open casement of the moon-lit room; illuminated, we must presume, by other light as well, or, standing, as she is described, with her back to the light, we know not how the eyes, 'shining with a torrid brightness over the desolate sand desert of the poet's heart,' could have exercised such power. The pictures, however, are often unformed and indistinct. The scene is a pretty one.

'With a murmurous stir, uncertain, in the air, the purple curtain
Swelleth in and swelleth out around her motionless pale brows;
While the gliding of the river sends a rippling noise for ever,
Through the open casement whiten'd by the moonlight's slant repose.'

But we have not space for his uncertainty, or her slow advance; till at length—

'Ever, ever more the while in a slow silence she kept smiling,—
While the shining tears ran faster down the blushing of her cheeks;
Then with both her hands enfolding both of his, she softly told him,
"Bertram, if I say I love thee, . . . 'tis the vision only speaks."

Soften'd, quicken'd, to adore her, on his knee he fell before her—
And she whisper'd low in triumph—"It shall be as I have sworn!
Very rich he is in virtues—very noble—noble, certes;
And I shall not blush in knowing, that men call him lowly born!"'

We cannot but hold it a great mistake to make the poetic gift stepping-stone to worldly station,—to represent a man as making a 'good thing' of his genius, so that it should induct him into the actual possession, title deeds and all—not that spiritual possession which he always had, beyond their real owners—of manors, and woods, and streams. It is bringing the real too close upon the ideal. The poet above all men should have nobility enough to ennoble his wife; he needs not to be aggrandised by her. And unquestionably Geraldine would see her Bertram's genius degenerate. He would cease to be a poet in the absorbing cares and pleasures of a landed proprietor, and in this capacity would make a very poor and awkward figure; it is not in nature but she must in time grow ashamed of her choice.

This poem is distinguished by many characteristic ambiguities of language, which we are not bound to believe can by any ingenuity be unravelled into sense; as for example where Bertram gets into a passion, and—

'Saw the skies grow ruddy
With the deepening feet of angels;'

or where Geraldine leaves the room with 'level fronting eyelids,' or where 'slowly round she swept her eyelids.' Again, very little meaning is there in the following fervent declamation:—

'Oh, the blessed woods of Sussex, I can hear them still around me,
With their leafy tide of greenery still rippling up the wind!
Oh, the cursed woods of Sussex! Oh, the cruel love that bound me
Up against the boles of cedars, to be shamèd where I pined.'

We wish we could present our readers with some varied specimens of our authoress's happier manner, but our space will not allow us to do her this justice. The merit of her best poems lies not in the felicity of the parts, but in the agreeable flow, and the pleasant impression the whole leaves behind. The faults are easily caught and laid before another eye, the beauties elude this treatment; and so it happens that we can *prove* the one, and can only ask the reader unacquainted with the volumes themselves to believe the other. We have been struck, pleased, our sympathies have been roused, but we find that in order to make our readers share these feelings with us, they should read the whole poem. She is too diffuse, too little careful, to finish, correct, polish, to have passages of choice excellence of expression. She is fanciful rather than imaginative, and Fancy, as opposed to her severer loftier sister, is lavish and luxuriant. Fancy lets her tendrils and waste branches grow wild in careless profusion. Imagination condenses her powers into the very excellence of her tree—its fruit. There are notices throughout Mrs. Browning's works of a state of suffering and ill-health, from which we trust she is now recovered, which may well account for this omission of the most irksome part of a poet's duties, and perhaps also for the restless diffuse flow of the verse: that excitability which rousing the fancy tends to obscure the judgment. We are not without warm sympathy for the possible cause, while in our present capacity we have only to do with results. Descriptions of nature, for example, may well not be characterised by exact accurate truth, from a 'Prisoner' who ever says—

'I count the dismal time by months and years,
Since last I felt the greensward under foot,
And the great breath of all things, summer—mute
Met mine upon my lips. Now earth appears
As strange to me as dreams of distant spheres,
Or thoughts of Heaven we weep at.'

A season of mental or bodily suffering is certainly not the most favourable for clear thought or beautiful expression. But the memory of pain—the recollection of sorrow and suffering in some form, is indeed almost essential to that mind which is to have influence over others. It must have had losses, to realize, so as to be able to show to others, its gains; and whatever losses Mrs. Browning's mind may have sustained by unusual trials and privations, all that it possesses of truth, feeling, pathos, and knowledge of the true ends of life, no doubt owes much of its force and persuasiveness, its claim on our sympathies, to these soul-exercises.

But we have lingered unduly on these two poets of one name. That which follows on our list at least ought not to present any such temptation: 'Festus: a Poem, by Philip James Bailey.'

It seems only candid, and putting our readers in possession of the real merits of the case (such, we should say, as have not fallen in with this 'remarkable' poem,) before expressing our own opinion, to present them with some selection from the host of enthusiastic testimonials with which the volume comes garlanded and hung about, within and without. Six royal octavo pages of close-printed rapture we may be excused from transcribing; we cull the following sentences, which are of greatest brevity, and in justice to the author, by well-known names:—

'I can scarce conceive any degree of poetical eminence which this author, starting with so much richness of imagination and force of expression, may not be expected to attain.'

(*Lord Francis Egerton*). *Lord Ellesmere.*

'A most remarkable poem, of great beauty, and greater promise. My admiration of it is deep and sincere.'—*Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*

'It contains enough poetry to set up fifty poets.'—*Ebenezer Elliott.*

'A truly wonderful poem.'—*Douglas Jerrold.*

'I can scarcely trust myself to say how much I admire it, for fear of falling into extravagance.'—*Alfred Tennyson.*

'There is matter enough in it to float a hundred volumes of prosy poetry. It contains some of the most wonderful things I ever read.'—*Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

'We cordially bid you God-speed into the glorious land of poetry, in which you have already begun your course so admirably. There is no more enthusiastic admirer of "Festus" than myself.'—*Mrs. Mary Howitt.*

'There is great exuberance of thought and imagery throughout this work, and a profuse expenditure of both, fearless of exhaustion of the author's stores. One feels as if one had eaten of the "insane root that takes the reason prisoner," in many passages, or of the "tree of knowledge of good and evil," with strange elevations of spirit, and stranger misgivings, alternately glowing and shivering through the bosom.'—*James Montgomery.*

'If Coleridge, Wordsworth, Goethe, and Shelley had not existed, we should esteem such writing a miracle. With nothing are we more impressed in the whole, than with the sacred character of this poem. The poet of "Festus" transcending even Goethe in this particular, projects himself into the purely ideal, setting his will and his fancy free from all obstructions. In a word, he doth what he likes.'—*J. A. Heraud.*

'The unrepressed vigour of imagination, the splendour of great and original imagery—the passion of poetry. The philosophy of the poem of "Festus" is to show the great ministry of evil as a purifier. The execution breathes throughout a fulness of power.'—*R. H. Horne.*

'The few faults this work possesses and its great excellencies, arise alike from this surrender of the poet to the impulses of his nature. Whatever the poet receives, he declares; he selects nothing, considers nothing; hence a sort of sybilline and oracular power, that strikes upon the heart like a hammer upon a bell.'—*J. W. Marston.*

How can we give any just idea of the enthusiasm of the

London, Provincial, and American press? The *Britannia* announces that 'a new poet, and a great poet is amongst us.' The *Eclectic Review* 'is wearied with over-abundance, and cloyed with too much sweet.' The *Manchester Guardian* pronounces 'the design excellent, the morals unexceptionable,' the work altogether of 'remarkable, but Christian character.' It reminds the *Dial*, *U. S.* 'of the notion we get of a holy book from the way in which Michael Angelo's Sibyl is reading:' also 'of the theory of the formation of the firmaments from nebulae.' The editor also 'begins to feel the starlight nights shining, and the great waves rushing through the pages of this author.' The *Nottingham Review* announces, 'that wherever there is greatness of mind, amplitude of heart, and a great grasp of spirit in a reader, there will Festus be ranked as a lasting and proud addition to the mental stores of the world.' The *Liverpool Chronicle* considers 'that there is nothing in the mode of treating the subject at all calculated to shock the feelings of the orthodox.' The *Sunbeam* holds it as 'one of the wonders of literature.' The *Athenæum* 'sees in it much to awaken our wonder and sympathy.' 'The perusal of the poem' has kept the *Sunday Times* 'in a state of astonishment, and left it in one of bewilderment.' The *Era* prophesies that 'it will live and be co-existent with the literature of the country.' The *Universalist Quarterly*, *U. S.* 'is upborne upon this mighty heaving sea of imagination.' With the *Boston Paper*, *U. S.* it is 'the book of the age.' The *Christian Examiner*, *Boston*, *U. S.* classes it with 'the Iliad, and Macbeth, and Paradise Lost.' The *New Quarterly* says 'that the world-spirit of the present time is enshrined in this magnificent book.' *Tait's Magazine* admires it because in it 'you find all contradictions reconciled—all improbabilities accomplished—all opposites paired—all formulas swallowed—all darings of thought and language attempted.' In Festus 'silver is of no account.' In the judgment of the *Dublin University Magazine* 'the beauties of nature, art, and character, clasp him with mingled radiance, like a rainbow; and the influence of an exalted morality touches and tinges everything that passes before him, till the scenery he paints glows with the heavenly warmth of an Italian sunset.' The *Critic* sees in it 'a wonderful commingling of the loveliness of nature with all that is lovely in religion and morals.' The *Metropolitan* thinks it 'might be fitly styled a book of spiritual truth edited by the Muses.' The *Nonconformist* regards it as 'a great poem, whose characteristic is power—power of thought, and power of language.'

As we were, on its first arrival, reading the gay cover on which some of this homage is enshrined, 'Festus,' the book itself, was taken up by a friend, who, unconscious of the awe which

ought to encircle so much genius, spoke a running commentary in hastily turning over the leaves. The words thus addressed to eye and ear encountered each other—

‘As the rich sunbeams, and dark bursts of rain,
Meet in one sky.’

‘A great many ladies,’ was the spoken criticism, ‘who seem as if they were no better than they should be.’—‘It looks very like one of those books which, as people say, are not fit for a drawing-room table.’—‘Lucifer is one of the principal characters, and apparently one of the best of them.’ We can assure our readers, if they will only trust us, that this hasty summary, this unimpassioned first impression is far the soundest, far the most rational and judicious judgment that his eyes have yet fallen upon.

We will not say that there is no genius, no poetry in Festus, but this we will say, with the fullest and heartiest conviction, that the huge impiety of the book must have increased people’s estimate of these qualities an hundred-fold, on the principle on which country practitioners are always called clever if they are drunken; and that what is often called intellect and genius in this work, is simple daring profaneness. We cannot account for certain names which have given so contrary a testimony, but neither can we over-state—of this we feel certain—the impiety of the book, its evil moral, evil tendency, and insolent denial of revelation: its outrageous defiance of all modesty, its blind audacity in meddling with mysteries, its utter imperviousness to all emotions of awe, or sacredness, or majesty, its subjugation of reason and religion to sense and brute instinct. The work was originally written in 1839, twelve years ago, but lately republished in a third edition with additions. In the dedicatory sonnet to his father, the author says:—

‘Life is at blood-heat, every page doth prove;
Bear with it. Nature means necessity.’

Perhaps no means will more easily put the reader in possession of the nature of the plan, and help him to an idea of the execution, than a transcript of the *scenes* of Festus, as they occur, with some of the *Dramatis Personæ*, only omitting, as inconsistent with the character of these pages, his unscrupulous insertion of the Divine Persons of the Holy Trinity; under which names he does not scruple to give his own opinions at great length.

‘SCENE. *Heaven.* * * * CHERUBIM, SERAPHIM, LUCIFER. [Who receives permission to tempt Festus.]

SCENE. *Wood and Water—Sunset.* FESTUS and LUCIFER.

SCENE. *A Country Market-place—Noon.* FESTUS, LUCIFER. [Here Lucifer preaches a sermon, asserting the eternal punishment of the wicked, and afterwards gives out a hymn of his own composition, ending with his blessing to the multitude. Festus follows with a prayer against bigotry].

SCENE. *Alcove and Garden.* FESTUS, CLARA and the spirit PNEUMAS-TER.

SCENE. *The Surface.* LUCIFER and FESTUS.

SCENE. *A Village-Feast—Evening.* FESTUS, LUCIFER, a BALLAD SINGER, a STUDENT, a FARMER, and a PARSON.

SCENE. *The Centre.* FESTUS and LUCIFER.

SCENE. *A ruined Temple.* FESTUS and LUCIFER.

SCENE. *A Metropolis; and Public-place.* FESTUS and LUCIFER.

SCENE. *Air.* FESTUS and LUCIFER.

SCENE. *Another and a better World.* FESTUS and LUCIFER.

SCENE. *A large Party and Entertainment.* FESTUS, LUCIFER, Ladies and others, HELEN, WILL, CHARLES, MARIAN, EMMA, FANNY, LUCY, LAWRENCE, FRANK. [Here a variety of love-songs are sung, of which Lucifer sings two, in no way different in character from the others.]

SCENE. *A Churchyard.* FESTUS and LUCIFER *beside a grave.*

SCENE. *Space.* FESTUS and LUCIFER.

SCENE. *Heaven.* * * * ARCHANGELS, LUCIFER, FESTUS.

SCENE. *A Garden Pleasure-house.* MARIAN, HELEN, EDWARD, CHARLES, SOPHIA, and others. [Here are more love-songs, and one on the comparative merits of wine, ale, and brandy.]

SCENE. *A Visit.* FESTUS, HELEN, LUCIFER.

SCENE. *Home.* FESTUS, HELEN, *at her Piano—Dusk,* STUDENT.

SCENE. *Garden and Bower by the Sea.* LUCIFER, ELISSA.

SCENE. *Everywhere.* LUCIFER and FESTUS.

SCENE. *Hell.* LUCIFER and FESTUS.

SCENE. *A Drawing-room.* FESTUS and ELISSA.

SCENE. *The Sun.* FESTUS. *A Garden by the Sea.* LUCIFER, ELISSA.

SCENE. *Colonnade and Lawn.* FESTUS and CLARA.

SCENE. *Elsewhere.* FESTUS, *the SAINTS from Heaven.*

SCENE. *A gathering of KINGS and PEOPLES.*

SCENE. *The Skies.* * * * ANGEL of EARTH, LUCIFER.

SCENE. *Hades.* ARCHANGEL, FESTUS, DEATH, LUCIFER.

SCENE. *Earth.* ANGELS and SAINTS.

SCENE. *The Judgment of Earth.* The SON of GOD, SAINTS and ANGELS.

SCENE. *The Heaven of Heavens.* The RECORDING ANGEL, LUCIFER, FESTUS, ANGELS. [Here Lucifer receives his pardon.]

* * *

Bright child

Of morning, once again thou shinest fair

O'er all the stormy armaments of light.

LUCIFER. The highest and the humblest I am.—*Festus*, p. 108.

For the sake of the work itself we should not have thought it either worth while or desirable to give this ocular demonstration of a wild, flighty, outrageously bad book. We owe apology to our readers for doing so. We do it, however, to invalidate the testimony of high literary names. In these days, when private judgment is so much preached, we think that men are in some ways more than usually tempted to give up their own rightful judgment, and (while often exercising it against authority where they ought not,) to practise a voluntary humility, to yield a degrading subservience to genius and accredited names, in things where they would do better to be guided by their own instincts and impressions.

It cannot be denied that there is a certain novelty, which we conclude is called imagination, in placing your scenes—now in the sun,—now in a lady's drawing room,—now 'elsewhere,'—now 'everywhere,'—now in a town market-place,—now knocking at hell-gates; and in the flow of familiar talk, saying with an easy air, 'But here we are at Hell,'—now asking for a world without sin 'for a *change*.' Milton has not done it,—nor even Goethe,—nor even Byron. It may therefore be thought to imply a new and daring familiarity with grand ideas. We attribute the whole plan and execution of the poem to that total insensibility to fear which belongs to ignorance. Such a mind cannot possess the ordinary perceptions of God's attributes and Being (which are indeed distinctly denied) which men in general are gifted with. We believe the fumes of a mad and insolent speculation have obscured the image of God in the soul, so that the author plays with sacred names and things as a madman would; and plays with them for the same reason, because he has lost the power of rightly apprehending them. We can only say that we have failed to see the imagination and genius which are so much extolled. It is not possible for those divine impulses to range through the invisible world of thought, to embody the Holy or the terrible, without being penetrated with awe or fear. It is a noble cause for Milton's blindness, suggested by a poet's sense of justice and fitness, that the loss of sight was the penalty of an insight into dazzling mysteries. There is no touch of sublimity, no moment of realization, from the beginning to the end of *Festus*, to raise any such thoughts in his readers. Heaven's floor is no more to him than the market-place. Even where not profane, he never reaches the height of his argument. He can give no impression of grandeur or mystery to his impersonations. They all talk much like leading articles of newspapers put into blank verse. The reader would find it generally difficult to guess whether *Festus* or *Lucifer* were speaking. All are prolix to a degree which would not be credited. No real sermon was ever longer or duller, than *Lucifer's* in the market-place. *Festus* details his views to a rambling discursive length, which no listeners in any region would tolerate. The author's disbelief and bad theories are buried under a weight of heavy blank verse, which we should suppose had hid them from men's eyes—but why then praise them so much? This dulness is often relieved by a perfectly startling bathos, of which we think we can offer the reader an example from the very opening scene, in the person of the 'Angel of Earth;' the whole may be taken as an example of the poem:—

'LUCIFER. God! for thy glory only can I act,
And for thy creature's good. When creatures stray

Farthest from Thee, then warmest towards them burns
Thy love, even as yon sun beams hottest on
The earth when distant most.

* * * The earth whereon
He dwells, this grain selected from the sands
Of life, dies with him.

LUCIFER. God, I go to do
Thy will.

* * * Thou, too, who watchest o'er the world
Whose end I fix, prepare to have it judged.

ANGEL OF EARTH. Let me not then have watch'd o'er it in vain.
From age to age, from hour to hour I still
Have hoped it would grow better—hope so now;
'Tis better than it once was, and hath more
Of mind and freedom than it ever had:
I love it more than ever. Thou didst give
It to me as a child. To me earth is
Even as the boundless universe to Thee;
Nay, more, for Thou couldst make another. It is
My world. Take it not from me, Lord! Thou, Christ!
Mad'st it the altar where Thou offerdest up
Thyself for the creation. Let it be
Immortal as Thy love. And altars are
Holy; and sister angels, sister orbs,
Hail it afar as such. O! I have heard
World question world, and answer; seen them weep
Each other, if eclipsed for one red hour.
And of all worlds most generous was mine,
The tenderest and the fairest.

LUCIFER. Know'st thou not
God's Son to be the brother and the friend
Of spirit everywhere? Or hath thy soul
Been bound for ever to thy foolish world?

ANGEL. Star unto star speaks light, and world to world
Repeats the pass-word of the universe
To God; the name of Christ—the one great word
Well worth all languages in earth or heaven.

* * * Think not I lived and died for thine alone,
And that no other sphere hath hail'd me Christ.
My life is ever-suffering for love.
In judging and redeeming worlds is spent
Mine everlasting being.—*Festus*, p. 2.

What excuse, we would ask, on the score of soaring genius,
for such profaneness? What can be more miserable on every
principle of taste, than the angel's plea? This same Angel of
Earth is not more favoured by the lyric muse; 'tis thus he
elsewhere sings:—

' Stars, Stars,
Stop your bright cars!
Stint your breath,
Repent e'er worse,
Think of the death
Of the universe;—

and finishes after requesting Time 'to extinguish his red link in the sea,' by asking—

' Mother Eternity,
What is for me?'

' Poor angel!' says Festus, and for once all parties must be agreed in an epithet. The aim of the work seems to be a sort of frantic antinomianism, which not only allows sin in the elect, but considers it a chosen pathway to salvation. 'Sin is necessity,' 'the shadow of creation's light,' nor does anything meet with genuine reprobation from the poet but the several articles of the Christian faith: for example, 'the resurrection of the body,' where in speaking of death it is asserted:—

' The body and the soul cease; spirit lives:
And gloriously falsified are all
Earth's cavern'd prophecies of bodyhood.'

But the eternal punishment of the wicked is perhaps the point chiefly attacked, which is no matter of wonder. It will not be expected that the morals of such a work should be in advance of its faith. One old-fashioned virtue is especially combated—*constancy*; and this not by halves; even the ardent lover who, loving a fair lady ardently attached to him—

' Would solemnly and singularly curse
Each minute that he thought not of her,'—

had a certain 'point of taste,' which made him fall in love, collaterally with this adored one, with every beauty he met with. 'It was a pity this inconstancy,' says Helen. To which the characteristic reply is given, 'It was his way.' But when it is asserted that 'It were better that all love were sin, than that love were not,' our readers will not exact from us further examples to prove our assertion, but willingly take it for granted. But why dwell longer on such a work? Less fortunate than 'the bard,' the '*I*,' the type of himself, of whom when Festus was asked, if he had written any work but *the* one, it is answered:—

' After that, like the hotly-burning peak he fell
Into himself, and was missing ever after'—

Mr. Bailey has written another work, to give the lie to all the talk of *promise*. There is no promise in a bad book. There is a lamp which we are told shall be put out, and we witness such an extinction in his last work, 'The Angel World,' a book not really higher in faith or principles than the other, but happily redeemed by an unreadable dulness. It is a sort of allegory, in which all our received notions of heaven are reversed;

where angels are of different genders, where they have fathers and children, where they tell each other what *we* know, in long-winded complimentary strains, and also what as *intelligences* they ought to know if it were really so:—

‘ Mine angel sire.

Such blest relations are ye *know* in heaven?’

But it is perfectly unnecessary to go further into the merits of a work which nobody will ever read, and nobody, we must suppose, will ever think it worth while to puff—and yet in this little volume, among the minor poems, are some lines to the River Trent, the river of the poet’s birthplace, which are really pleasing, have genuine feeling, and seem to show what he might have done had he not rioted away his faculties and powers in the wanton dissipation of Festus.

‘ Reverberations’ (which has obtained some notice for the flow of its verse) is the work of a thorough-going disciple of Progress—its religion consequently is of the peculiar character of that school, being founded on a law, not of constancy, but of necessary change—not of faith, but of perpetual abandonment of creeds, not because they are bad, but because they are old. There is a great deal of religion in these two little volumes, many scriptural allusions, and a belief expressed with some fervour; but looking into them more narrowly we detect them to be really a sort of sentimental elegy on the departure of Christianity, whose fate it is, along with other ‘cherished creeds,’ the Grecian deities, the Scandinavian Thor and Balder, &c. &c., to yield to the inevitable laws of progress and social advancement. It is sad that it should be so. The author regrets it. But then it was also very sad and very ungrateful too in the Northmen to give up the god Thor, who had killed ‘The Frost Giants,’ and set up the Cross in his stead.

“ You seem minded to put Thor away!
Is it fair, king Olaf, is it fair?
All the heat and burden of the day
Fell on him whom now you put away!
Have a care, king Olaf, have a care.”

Thus the godlike evermore decays;
Thus the ancient gods must leave the earth;
No one treads the old and sacred ways,
Old leaves fall and the old fruit decays;
Fades for ever the primæval worth.

Grieve we not for this, but rather find
A new splendour in the actual time. . .
Ever present is the eternal mind,
Ever shall the faithful seeker find,
Ever listen to the starry chime.

Out of Doubt shall Faith be born again,
From the dead the living church shall rise,
The old granite gleams above the plain,
Winter fades—the summer comes again,
Over all are the eternal skies.'

Again, in a poem entitled *Genesis*, and opening with the assertion,—

' There was never yet beginning
To the web which we behold,'—

it says, in expressing, as Schiller has done, the same regrets for the fading of creeds, comparing their decay with the longer endurance of the planetary system:—

' Ah ! the fairy heaven of fable
Fades and fades for evermore,
Harp and voice alike unable
Jove's Olympus to restore.

• • • • •
Poet's song and prophet's dreaming,
Pass with all that man has done,
But abides the primal gleaming
Of the children of the sun.'

And after speculating on the inhabitants of the starry regions, and how far they have joys, and sorrows, and *railroads*, like this earth, asks:—

' Does some genius leave the fountain
When their creeds like ours expire ?'

In other parts we have painful allusions to the truths and mysteries of faith travestied and perverted, yet with the assumption of a religious tone and a certain unction which makes it more unpleasing; treating them, it is evident, as *fables*, and myths to be spiritualized: as for example:—

Revere the Church—the good and brave,
The souls that feel, and heads that plan,
And worship at the holy grave
Of the celestial man.

Columnar hills and cloistral shade,
Clouds, rainbows, sunset heavens, shall be
Cathedral, temple, colonnade,
And house of God to thee.

Yet reverence thou the ancient fane;
There *once* man's highest lore was taught.'

The author erects a sort of Pantheon of worthies, who partly constitute and partly contribute towards the new divinity of the Future which he sets up,—Lamennais—'the mysterious woman, so divine and yet so human,' whom we interpret to mean George Sand, Emerson, the American Carlyle, 'a prophet veiled in light,'

our soberer English names of Mill, and Grote, and also M. Conte, 'who half divines how men should dwell.'

'These are our nobles, these our kings,
At whose behest the future springs
From the foreworld's chaotic night,
Gleaming and streaming into light;
Fair child of a dark mother born,
A joyful young and festive morn,
Panoplied, adult, defiant,
Self-sufficing, self-reliant;
A champion that no might avails to quell,
A Spirit that shall live for aye,
A God that cannot pass away.'

Reverberations, 2. 95.

Our readers will perhaps wonder at our bringing before them a work of so directly infidel a character. But there may be use in different worlds of opinion having occasional glimpses of each other. We hope and believe that the world of which Mr. John Chapman is the publisher, is a very small one, and one, too opposed to the practical English mind to have much influence. But this world thinks itself the only enlightened, and speaks with a confidence which is simply amazing to the uninitiated, affording a lesson, we think, against all confidence founded on a private sense of superior judgment or intellect, and deeper insight into things; in whatever school it may be found. It cannot be denied that in the world of literature there is a sympathy with this new Pantheistic school; whether a direct sympathy of aims, or only as welcoming and delighting in something new, in the relaxation of the trammels of custom, we cannot always tell. Poetry, which ought to be the very essence of truth, has always enjoyed a strange impunity, so that men generally are not half so jealous of false opinion or dangerous doctrine in verse as in prose; and many who would shrink from an infidel catechism are pleased with a poem which embodies precisely the same views. Such being the fact, it is consolatory that the poet of the new regime can only make very bad verses when he comes to lay down his Future—that his aims and wishes are not amongst those high thoughts 'that voluntary move harmonious numbers'—as witness the following apotheosis of free trade, with which we will take leave of our author:—

⁴ The worn out poetry of antique times
I fling aside, as gladly as the rock
Throws off the flowering herb it cherish'd once,
In favour of a new and larger growth.
Landlords of gentle birth and noble race,
Stars, ribands, coronets, and pedigrees,
Have had their life-blood drain'd, and ought to die.
Who wisely treats the land shall be to me

True landlord, holding title deeds of God.
 Who makes his life a strenuous gentleness,
 I own a gentleman, and he who reads
 Signs in the planets, and with thoughts of God
 Stands crown'd, as heaven with stars, and chronicles
 The generations of the earth and sky,
 True liege to me, and native nobleman,
 With willing hand and joyful heart I take.
 I speak as one who has been sent by God
 To get a thought on Time's rough anvil forged.
 I dare avow that it is my belief,
 That He whose presence glorified the world
 Gave us the law of progress as of love.
 I therefore take my stand on either law,
 And in the name of progress and of love,
 Would claim the emancipation of all trade.

* * *

I see
 The fairest issues in enfranchised trade,—
 War dispossess of the wise heart of man,
 Virtue above all virtue practised now,
 Law likest nature's ancient ordinance,
 Art over and beyond all art now known,
 And man self-balanced and by love inspired,
 Reading the everlasting Gospel writ
 In earth and sky, and pressing, as he reads,
 His heart to Nature's—Nature's heart to his.'

Reverberations, 2. 82.

Mr. Westwood's pretty poems suffer rather from the size and dignity of the volume in which they are enshrined, which leads to expectations beyond the aim and intention of the writer, whose pretensions take no higher stand than they attain to, and who pleads the pleasure and facility of verse-making as his excuse for being a poet. He sets himself against some of the poetic vices of the age with spirit, in his lines on the mystic and oracular style which now prevails; and there is a tone of brightness and cheerfulness throughout which he is not without the power of imparting to his readers. But his ear has too readily caught the echoes of other minstrels' strains; his very facility—(that stream of easy verse which we feel has cost so little effort) is the result we fear of unconscious imitation, nor do we often meet with a new conception which would have compelled him to the labour of characteristic forcible expression. The following, however, are striking lines, and contain a clear thought vividly expressed:—

‘THE RIPPLE ON THE WATER.

‘There was a ripple on the water's face,
 A ripple on the water of Loch Fyne;
 Bright fell the sunshine, with a sportive grace;
 Sweet sung the throstle from her island shrine.

"Save me, God—save me!" but a moment past,
 Up rose the shriek of frenzied agony;
 From the clear wave, a dying youth aghast
 Glared round, and upward, as he breathed that cry;

'Then sunk, slow-drifting through the unfathom'd space,
 Down to dark burial, 'mid the wild weed's twine.
 So came that ripple on the water's face,

That ripple on the water of Loch Fyne.'—*Westwood's Poems.*

'Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell' are remarkable as being the first efforts of undoubted genius to find some congenial form of expression. The sisters who have equally surprised the world, and shocked their more scrupulous readers in their *debut* as novelists, came before the public first in a volume of poems, which attracted very little attention at the time; nor do we know that the fame of their writings has since brought them into notice; and yet they are not common verses, but show many of the vigorous qualities which have characterized the prose works of the same writers, while they are free, though not without kindred faults, from that unscrupling, unblushing coarseness, which made it hard, in spite of so much internal evidence, to credit that 'Jane Eyre' and above all 'Wuthering Heights' could be from a woman's pen. It is impossible to think of the author of *Jane Eyre*, without perhaps unjust regrets at what must have been the faults of early training or adverse circumstances, which could have warped and obscured the whole moral views of so clear, powerful, and sympathising a mind,—which could set it at permanent war with the common proprieties of life, and give her such bitter impressions of the tyranny of society over her own sex, a tyranny which she would teach them to escape from, by an abandonment of those reserves, that delicacy, which are the charm as well as the safeguard of purity of mind. We conceive, we know not how fairly, that she must have been the victim of early misconstruction, of harsh and injurious treatment, to have retained such lasting exasperation of spirit; that the experience of the three sisters must have thrown them among men more than commonly selfish, overbearing, and debased, to give them such impressions of woman's evil fate among them; and indeed their works have throughout vague hints of a certain brutal monstrous oppression, from which women have suffered and died. But we are aware that it is neither safe nor reasonable to form such imaginary excuses for positive errors. All have to bear some of this world's trials; many have borne whatever amount of disappointment, weariness, and uncongenial labour may have pressed upon these sisters, and in their resignation have profited by trials which impatient and rebellious spirits

have struggled and beat against in impotent resistance. The poems are characterized by this sense of wrong; of woman's sufferings under her tyrant, beginning in the person of Pilate's wife, who is represented, while musing on her dream, as revolting with her whole heart from her wicked lord; and carried through the book in allusions, remembrances, visions, and tales all with the same aim. There is a story called 'Gilbert' which is powerfully told. He is haunted by the woman whose love he has betrayed, and pursued by the writer (Curren) with a sort of vengeful vindictive fury, which has something almost personal in it, till he finally blows his brains out, to her evident contentment. The apparition of his victim weltering and sinking through the ocean waves, is described with a very vivid imagination. This author does not shrink from depicting the pangs of unrequited love as one of the woes of her sex; and that with so realizing a hand, that what might seem maudlin and ridiculous under other treatment, has with her the dignity at least of real sorrow. We do not know how far this is a thing to be remedied by any reconstruction of society, but we recollect that in 'Shirley' she makes her Caroline very nearly make the offer, and make all the love throughout the courtship. But throughout (the so-called) Curren Bell's verses, with a great deal of feeling, vigour, and some imagination, we see that verse is not her natural element; her thoughts do not gain much by this dress; there is a want of sweetness and harmony, and the harshness and bitterness of the thoughts too often accounts for the deficiency. We extract the following verses by Ellis Bell, as more pleasing from their subject. We know not whether our readers will enter into our feeling of real pleasure and admiration for these lines, which seem to us to possess that eloquence which is the garb of true emotion: we cannot doubt that it is a real remembrance and a true circumstance. The alliterations and repetitions, whether accidental or by design, and the apparent disregard of rules, greatly assist the impetuosity; as of a mind giving way to a rush of thought in which it was commonly forbidden to indulge, and delighting in the mere repetition of the same idea in the same words. It is written in the proper condition for composition,—the memory, that is, dwelling upon *past* emotions, and delighting to express them with fervour and vehemence, seeking the indulgence of adequate expression:—

‘ REMEMBRANCE.

‘Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee,
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave!
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,
Sever'd at last by Time's all-severing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more?

Cold on the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
From those brown hills have melted into spring :
Faithful indeed is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering !

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along ;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong

No later light has lighten'd up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me ;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But when the days of golden dreams had perish'd,
And even Despair was powerless to destroy,
Then did I learn how existence should be cherish'd,
Strengthen'd and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion—
Wean'd my young soul from yearning after thine ;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain ;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again?—*Ellis Bell*, p. 31.

The following lines we must suppose to be descriptive of the same event—the death of the lover who is so long mourned. The opening passion of rebellious grief is in character with the writer. We do not extract it for admiration, but as a genuine transcript of a certain stage of undisciplined feeling. The reader must observe the change to the trochaic measure when the narrative begins :—

A DEATH-SCENE.

“ O Day ! he cannot die
When thou so fair art shining !
O Sun, in such a glorious sky,
So tranquilly declining ;

“ He cannot leave thee now,
While fresh west winds are blowing,
And all around his youthful brow
Thy cheerful light is glowing !

“ Edward, awake, awake—
The golden evening gleams
Warm and bright on Arden's lake—
Arouse thee from thy dreams !

"Beside thee, on my knee,
My dearest friend! I pray
That thou to cross the eternal sea
Wouldst yet one hour delay :

"I hear its billows roar—
I see them foaming high ;
But no glimpse of a further shore
Has blest my straining eye.

"Believe not what they urge
Of Eden isles beyond ;
Turn back from that tempestuous surge
To thy own native land.

"It is not death, but pain,
That struggles in thy breast—
Nay, rally, Edward, rouse again,
I cannot let thee rest!"

One long look that sore reproved me
For the woe I could not bear,
One mute look of suffering moved me
To repent my useless prayer.

And with sudden check, the heaving
Of distraction pass'd away ;
Not a sign of further grieving
Stirr'd my soul that awful day.

Paled, at length, the sweet sun setting ;
Sunk to peace the twilight breeze ;
Summer dews fell softly, wetting
Glen and glade, and silent trees.

Then his eyes began to weary,
Weigh'd beneath a mortal sleep ;
And their orbs grew strangely dreary,
Clouded, even as they would weep.

But they wept not, but they changed not,
Never moved, and never closed ;
Troubled still, and still they ranged not—
Wander'd not, nor yet reposed !

So I knew that he was dying—
Stoop'd and raised his languid head ;
Felt no breath, and heard no sighing,
So I knew that he was dead."—*Ellis Bell*, p. 40.

We believe there is great truth in this description of the eyes of the dying, the fruit, no doubt, of actual observation quickened by earnest feeling and sympathy. Whatever value this volume possesses is from the impress it leaves of this actual experience as opposed to the wider range of poets by profession, whose vocation it is to *imagine*, and who, unless their imagination is in a very vivid and active state indeed, must fall into mannerism and often describe things of which we are all judges, by symbols rather than by severe truth and nature. Many of the poems

are poor, especially those by Acton Bell. There is sympathy with doubt and that form of worldliness which consists in preferring worldly to heavenly affections, which is sometimes carried to an extreme length, as in the poem called 'Apostasy,' by Currer, where the author evidently goes along with the speaker to the point of admiration, if not of positive approbation, of this very shocking sentiment.

'Talk not of thy Last Sacrament,
Tell not thy beads for me;
Both rite and prayer are vainly spent
As dews upon the sea.
Speak not one word of Heaven above,
Rave not of Hell's alarms;
Give me but back my Walter's love;
Restore me to his arms!
Then will the bliss of Heaven be won,
Then will Hell shrink away,
As I have seen night's terrors shun
The conquering steps of day.
'Tis my religion thus to love,
My creed thus fix'd to be,—
Not death shall shake, nor priestcraft break
My rock-like constancy! —*Currer Bell*, p. 147.

The love of nature which characterises Currer Bell's prose works pervades the whole of the present volume, but we have space for no more extracts; our article has already run to a length which in these times of stirring interests, and of subjects of all-pervading importance, may be thought unreasonable.

One deduction we think may be drawn from the review we have taken of the recent minor poetry, simply as poetry, which is, that those licences in morals, those errors in belief, that absence of reverence leading to unlawful or unprofitable speculation, which should all be first viewed in their moral aspect, and reprobated on that ground mainly, have yet their mischiefs as points of mere taste, as disturbing and violating the best rules and laws of composition. They are found to disturb and pervert the imagination as much as they dull the conscience; they interfere with the proportionate development of the intellect as much as every moral failing must affect the soul and character; they mar the pleasure of the intelligent reader as much as they wound his religious sensibilities. We think it is clear that in so far as these writers had been humbler, purer, of a more submissive faith, they would have been better poets, though perhaps less showy writers; truer to nature, more open to her influences, possessed of a more genuine pathos, a more intimate sympathy; that in aiming at less they would have attained to more; that in humbling the pride of unchastened thought and intellect which has now led them astray, they

would have been exalted to heights which they can never now attain. The great law of moderation which an apostle has prescribed for our moral guidance should have equally its place in the direction of the understanding and imagination. This law cannot be outraged without lasting injury to their free growth and action. It cannot be uniformly disregarded for the sake of startling effects and ambitious displays, such as we have witnessed, without a permanent loss of real power.

ART. IV.—*England as it is, political, social, and industrial, in the middle of the nineteenth century.* By WILLIAM JOHNSTON, Esq., Barrister at Law. London: Murray. 1851.

IT is natural to pause for contemplation when we have arrived at the middle point of a journey, be it of space or of time, be we engaged in any labour or be we carried along by the stream of events. The human mind loves comparisons, and by the measure of what is passed it forms conjectures as to the future. As we pass each milestone in a walk or each station of a railway, we think of the distance already traversed, and gather thence a definite conception of what remains before we arrive at the end. There is much satisfaction in looking upon what is done, inasmuch as it gives a good assurance of ability to finish, and is itself productive of complacency. This pleasure of comparison is peculiarly taking in mid career, every faculty of reflection and prospective energy is then at its height, we have in one sense done what we have to do, we have fairly grasped the whole. The sun itself would seem to pause after ascending from the eastern horizon before it commences its descent; the same may be said of every missile that we send into the air. The comet hurries into far regions and hurries back again, perhaps after several generations of men have passed away; but midway in this long journey we can trace it almost still, resting for a time to think of what is past and what is to come. In obedience to this law of nature, man rests at noon-day from the labours of the field, and measures the work he has to do by what is already imprinted on the pages of time; and in like manner if we have reached the middle page of some literary production, which does not absorb us beyond the influence of ordinary rules, we feel a pleasurable anticipation that the end may at length arrive.

We are now in the middle of the nineteenth century, and it well behoves us seriously to contemplate the past and the future of a period that has already arrogated to itself no small share of historical importance, be it justly or unjustly. We are disposed to think the present century an eventful one, and that there is much truth in the character affixed to it in popular estimation; not but that all centuries are eventful, and that the constitution of the world is such, that one hundred years as naturally produce events and changes as any one thing produces another in terrestrial laws. Still there is a peculiar importance in our own change of habits and politics which should not be diminished, with reference to ourselves, by that distant view of history

which mingles the whole world into a busy scene the details of which concern us not. The nineteenth century is at any rate important enough to ourselves to make it an instructive employment, and full of interest, to look back upon the first half and forward to the last. A favourable symptom of our present condition is a general striving after the knowledge of oneself. There is an impartial spirit of inquiry abroad, which hesitates not to say enough things about ourselves. That smooth tongued laudation of the British constitution, with a little seasoning of the accompanying lion and the bravery of our national character, is now about as extinct as knight-errantry after Don Quixote was written, or as the Blair school of pulpit oratory that synchronized with it. We are content to see faults, and let us hope to remedy them. But still there is a boastful temperament among us, which wants a certain correction that can best be expressed by the term 'snubbing.' The commercial physical element is rather uppermost,—as much so in our hereditary house of parliament as in the Manchester school; for by it we do not mean a love of progress, the offspring of energy, mental and bodily, but we mean a love of mammon and a blindness to unseen agents. Selfishness, and a trust in physical things as containing a finality, are dominant just now, and cry aloud for a handful of dust to quash the beehive tumult that they are making. Whether this may proceed from the weapons of ridicule, or from sterner teaching, we pretend not to say; but we partly foresee a dose of the former in store for some of our national failings, though a severer chastisement may also come upon us for sins deeply implanted in us. Without using any terms that may attach our meaning to certain conventional schools, we may yet assert, that an importance is given to small, incomplete, and narrow-minded details of physical comfort which in some minds converts the monster advertising show-room, about to open in Hyde Park, into a crisis of sublunary things. A distinguished person, to whoseceptive powers the exhibition has been attributed, spoke, if we remember right, of certain great principles of the human mind converging towards a centre at our happy period of time, from whence the rays would diverge as regenerating influences to all blest with subsequent existence. We propose to ourselves a visit, to see what is to be seen at this *point*, which, as it turns out, requires the treatment of a hot-house plant; but we leave the grandiloquent theories alluded to, to be developed as best they may in profounder minds than our own. But meanwhile we are not at all unprepared for some very sensible proof that the whole affair, as the encænia of the world's regeneration, is a kind of pantomime of Babel, the consummation of which in a general dispersion will be a truly acceptable portion of the similitude.

Be this however as it may, be it wise or unwise to bring all the world together that we may commemorate some imagined pre-eminence in our policy, this seems clear, that we are inviting attention to our island throughout all parts of the inhabited earth, which will be shared in by our own countrymen with renewed interest, under the stimulus of notoriety. Many guide-books and maps will point out the physical arrangements under which we live, and the book now before us would seem to be an attempt at describing in a comprehensive form the whole condition of our moral, intellectual, and social being as a nation. On so wide a subject, or rather in treating of so many topics, we can expect nothing but a brief summary, or an imperfect sketch of each branch; and accordingly we are almost surprised now and then in reading the book, at coming to the close of a subject when we had thought the introduction to it hardly over. At other times we are rather overpowered with extracts from old Quarterly Reviews, articles from the Times newspaper, and other literature, which, however excellent, has not the charm of novelty in a book bearing the date of 1851. It would seem, however, that certain works have a run for the purposes of quotation, both in speeches and book-writing, which it is in vain to oppose; and Mr. Johnston is not singular, by way of instance, in that eternal reference to Arnold's Life, and to Sydney Smith, with which it is now thought fit to adorn all that every one has to say. This, however, together with a lengthy account of the execution of the Mannings, and a history of Sir Robert Peel, are materials for a political guide-book which it would be cruel to deny the purveyor of *exhibition* readers. It is as well, however, to understand the nature of a book, and in classifying 'England as it is,' we would not say that originality was not its charm. For instance, in discussing the manners of our aristocracy, we have all the old stories of poor Lord Melbourne's free and easy habits, with quotations from Don Juan. Notwithstanding, however, this defect, the book is full of interesting matter, and written in a good spirit. The principles elicited on secular politics, are in favour of protection; while, on religious subjects, they would come under the designation of high-church, with no *tractarian bias*. The combination of free-trade principles with a love of ecclesiastical institutions, meets with especial disapproval.

The statistical information is useful, and clearly arranged for some practical deductions, and as the author commences with this part of his multifarious subject, 'England as it is,' we will follow his example, confining ourselves to such figures only as we may select for our own remarks, bearing on the social condition of all classes.

In the first place, let us inquire how many human beings there are in the United Kingdom, whom we have to feed, to clothe, to regulate, to instruct and preach to. The present population of Great Britain is estimated at about 22,000,000; Ireland will add about 8,000,000 to this number. However exalted our view of the objects of human life may be, we must always start with the consideration of how to feed this gross and carnal body. Hooker remarks, with his accustomed accuracy of discernment, that to live righteously it is in the first place necessary to live. Now bread is called the staff of life, and at the risk of invading tender ground, we must nevertheless inquire boldly how the multitude around us are to be fed with that necessary aliment. Mr. Spackman estimates the quantity of wheat grown in the United Kingdom at 22,000,000 of quarters, which at the present price would be twice that number of pounds sterling, and afford some twenty stone of bread, or as near as may be, a penny loaf a day for every man, woman, and child. The question as to whether this is sufficient may be answered by the fact that the smallest allowance made by most parishes to children for bread is half a stone, or nine-pence a-week instead of seven-pence. It is clear then that we require importation: and this importation amounted in 1849 to 4,500,000 of quarters of wheat, beside Indian-corn: we see, therefore, curiously enough, that the amount imported about fills up the gap that was observed, the two penny loaves a-week that were deficient in a most moderate estimate of what people eat. Are we then to check this convenient influx, and thereby place in jeopardy the concluding meals of each week; or are we to rest contented with our good fortune, that as God has sent us mouths, He also sends bread to put into them? But the agricultural interest,—how are the farmers to get on? Let us see the numerical comparison of agricultural with other interests. It is commonly supposed that the landed interests in their several branches, are far more extensive than any other, but that, from being scattered, and from living in a state of innocent seclusion, these followers of the plough, and these virtuous bucolics allow a few nests of busy manufacturers to govern the world by combined action and restless agitation. In 1841 the agricultural interests, from the owner of the land to the infant child of his labourer, were reckoned at 22 per cent., the commercial being 46, and miscellaneous 32. Agricultural labourers number about 8 per cent. But justice is not to be denied because they are the minority; nevertheless, the fact thus elicited may calm any uneasiness as to a general downfall of society. All interests are blended together, so that a majority will always help up a minority; and it is only when ruin hangs over the general mass, that we need assume a tone of

despair. Is it however clear that the question concerns agricultural labourers? can it justly be said to be their injury? It is pretty well known that the labourer has been but just maintained anyhow; this he can claim under any circumstances, and it is idle after the sufferings of this class in the times of protection, to set them before the world as victims of free-trade. The real persons concerned, are then, the owners and occupiers, for whose sake the actual quantity of bread now consumed is wished to be reduced. It may be necessary to stop the supply from foreign ports, but never can this be done in order to diminish the quantity for consumption; for the more bread we have, the greater may we estimate our prosperity: it is only when land is actually thrown out of cultivation at home, and thereby bread is not produced, that legislative measures can be reasonable, in order to make it worth while to grow corn at home; this being done, not to protect the occupation of a few, but to feed the many. It has yet to be proved, that land will be thus thrown out of cultivation; for supposing the whole class of present tenants to give up their farms, of which we see no signs, there is abundant capital in other hands, which would soon be applied to land on the large farm system, under which it is almost granted, even now, that a farmer can make it answer who is not over rapacious.

The whole question of cheap bread, though often made the watchword of a vulgar outcry, is not to be despised. It is a question that deeply affects the many, and the quantity actually eaten we know to be greater in consequence. The sin of interfering with the allowance of bread, which constitutes the main support of so many, may be seen by the quantity of food actually devoured, in London and its neighbourhood, by those who can afford to buy a stimulating diet. Meat sold in London amounts to about 10,000,000*l.* a year, or 5*l.* a-year for every man, woman, and child. Knowing, then, how many rarely touch animal food, or by no means in the luxuriant proportion of two shillings a-week for each member of a household, how extravagantly must some refresh the body! how awful do we see the difference to be between the food of the rich and of the poor! awful then would be the responsibility of diminishing the supply of the staff of life! Rather than do this, we must, for the sake of the poor, risk an entire change of the occupiers of land, the entire overthrow of the class of small farmers, who, with little capital, expect to live in easy competence. With many exceptions of individual worth, we do not think that the experience of the clergy will warrant their conviction that small farmers are a class for whose sake to sacrifice the daily food of millions. The agricultural labourer is indeed an object of reverential

esteem, from the hardships he can endure with patience, and the dependent position in which he is placed under what is too often the tyranny of parochial authorities. No class is more ignorant than that of small farmers, who have no place in the social world as a guarantee of good manners. These men often have some few labourers entirely at their mercy; for if they give notice to quit, the workhouse is the only alternative, and the tyranny exercised over them is often worthy of another race of mankind. We know of a labourer, and a regular communicant of unblemished character, now approaching the age of three-score and ten, who for twenty years has been working under the constant blasphemies of a most illiberal master, and who now is told by that master with a bitter scoff, 'I have had your marrow, and the devil may have your bones.' We do not mention this as being the type of a class, but as a proof of what may be done, even in this enlightened age; and as a sign that the position of a labourer is not much benefited at present by that enlightenment. The general question of the respective improvement in the physical position of master and man, or of rich and poor, is however a wide one, to consider which we will leave the now past and settled question of small farmers and free trade in corn. It is acknowledged that there has been a frightful disparity, and an increasing one in the great classes of rich and poor during the last half-century, and much of the unsoundness of our boastful talkers rests on the fact, that what they say would be all very well if their physical comforts were really extended; but that the mere addition of a few conveniences to an already comfortable class is not a national regeneration, we would distinctively assert, though a great parade may be effected thereby, if the screen is kept well over the unhappy examples of poverty that remain.

One evil which we think retards the improvement of the labouring classes is that gradual loss of their independent position, as citizens of a common country with the rich, which is always found to creep into a luxurious age. Luxury always tends to virtual slavery. That element of Christian equality which the Church has ever striven to implant has proportionably faded with other distinctive works of the kingdom of heaven visible among us. The Church would teach her members that the distinction of ranks is, in logical phrase, an accident, whereas the world makes it the substance of those who enjoy it. If it is a mere external garment to those who actually wear it, others will rejoice in it equally with the possessor, indeed they will feel it to be their own; in the same way that the clerical office with its external symbols is felt by a faithful congregation to be no invidious distinction, but a common property; all worldly elevation must, in one sense, be likewise ministerial, and

must not assume an inherent superiority as of one who claims some divine attribute; but this is exactly what covetousness, selfishness, and the love of mammon do. They rejoice in throwing off the responsibilities and badges of rank, and sink into an inward complacency, which, under the delusion that they are giving up the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, is the secret instigator of the deepest, the most wounding pride. No one ever feels hurt at the pride of official rank. The most pompous insignia of judicial or royal state are no barrier between him who wears them and him who does not,—they hinder not but rather encourage the free interchange of many common thoughts and common subjects of interest; it is a compliment to yourself that others put on their brightest show for your sake, and you feel that in part it is your own; but that which really wounds the heart's pride is, to see one who at first sight is like yourself, but whom you afterwards discover to be excluded from all common interests with yourself, by the deeper chasm, because a visible barrier is not thought necessary. You see such an one separated from you by a very coldness of heart which freezes all common sympathies. Without being liable to the supposition of a puerile longing for feudal manners, we may yet illustrate our meaning, by a comparison of modern seclusion at meals with the more public system of olden times. The baron and his friends feasting on good things in pomp, at an elevated table before all their dependents, nay, and a few stray wanderers, would not be a sight half so suggestive of envy or so productive of evil passions, as the secluded luxury of modern life, but dimly guessed at by the profane vulgar, through steaming areas, and a chance ray from an illuminated interior. The Lord Mayor in state excites not half that feeling of distance between himself and the civic outcast, as the secretly devoured turtle at the Alderman's suburban villa. But those who fare sumptuously every day, and thereby learn by habit to place great reliance on their physical comforts, do they, numerous as they are at the present day, at all estimate the peculiar privilege they enjoy; do they contrast their lot with the far greater numbers who are more like Lazarus? Surely there ought always to be some feeling of uneasiness in the quiet indulgence of luxury, as if having one thing, we might lack another; as if by thus being isolated from the common lot of hardship, we may also be isolated from many common feelings with the outer world which are essential to one who is of a family that owns for its members, with an equally loving heart, the rich and the poor, the full and the hungry. A thankful enjoyment of good things, after an offering, in some form or other, in proof of your gratitude, is the gift of God; but without this thank-offering of charity to the

poor, surely a very imperfect knowledge of the philosophy of human nature would be enough to create some lurking suspicion that we were feasting, as it were, over a mine of gunpowder, were somehow or other aggravating certain evil passions in the heart of those destitute of what we enjoy, which sooner or later would burst forth.

We would now, however, speak of a great tendency of modern times to uncitizenize (if there is such a word) the poor, through the system of taxation adopted. As the same tendency is most prejudicial to our morality as a nation, we will explain a certain theory of taxation, and without committing ourselves either to it or to the task of preparing a budget for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, nevertheless suggest whether such a theory could not be more or less considered, and in fact whether some of the popular outcries of the day are not a confused expression of the evils growing upon us by its neglect.

Taxation is acknowledged to be necessary; we must have taxes. Now, if a thing is necessary, it is the part of a philosophical mind to do it or receive it with a good grace. If we respect ourselves, and have any regard for human nature, we are unwilling to stamp its primary and well-regulated necessities as odious. Taxation, therefore, ought not to be branded as an evil, for we thus add to ourselves insult to injury. The injury of emptying our pockets is essential, why then add the pang of having taxes collected, as if we were ashamed of paying them? If we do pay them, let it be in a manner to give ourselves the satisfaction of feeling that we are thereby members of a body politic, citizens of the state. Let taxes be the honest and open offerings out of the best that we have toward the maintenance of peace and order, which will be more highly prized if we feel that we have paid for them. Let all pay their share in a direct way, and consider it a privilege that they do so; let them feel that they have a good bargain,—that the return they receive is a good recompense for what they pay. This may sound ideal, but we think it may be reconciled with practicability, easier than might at first be imagined. It is a popular notion, which has an apparent justice in it, that out of nothing you can get nothing; and that if you want money, you must go to where it is, that is, to people that have it. This is more true in the abstract than in its application to our system of taxing. What is wealth? for to this we must go for money. It is not gold, or current specie, or any conventional representative of its real substance; it is *the development of nature by the labour of man*. He is the producer of wealth who labours thus to develop nature, to bring out from her those stores which are useful to man,—those things which give health, strength, comfort, and beauty, to his condi-

tion. It is fit, therefore, that we go to him for the desired object of contributions towards good order and security. Nothing can be more obvious than this in a primitive state of society, where landed property is not recognised; and accordingly we find a poll-tax on men of an age to work, to have been the original source of income to the governing powers. Under the first kings of Rome the tribute was equally on each person, and it was only on the expulsion of the kings that the poor were relieved from taxes. It is, therefore, the natural disposition of a luxurious age to deceive the poor into a belief that they do not pay tax, and thereby to deprive them of many rights, though, strange to say, the poor are always worse off where they do not pay taxes than where they do. One tendency of the principle is now developing itself in our parochial law, to which we have never seen attention drawn, but the consequences of which may, we think, some day appear to the injury of the Church. Hitherto parochial rates have been levied from the occupiers of every house; but now it is open to a parish to adopt the system of the rates being paid by the owners. This is supposed to be a relief to the poor, and they hail it as such, for they do not like being called on for frequent payment of small sums. But look to the consequence. Hitherto every cottager, as a ratepayer, had a vote at vestry meetings, and in case of a poll for church rate, could support the church; but now, where the other system is adopted, the church will be found at the mercy of a small clique of self-sufficient proprietors, in fact, to the vestry, without any appeal to a larger body outside, more under the influence of the clergy. The poor will have lost their parochial rights, and all the benefit to them will be, that what they hitherto paid to the overseer, an act often productive of an honest pride, now they will pay as an addition to their rent,—for cottage proprietors are not likely to omit this item out of their calculations.

But to return to a larger sphere of taxation; we say it is a delusion to pretend that we do not tax the poor. Labour is the thing to be taxed, for it is the production itself of wealth, and therefore must pay all liabilities for its protection. Wealth is of no use without being used through the means of labour; therefore by taxing labour we tax wealth. Those who have property must employ labourers, and those labourers must be fed and clothed. Therefore, if they have to pay tax their wages must be proportional, and they may then have certain rights as contributors to the common fund. Take the case either of a farmer or a manufacturer with capital, but of penurious habits. That man benefits by the present low and slavish system of wages, but also he escapes all taxes on luxury; therefore he does not pay his share at all. But if labour was taxed, wages

would be higher, and he could not thus avoid paying his due. The rule is so completely acted upon now of giving the common workman just enough to keep him, that so long as he must be maintained, the less employers say about oppressing the poor, the better for their own credit. How this equal taxation, from all of an age to labour, is to be managed, we are not bound to state, but we do not see that it is utterly impracticable as a principle to be aimed at. It would require an amalgamation of the poor law with the executive government, to which we see no objection, for the original independence of the poor law was on the supposition of it being connected with the Church, but now after the establishment of unions the whole system hangs like Mahomet's coffin, without any definite *locus standi*. It is, indeed, palpably a most imperfect evanescent idea, which cannot but soon fall, from want of innate stability, as soon as its founders cease to prop it up. The unions as they exist are responsible for the maintenance of all in their limits; why not then be responsible for a contribution to government in addition? But it will be said, money in the funds will thus escape all taxation. The system, however, of government loans is beside the question. They must not interfere with just modes of government, for they are agreements as it were, external to all other arrangements, and if any sweeping change of taxation was adopted which would relieve fundholders without imposing fresh burdens on them, it is an obvious way of settling the question to change 3 per cents. into a lower rate of interest corresponding with the benefit received. The same principle would apply to voluntary payments by the public to professional men. But then the difficulty of foreign trade presents itself, and much adaptation of the primitive laws of taxation would no doubt be necessary to reconcile the theory with practicability. On these conditions, however, though on no other, it might be possible to place a fixed duty on all imported articles of labour, to correspond with the labour duty of the English subject. It would then be for the purpose of revenue, and not a peculiar privilege of protection to one class of our own countrymen. If labour, as the fountain of all wealth, should pay its contributions to the commonwealth from the fountain-head, it would follow of course, that all the productions of foreign labour used by ourselves should pay their share. Labour would be surely sweetened by the political importance given to it, in its acknowledgment as the basis of all wealth. The civil rights of all who labour would thus be recognised, whereas now the fruits of their labour are given to another who claims all the benefits of it as if they were his own.

The enormous convulsion which the adoption of such a sys-

tem as we have been speaking of would produce, and the impossibility of its being carried out in its completeness, must be our excuse for a certain rashness in promulgating them, for the responsibility we do not feel to be great nor the necessity very urgent to reconcile all difficulties ; but the evils of the present system we would call to the attention of all who think we are floating on an easy and prosperous course in the history of the world's nations. The great ruling principle of taxation is to tax luxury, the evil of which is that we depend on luxury for our existence as a nation ; we are hindered from any attempt to check luxury, we receive ill-gotten gains into the national treasury, and we undermine the fountain of all wealth by the encouragement of an enervating course of life. We draw from a bank supported by luxury and extravagance rather than by honest labour. But what are the facts in confirmation of this statement ; the total revenue of the State for the year 1849 was 52,000,000*l.* ; of this sum, the malt-tax was five millions, (we omit the odd numbers,) the tax on home and foreign spirits, seven and a half millions ; on tobacco four and a half millions ; on tea, five and a half millions : these sums, with two millions on foreign wine and the amount paid in licences for public-houses, make full one-half of the fifty-two millions to be taxes derived from stimulants ; we condemn not the use of stimulants, but we think it unchristian to profit as a nation by the excessive use of them. Drunkenness is the besetting sin of the English people, why then make the drunkard his country's benefactor in every glass of gin which he consumes ? Would it not be better to collect the necessary taxes in an honest and open manner, rather than lie in wait for the tipsy moments of our victim, and drug him with vile stimulants that he may be unconscious we are picking his pocket. Did the Mosaic Law thus collect tribute, or is such the church's ideal source of revenue ? Tithes and offerings are of the fairest fruits of the earth, given with thankfulness, and often at the moment of greatest religious solemnity. Why then should the state be dependent on the weakness and frailty of its members for its necessary revenue, rather than on the best energies of labour or of fortune ?

But it may be said that taxing luxuries is a means of suppressing their excessive use. These means of accomplishing two ends at the same time are often unsound in principle, and we suspect such is the case here. Apply the rule to a smaller sphere than a nation's coffers ; suppose a club to pay its ordinary expenses, not by a fair contribution from each member according to the benefits received, but by a system of fines on irregularity. The virtuous in this case would be justly suspected of any hearty desire to improve the character of the club, for

their interest would be too much imperilled : they would not be independent to pass rules of good order, for the primary object of preserving good order. With regard to stimulants, as far as they are necessary and allowable, why make them expensive? why embitter the moments of honest recreation or refreshment by the thought that, owing to some puritanical law, he is fined for every offence of unbending the sternest severity of manners? Would it not be gracious to let a man pay his tax as an immediate reduction from the profits of labour, and as part of the business of the day, that in his seasons of amusement he may enjoy earth's bounty untaxed, with an open and free hand? With regard, however, to the danger of an intemperate use of stimulants, and the necessity of high prices on this account, the effect we cannot but think more than counterbalanced by the utter impossibility under the present system, of really discouraging energetically the excessive use of stimulants. We are dependent on drunkenness and cannot afford to be sober, yet drunkenness is the mother of want, while sobriety conduces to wealth. A rottenness surely is apparent in this statement, which, in spite of all specious arguments, must show itself in the practical working of the law. The evil of beer-houses is beyond all estimation; they are the centre of all that is wicked in every locality, especially in seaport towns. The Magistrates, however, in such places are, according to evidence given before a committee of the House of Lords, often too much under the brewery influence to take any measures for their good order. We will not offend our readers with the details of Gosport, given by Mr. Johnston, but we would ask whether the omnipotence of vice may not tie the arms of a nation's law as well as the interests of one town. We shall never be free to meet the vice of drunkenness till we can shake off the trammels of its bribery: we make it a coveted and an honoured pleasure by accepting with greedy hands all that is offered at the shrine of Bacchus. Let us be in a position really to make drunkenness, and a selfish indulgence in all stimulants, odious, and then we may hope to check their influence, then we may punish those who exceed, by exposure to universal contempt, instead of investing the whole publican interest, brewer, landlord, bar, and all, with almost an official importance, from the necessity of their contributions to the public revenue. The system of direct taxation by some modification of a poll-tax, we have suggested as a substitute for the taxation of stimulants, only on the supposition that such a plan would ultimately be the surest means of getting at property; but of course, as far as the principal object of shaking off our dependence on luxurious and intemperate habits is concerned, any other mode of taxing property

would be efficacious ; but again we would express our conviction, before closing this fiscal dissertation, that if, in real truth, labour must pay taxes, as no one can deny is the case, let those who thus labour enjoy the social and civic dignity of feeling that they contribute towards the commonwealth, and are therefore true members of it.

But whether or not the evils of our social condition are partly attributable to our system of taxation, as being that of a declining and luxurious age, those evils nevertheless demand the most serious attention of all who wish well to their country. It is universally acknowledged that the difference between rich and poor has widened of late years ; that while enormous fortunes have accumulated to individuals beyond all former experience, the condition of the labourer is not benefited ; he still lives, and no more can be said of him. The English labourer is accused of want of ambition, of low views and extravagant habits. This is true ; he has not generally a sufficient desire to acquire some property ; he is content to leave the future to chance, and spends whatever little he has to spare on sensual gratifications. This may often be seen to the distressing neglect of home necessities, but also in a more deliberate manner among those who provide all that is needful for their family, and then with the consciousness of a surplus in their pockets, to be expended according to their own will and pleasure, use it week after week in a regular debauch. A comparison in this respect between English and French workmen is afforded us by Mr. Chance, of the large glass-works near Birmingham, who unites extensive mercantile experience with talents and powers of a more general nature :—

“A few years ago we brought over 40 Frenchmen to teach our men a particular process in our manufacture. They have now nearly all returned. We found them very steady, quiet, temperate men. They earned good wages, and saved while they were with us a good deal of money. We have had as much as 1,500*l.* at a time in our hands belonging to these men, which we transmitted to France for them. One of them, who sometimes earns as much as 7*l.* a-week, has saved in our service not much short of 4,000*l.*¹ He is with us now. He is a glass-blower. We have about 1,400 men in our employ (in the glass-blowing and alkali works) when trade is in a good state. I am sorry to say that the contrast between them and the Frenchmen was very marked in many respects, *especially in that of forethought and economy*. I do not think that, while we had in our hands the large sum mentioned above as the savings of the Frenchmen at one time, we have had at the same time 5*l.* belonging to our own people. They generally spend their money as fast as they get it.”

‘I should hope it would be scarcely possible for any one in any rank of life connected with South Staffordshire to read this statement without a feeling of humiliation. Forty French labourers come over, and by honest

¹ ‘This seems rather an incredible sum : perhaps it should be four hundred.’

industry, reasonable economy, and conduct becoming them as men and as Christians, save in a few years what may place them in circumstances of comfort for the rest of their lives. During the same time 1,400 Englishmen by their side, earning high wages, live a life of sensuality, and are as poor and discontented at the end of that period as at the beginning. I conversed with a few of the Frenchmen remaining, whom I saw at their work; their manner and mode of expressing themselves formed a contrast with those of the generality of English labourers, and, judging from the expressions of one of them, their appreciation of the state of society around them in their own class was such as might be expected from men who felt themselves above it.—Vol. ii. pp. 335, 336.

Mr. Johnston appends to this the following remarks:—

‘These are very striking facts; and though I cannot help feeling a little incredulous about the extent of the Frenchmen’s savings, yet I have no doubt that in general they are more thrifty, more sober, and more provident than English workmen are. Whether the legal provision for the poor have, or have not, anything to do with this absence of saving habits on the part of English workpeople, it is certain that it interposes a shield between these spendthrifts and that absolute destitution, the dread of which would perhaps make them more careful. A recent writer on the comparative state of the working people abroad and at home, has put forward the theory that the British workman is improvident from want of opportunity to become an independent proprietor by means of his savings. I do not think the effect is produced so much by want of opportunity as want of ambition or taste for proprietorship. The Frenchman or German certainly has that ambition, and practises great self-denial (for which he deserves great praise) to attain his object. What might be the result of making land more easily purchaseable in small quantities, I cannot pretend to determine; but at present not one English labourer in a thousand, or one skilled handicraftsman in fifty, ever dreams of proprietorship. To live on wages, and to eat and drink of the best these wages will afford, is all the personal independence to which he aspires. He is so accustomed to look up to proprietorship upon a grand scale, that his feeling with regard to small proprietorship is not that of envy, but of contempt. This is fortunate for employers; and perhaps among the many causes which conspire to make England so great in manufactures and commerce, not one of the least is the patience and willingness with which multitudes of men, from their early years to their old age, go on working for various masters, without the ambition to be proprietors, or to work only for themselves.’—Vol. ii. pp. 336, 337.

If such, however, is the case of our workmen, are we to rest satisfied that it is a healthy moral state, and therefore a sound political one? Let us look into the progressive stages of thought and opinion that are all this time making their way in the English workman’s mind, chiefly in manufacturing towns, but as surely, though more slowly, in the younger generations of agricultural labourers. Week after week there are newspapers distilling into the workman’s mind one confused idea that he is an injured creature, confused in detail, but clear and definite in its final result. The beer-shop organization pours a discontented thought into every pot of beer, and each man who drinks it, does so, like Eve with regard to the forbidden fruit, because together with the carnal pleasure there is an idea that he is

imbibing some knowledge of good and evil in the science of political economy. The effect of all this is not sudden—it does not burst out as among the *ouvriers* of Paris, in slaughter and barricades—but we think no less of it for this reason. Men will talk sensibly and reasonably, but the conviction that they are oppressed still remains, the effect of which general feeling is almost more painful in those who say nothing about it, than in those who do. To these minds it is an awfully practical argument against religion; they will identify social rights with religion. There are gloomy men who work hard, eat bread and sleep, but the only idea which can be drawn from them is, that having nothing but bread to eat, they are excluded from all high tastes and feelings, which they identify with animal food, and among others from religion. There are saint-like tempers in their class who rise far above all such temptations, but the admirable beauty of the characters who do this, is only the preater proof of the absorbing power of discontent, thus only to be overcome by great perfection in goodness. The deceptive notions which some gather of the condition of the poor is well described by Mr. Bennett, in the following extract from his pamphlet on ‘Crime and Education:’ would that he remained to act accordingly, in that field of labour he had marked out to himself for life:—

“The wealthy and the great see no danger. Men walk in Grosvenor-square, and cannot believe there is poverty—converse with shopmen in Bond-street, and cannot understand how the lower orders can be ignorant—cherish little dame schools as pet amusements on their estates in the country, and smile with incredulity when, in remembrance of the innocence which dwells around their own doors, they are told of vice, profaneness, and heathenism in happy England. Alas! it is the superficial acquaintance with the things that are going on around them that will prove their ruin. The complacent and self-satisfied air with which they look upon the little good that they do in a contracted sphere, cheats them into a belief that therein is to be found a representation of the whole country. The hereditary landlord of vast territorial possessions, as well as the wealthy capitalists in the funds; the fox-hunting squire, and the city merchant; the noble lord of the House of Peers, and the little shopkeeper in the country town turning his honest penny at the counter—all of them are equally asleep, in a self-satisfied idea that the education of the people is abundant, that we have done all that is necessary, and that he who attempts to do more in the way of teaching than is now done will only do injury, not benefit, by raising the lower orders to their own level, and so destroy the necessary variations of society. Thus many might be mentioned, if it were decorous to give names, who, having once made a standing order to their banker to pay a certain sum for the support of schools, wash their hands for ever of the subject of education. They treat it as a thing of a guinea subscription, rather than as a principle affecting the well-being of the country. Their vision is bounded by the local wants of their parish or their estate, and they cannot imagine that there is a national want which must be met by a national supply. Such persons we meet daily in society. Their narrow minds seem to have no idea of the grasp of this great subject.

They smile at the comments which the clergy make when speaking in sermons of the spiritual destitution of the people; they turn aside with loathing and vexation at the very sound of a school for the poor. And yet these are the men who serve upon grand juries at the assizes, and bring in true bills against poachers, felons, and murderers; or, as magistrates, levy a county-rate for the lunatic asylum or the gaol, or as legislators sit in the House of Commons and vote away thousands of the nation's money for poor-law commissioners, not seeing that half such expenditure bestowed upon education would save their labour and their time, and produce a happier and a better people."—Vol. i. pp. 139—141.

The means of elevating the moral condition of the poor is made the cry of every one who has a hobby to please; perhaps there is truth in all, but the question is so intermingled with every part of our constitution, both in church and state, that it may be considered rather the thermometer of our general healthiness, than a subject in any way distinct from our whole existence as a people. To every particular means suggested there are the usual *pros* and *cons*, the usual advantages and disadvantages, uses and abuses that pertain to all practical things. Education, for instance, is undoubtedly an abstract good; moreover, all who bring children to the church's baptism take a solemn vow to see that that child has a certain amount of education given to it; but if we were fairly asked, as a political question, whether education had done most good or harm, we should find it difficult to answer on ordinary grounds. In a religious point of view, the fact that education is a primary duty, and a conviction that the spiritual advantage of a few is to be preferred before any system which endangers it, would not allow us to hesitate a moment as to the incalculable benefit of education. But that much civil disorder is the consequence of it, and will be more so, we can hardly blind ourselves to disbelieve. Analogy however from Scripture, and from nature too, would teach us to run all hazards of injury to the many in promoting the good of the few. What terrible destructions have ever formed a margin round the historical picture of God's chosen people. One family was developed and protected at the cost of wholesale annihilation to all around, and terrible pruning of the unworthy branches of the chosen. The Christian church in like manner has ever shone forth as a bright star in a darkened heaven. Again, what is the ordinary system of nature in the reproduction of created things? Is every seed or every spawn reared up according to a certain equal share of happiness? On the contrary, the necessary evil of decay that mingles with the earth's condition and prevents the full development of all her powers, is met as a general rule by the wholesale sacrifice of swarms and millions, that a few may come to the greater perfection. It is to defeat the waste of nature that all man's

labour is devoted in the care of some few herbs and other things necessary for his support. As a means, therefore, of bringing forth a divine blessing through those few who, having received education as their Christian right, are thereby enabled to be Christ's faithful soldiers and servants in a higher calling than, without such knowledge as in different spheres can meet the world, they could be,—as a means of doing this we would accept education to its greatest perfection and its widest extent even at the risk of untold harm in its abuse. We are confident that in the end good will prevail, but according to the arguments often produced of its immediate civilizing effect on all, we have more than doubts of any direct influence to the bettering of our social state. Everything that improves our condition brings in new temptations; every development of natural powers increases our opportunity either for good or harm. Much disappointment, therefore, will be experienced by those who imagine we have only to educate children in order to find ourselves surrounded by good citizens.

The relative condition of rich and poor depends on many items of our policy, social and political; two things, however, may be taken as sure axioms,—first, that moral improvement is as closely linked with physical, as the soul with the body; and secondly, that improvement in both these is to be looked for according to the ordinary laws, whereby from the beginning of the world, influence has spread from man to man.

Let us illustrate these truths as they apply to our present purpose. As to the connexion between moral and physical improvement, we see plainly that the middle classes, inasmuch as they live better, and have more social responsibilities upon them, are better conducted in morals, and take more interest in the stability of their country than the poorest. In some respects the middle classes are lamentably deficient, but this is the fault of wider influence, which has rather to do with the standard itself of moral excellence that practically is acknowledged, than with the general obedience of a class to it. According to the acknowledged standard of faith and morals (deficient as that is), the middle classes are better ordered than the lowest; though, for the highest development of some Christian virtues, we would look rather for instances among the poor. From this we would conclude that, as a political question of advancing the general improvement of the poorer classes, a certain civil responsibility, with better diet, would much promote decency of manners. In a metaphysical point of view, we are inclined to think that meat and drink are too much omitted in the theory of philosophers. Practically we give this subject its full importance in the management of ourselves, but when we come to theorize about

human nature, we are not consistent in the conclusions we draw from experience; we then have sentimental views of mind, as being more excellent than matter. Now the body itself perhaps we do not despise, but we refer to a further realization of our material nature, than the structure of our animal frame, as it exists at any given time. The change of our bodily substance is so rapid, from its constant need of refreshment, that we cannot look on a man as in any sense a *finality*, unless we include in the very idea of his existence a supply, at any rate for some short time, of meat and drink. The transition between the substances that are about to form a man's body, and those that actually do so at any precise time, is so gradual,—and again, the short abiding of those substances in our frame, so obvious,—that we can draw no exact line of division, but must allow some portion of man's glory, whatever that be, to overshadow the chosen viands that are on their road to form his very flesh and blood. Thus we bless and sanctify our meat and drink, and the most awful symbol of our eternal welfare, is that of a feast. It is this truth that casts a sacred character on corn and wine; may we not also perceive a like idea in the selection of those animals for the holy rite of typical sacrifice, which are commonly used for food? How forcibly, again, does the imagery of water throughout Scripture, remind us of the holiness belonging to so necessary an article of common use. The very importance of meat and drink as being part of ourselves by anticipation, and therefore sharing our graces, is strongly brought in through the Christian observance of fasting. If we place ourselves under a voluntary sadness for purposes of repentance, a like cloud hangs over our table as if in natural sympathy: as the body is subdued by the voluntary exertion of mind, so is that which is to become body both scant and sad; 'with bitter herbs shall ye eat it.'

But it is in the pages of Holy Writ that we see more strongly brought out than in any human writers, a certain connexion between our moral state in the sight of God, and meat and drink. In the Old Testament this identity is shown in the abundance of all good things showered down upon the favourites of heaven. The patriarchs had sheep and oxen in numbers proportioned to their greatness before God. The catalogue of wealth in articles of food is often given, as we would rehearse a list of hereditary honours, for the purpose of making the owner of them a great man in sacred history. In Job we see the extremes of abundance and want to contrast the undisturbed will of God on his servants, with the interference of the devil to our hurt. He was great whilst he had plenty to eat, but he suffered want when God allowed him to be under a temporary withdrawal of the true purposes of his life. Solomon is a

striking instance of the abundance of a man's table being one great token of God's favour. The king's meat is described at length for each day, as if it shared in the overflowings of heaven's grace. The same idea is equally apparent in the New Testament, though transferred in part from things temporal to things eternal. In the very duty of self-denial we have an acknowledgment of the principle, applied however to a dispensation of present poverty, for the sake of future abundance after a spiritual manner.

Profane writers develop the sacredness of meat and drink, much, we think, in proportion to the soundness of their philosophy. Sentimental novelists make human nature beautiful, but the heroes and heroines are too much of finalities as there pictured; they change not by eating and drinking,—they cast no hallowed light before them on the gifts of nature about to be incorporated with themselves,—they are not identified with their victuals; but look to Homer for heroes that eat and drink as an essential part of an heroic character. There is a gleam of philosophy in the sensuality of Falstaff. He identifies the powers of nature in meat and drink (individually he dwells most on the latter) with the whole being of man. 'A good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice, (the tongue) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit.' The second property of excellent sherris is to warm the blood, and 'make it course from the inwards to the part extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, giveth warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who great and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris.' We have heard of an artist who so far from not sufficiently identifying his physical structure with meat and drink, went into the other extreme of forgetting himself, and would write under some fruits of his labour, 'Sherry fecit.'

It may be said that such praises of carnal things consist not with the teaching that a man's life and happiness consist not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth; but the point we now argue for, has no connexion with the duty of self-denial,—it is only to place as it were our bodily nature in a certain physical relation with external things that supply its necessities. All the gospel precepts against worldly things are as much against the present life of man as against his natural support. This argument, therefore, can avail nothing in our present

question, unless we interpret such words as, 'Blessed are ye poor,' to mean that we ought not to help any one out of that distress which we are told is so profitable for him.

Practically, however, we all hold most strong views of the importance of victuals to place a man in his glory and make him complete. What is considered by the world to be the domestic throne, the seat of honour in every house? Is it not the head of the dinner table? Is it not an object of ambition to give dinner parties, and to sit with good things before us? It is thus that social meetings are convened, and that proud moments reward much toil and care. Nothing in England can be done without it, from an idea that, at any other time, a man is acting a character, acting a part in business or in pleasure, but that under the genial presence and influences of meat and drink he develops his whole nature in a far more complete manner. If you want to probe deeper into a man than you are able to manage in the intercourse of business or professional life, you endeavour to place him in the natural attitude of eating and drinking.

To benefit the poor, then, in their moral state, we cannot omit the consideration of diet. To say that a man cannot have Christian feelings without much food, is untrue; but only in that sense in which we acknowledge the virtue of abstinence. Poverty of diet, when compulsory on large classes, is lowering to any complete development of the animal man, and hinders the performance of his best offices in life; it also deadens devotion,—it makes faith shallow, and clips the wings of praise. Voluntary abstinence, from its very nature, is always an exception, whether found in the life of the ascetic, or in temporary deprivations of those living in the world. To improve, therefore, the moral condition of the poor, and to quicken their intellectual or religious sensibilities, it is necessary that we provide for their physical wants. Without this, education will be most imperfect, whatever learning may seem to be instilled into the mind; for the mental powers will not have that bracing faculty which gives method, discipline, and practical effect, to exertions purely intellectual.

The second axiom we laid down, with reference to the improvement of the poorer classes, was that it must be looked for according to ordinary rules of influence. The material we suppose to be now provided; the measures of meal are before us,—and what is the leaven which we are to hide in it? How is the work to be done? To say in the abstract that Christian principles, or the preaching of the Gospel, are that leaven, would of course be true; but this solution only throws us back upon the question of what is implied by preaching. General assurances of a pious confidence in revealed truth must not be excuses for

dispensing with human means, for sparing ourselves trouble, or for easing our responsibilities. Christian principles spread through the influence which one man has over another in the example of his life. Constituted as men are, there is no influence so telling to the poor as that of their employers or their superiors in fortune, who are constantly before their eyes, without being so isolated from them by rank or habits, as to exclude sympathy.

The middle classes are now felt to be the great channels of influence for good or for ill on the poor. For the sake, indeed, of themselves, all efforts must be made to work a favourable change in the large classes thus designated; they possess some good qualities of natural religion, though even as to their moral code we would not be unbounded in our praise; their religious faith, however, is vague,—a certain acknowledgment of the Church, and a certain regularity of attendance once a-week, is a common feature of the middle classes, but the very impetus of their varied occupations and busy lives keeps them from any new influence on matters of religion, as a tributary joining a swift-flowing river is the longer mingling in proportion to its rapidity of motion. Be the river turbid and the tributary pure, or *vice versâ*, they will both flow on side by side, and the mixture will be gradual though sure. Often one stream will hardly have mingled before another is poured in, so that the former no sooner fancies that its day is won, that its influence is fully working, than it is in the way to oblivion, for another influence is there at work. The lax school of Church theology has been duly mingling its stream with the busy classes of our social river; whether it came from the drainings of a turbid marsh, or what other kind of low country, it is unnecessary to our argument that we should decide, but another torrent is now rushing in, sadly perturbing that great suffusion of the former influences. This latter might in the allegory be supposed to descend from some mountainous district, some ancient peaks of granite,—from pure fountains, though mixt with the somewhat rigid teaching of a few mineral springs. The speed of the mountain torrent itself still further delays its appropriation by the flowing river; still, however, every thing tells at last. The feelings of the public (to drop allegorical language) may rebel against Church principles, but let us remember, that in the first place churchmen, even while isolated, are really a component part of the public, and in the second place, that the whole mass of public opinion is made up of such influences, one after another, joining it.

Some theologians vaguely set their confidence on what they term reasonable and sensible people, as opposed to particular influences; but to expect theological questions to be settled on

such abstract ground of common sense, implies either far too much, or far too little, as the meaning of these terms. The average amount of common sense is too indefinite and confused to judge of theological points, while that real common sense, that plain insight into what is just and reasonable, is the most rare quality of man, and itself meets with more tremendous opposition than any other controlling power. It is a supernatural gift, and shares the earthly opposition to things unseen. We require no other proof of this than is afforded by Socrates, as a writer in last Quarterly Review has ably discussed.

The work then to be done is to mingle with the busy world, and let the truth take its chance of gathering unto itself all congenial qualities. To get into the midst of this busy scene, all efforts must be made to influence the middle classes; the fact that this is the hardest thing to do, shows it is the great barrier, which, once overcome, admits us by an easier process to the city. The fault of the middle classes we think, is stated in a very illiberal and narrow-minded way, in the following extract, which quotes from 'Doubleday's Financial History of England,' though it cannot but contain much that is true:—

'It is difficult to say which side has been most to blame for the change which has taken place in English society in regard to the social position of rich and poor; but now that the change *has* taken place, and that a reform has become needful, there can be little question that the rich have more in their power than the poor have, to bring about the better understanding which is so desirable. But the difficulty is to persuade the rich to take the necessary trouble for such an object. The mischief has been in progress for a long time, being indeed an ordinary incident of advancing civilization, but it proceeded with extravagantly accelerated pace at the time that riches were so rapidly accumulated in this country, under the stimulus of abundant paper money, aided by a large government expenditure. A description of this has been given by a writer of more vigour than refinement of style, who, notwithstanding the occasional exhibition of frantic political animosities, has made some useful contributions to contemporary history. "Amidst the artificial rise in all commodities," he says, "and the expenditure of the money borrowed by the Government, fortunes were rapidly accumulated, and an appearance of prosperity created among the middle classes totally unlike anything that had appeared before. One of the worst effects of this was a total change of manners among these classes—a reckless profusion—a disdain of homely and prudential living—and a disgusting and soul-degrading aping of aristocratical manners and ways of life, pernicious in the highest degree. At former periods the abundance of diffused wealth had caused symptoms of this malady to appear in England; but it now spread like a pestilence, and changed all the wholesome usages of society. Education was totally changed. Forgetting that the business of life must be carried on by men and women, with the partial exception of a very few indeed of the very highest rank, a rage for showy and superficial accomplishments seized upon the middling classes of society. All the useful arts of life were to be despised and thrown aside as vulgar and degrading. Common sense seemed to have fled the land. Quackery and affectation spoiled everything. All young men were to be linguists and fine gentlemen; and

all young women, musicians, painters, and heroines of novels. The piano-forte and the pencil and colours found their way into the farm-house and the back shop; and from that hour the really useful domestic sciences became obsolete. What the middle classes had ceased to learn, they could not teach, and a domestic revolution was effected, the uncomfortable effects of which we are feeling at this hour. The manufacturing system, by taking thousands of young females from their homes, and shutting them up amidst the heat, ignorance, and vice of those demoralised dens called 'factories,' completed the work; and domestic comfort, as it formerly existed in England, is unknown. The parlour tables are loaded with degraded and silly novels and albums, and still more contemptible music-books; whilst ignorance of the real arts of life, affectation, recklessness, vice, and dishonesty, too often occupy the rest of the house. Such are the effects of essentially vicious systems. Their diseased ramifications reach every class. They afflict society as the 'dry rot' does the mansion—sparing nothing, and affecting everything, from the garret down to the cellar, until a nation becomes one corrupt and crawling mass of degradation, vice, affectation, ignorance, misery, and mischief."—Vol. i. pp. 132—134.

It is a great mistake politically, and an insult socially, to tell the middle classes that the polite refinements of life are things they have no business to meddle with. We do not think that idleness and inattention to secular employment is the vice of our countrymen, that there is occasion for a homily against waste of time on the elegances of life; moreover, we do not see why a farmer's or shopkeeper's daughter has not as much right to dress herself according to her taste, or to play on what instrument she thinks proper, and can afford to pay for, as the family of him who has the title-deeds in his chest, or who sells his goods on a larger scale. Good taste should rule whatever is undertaken by any one, but we do not see that nature has confined the power of appreciating her beauties to an hereditary descent, nor do we think it beneficial to society to restrict the love of art, as if refinement of manners, with music, drawing, &c. were heraldic decorations which depend on exclusiveness for their value. May the fine arts themselves be preserved from such protection; they would fare better under free-trade. Attempt not then to check the arts in the middle classes, but to guide their judgment in them. The Church of old was the patron of art, but she confined it not to drawing-rooms and aristocratic society,—she made it *common*, in the true meaning of the word. Her common worship, her houses, where all rich and poor met together, were adorned with the highest gifts of art. It was not beauty at home, and at the most, a cold *decency* in church. Her people were taught by the language of beauty, and thereby both the knowledge of Christian truth and general good taste were advanced.

What the middle classes want, both for their own improvement and the social improvement of the poor, is, first, of course, a sound education as churchmen, (a subject far too important to be

treated incidentally,) and then, greater facilities for the elegant recreations of life. They want leisure, means of associating together in a cheerful manner, and amusement by such mutual co-operation as will avoid expense. It is a sad mistake in English morals to suppose that solitude and gloominess ought to be the general aspect of all society but such as can afford to live with considerable show. There is surely no reason why the gregarious propensity of man should be more indulged in by one class than another, or why it is wicked for men to dine together, unless they can have silver forks, and be waited on by accomplished servants. Such things are very pleasant, but if people have been accustomed to rougher ways, we see no reason why on that account they should be debarred from those social feelings which are common to all classes. Another puritanical cause of alarm in the society of classes not styled polite, is any mixture of sexes. Now we cannot but think that there is much truth in the following remarks on this subject, by the commissioners for Kent, Surrey, and Sussex:—

‘Along with this close domestic intimacy, it must be mentioned too, as a circumstance prejudicial to the purity of relations between the sexes, that they have no public and social intercourse. They meet, indeed, at church and chapel, and at the fairs; but distinctions of sex are lost at divine service, and the crowd and confusion at fairs produce a privacy which is not beneficial, and is spoken of in some instances as ruinous. Whatever may be the cause of this—whether or not it be inseparable from poverty, which can afford no convivialities—it must be unfavourable to the general purity of manners that such rare opportunities exist for intercourse under circumstances where the natural instincts of the sexes would at once be gratified and controlled. In this point of view the occasional meeting of men and women at the gayer seasons, and lighter kinds of field-labour, is not, perhaps, without some utility. Their demeanour is open to public view, the intercourse is general, and the mind is pre-occupied by labour from very criminal or dangerous indulgences. Entire seclusion fosters sensuality; and it must not be forgotten that there are other immoral, cruel, and inhuman habits of mind to which it is known to contribute.’—Vol. ii. p. 193.

Village wakes would here then seem to be missed even in the stern eye of a commissioner. Sadly banished however are all these things; an occasional impropriety arising from them has but too often been made the excuse of putting down or discouraging much innocent mirth, the real objection to which has been a little interference for a day or so with the habits of those who can keep wakes and holidays all the year round. It is an awful sin to stifle that small share of mirth which the poor inherit, to rob the poor man’s one ewe lamb, in order to spare the flocks and herds of his rich neighbours. No one can tell how a few cheerful hours, a few words of friendly intercourse, may remove from the heart a gathering crust of murmuring discontent, which otherwise accumulates to the hurt of society

at large. We may drive the poor out of sight, we may succeed in burying them through means of tall policemen, but it will only be for their evil passions to rankle and ferment till a crisis comes.

But we have passed on, unconsciously, from the middle classes, as the medium of influence, to the poor on whom they are to operate. The transition is natural; for the working of kind and cheering Christian principles is by no rigid outlines, no cold and precise rules. If the middle classes can forsake their engrossing love of mammon, and present the spectacle of happy cheerful mortals, who do their appointed tasks, but rely also on a kind Providence, the example will naturally spread to their poorer neighbours, and many opportunities will soon arise for promoting each other's advancement in life and comfort of mind. This need not be connected with the coarseness of mediæval amusements, any more than the exercise of Christian virtues in general need be with their outward manifestations in the many phases of society that have called themselves Christian, through times of persecution and triumph, of poverty and wealth alike. Let the rise of taste, the talk about fine art, the writing of political and social economists, the profession of religious schemes for the benefit of the poor,—let the spread of education and the general enlightenment of the age in which we make it our boast to live,—let all these things unite together to solve the enigma, how best in this present world we may fulfil our destined lot, live happily and cheerfully together, provide good and cheering food for all who honestly work for it, use charity toward those on whom misfortune presses, and develop the secret fountain of man's better nature on the wide and extended ground of all shades in the social world; and, as a means to this end, make the fine arts real and practical help-mates to life's pleasure and the soul's improvement. There is, we feel sure, good material in our national character through all its faults. The rich are proud, but a spirit of Christian equality is finding its way into the hearts of many, and it is not now considered the only method of propitiating the poor, to make a few wretched men devour an ox whole, and then stultify them with beer, before the wondering gaze of gentlemen and ladies for whose delicate palates Parisian art is at the same time preparing viands. The middle classes also are much yielding in many desperate claims, which hinder the Church's system from presenting itself to any fair advantage in the eyes of the poor. The poor also are not unreasonable, though at present rather discontented. If taken in time we see good hope that all may be reconciled, provided all will acknowledge their faults, and all agree in the best solution of their difficulties.

The remedy by which to improve their life must be the same

as that by which the whole estate of man receives its new birth. Politics cannot be separated from religion, or the things of our present life from the fruit it may hereafter bear. The seed must put forth its rooty fibres downwards and its green leaves upwards, or it will not fulfil the object of its creation in producing good and useful corn. In like manner, if the Church is our future home, it must now also be our remedial system; she must supply the ministry of reconciliation in earthly charity as the trial and test of a higher love. The Church is either a fallacy altogether, or it is worthy of unbounded love as our spiritual mother, who best knows our temporal and eternal wants; she is not an institution to be only tolerated as the persuasion of a few, but she is to be courted as the solution of universal discord, the harbour amid adverse winds, the voice that calms all dark and troubled waves. Whether the ecclesiological idea in all its mediæval details is to be the outward manifestation of the visible Church in these latter days, we consider another question; but we feel confident that churchmen may well accept the ground of revelation, and are not dependent upon what is called tradition for those truths which they prize dearly, and which are the real objects of the world's opposition.

The testimony of the Church in all its history is but a commentary of Scripture, and if the Bible is held really and truly to be our guide,—if reverence is to be given to its sacred words,—we can only say that the *onus probandi* lies with the latitudinarian party, of framing another system as expressive of scriptural teaching as that which we understand by the teaching of the Catholic Church. We freely accept their ground, as a matter of controversy, though in our own hearts we feel an additional strength from our convictions of a Divine guidance in the Church. All the great developments of doctrine have arisen from working out some point of Scripture, which had not hitherto been attended to. It was thus that S. Augustine, taking his stand on Scripture, brought out the whole doctrine of predestination. In like manner we are willing even now to receive teaching that can fairly be proved from the sacred writings, even if it seems adverse to the Church's dogmas; but as the matter at present stands, we see plainly enough that the opposition to Church principles is altogether grounded on the dislike to the facts themselves of revelation, and that the notion of human tradition is only made a pretext for the sake of argument: not that individuals do this wilfully or knowingly, but such is our view of the case if laid bare, without any ignorance or prejudice on either side.

An overwhelming testimony of the truth of our Church's idea

is the wonderful manner in which her theory rectifies many just grievances which malcontents loudly make. The separation of classes we see to have grown up in its offensive character with the neglect of Church principles, for the Church is the constant daily reminder of our essential equality. The denial of this equality, for instance, in the appropriation of our churches into secular property, with the whole corrupt system of pews in our parish churches, have chiefly led to the evils of dissent, and the confusion of all arrangements between Church and State, which is the consequence thereof. Again, the absence of Church discipline has borne fruits in grievous negligence as to any true realization of morality. These are truths which it is no use stating before the world, for they only excite ridicule, but many believe them, and see the confusion now coming on us, as the natural fruits of their neglect. They must, however, be found out, and certain we are that the evils will be apparent enough, though we have not confidence in the Church's *earthly* triumph in making the cause to be confessed by all. It is nevertheless with a grateful confidence in the success of what we mean by Church principles, that we read in the pages of an impartial writer like Mr. Johnston, the following sentiments, remembering, however, that he is not a judge but only a witness in the case.

‘Though it must be confessed that the movement which began in 1833 and produced so much sensation in the Church of England, and such important practical effects, through the “Tracts for the Times,” ran eventually into dangerous extravagance, yet I suppose that few who are not “Low Church” partisans will deny, that, upon the whole, the effect has been very beneficial. There is a lively interest now taken in Church principles and Church practices, and a diffusion of knowledge upon those subjects among the educated classes, which are equally remarkable and gratifying. It has been maintained by an American ecclesiastic that the benefit of the Church movement could not have been obtained without that excess which, considered by itself, cannot but be lamented. “Had not,” he says, “the recent Catholicism run into a passion in England, it is very possible that the Oxford Tracts would have produced little of their good effect. Similar opinions, or many nearly such, had been held all along by no small body of English divines, but without having much influence on the clergy generally; and hence the sad condition of that Church in many respects, a century or two ago. Erastianism prevailing widely; High Churchmanship consisting more of Toryism than of ecclesiastical principles; and Low Churchmanship sympathizing more with non-episcopacy than with episcopacy. From this unhappy state of things the Oxford Tracts have roused the Church of England: and I see not how, humanly speaking, they could have done so, when the divines mentioned had so long failed, had they not over-shot the mark, and not only gone for Catholicism as a principle, but carried it beyond matters of principle, and so fanned the reverence for it into a passion. This done, however, the evil must be taken with the good. The good is, that the Churchmanship of England is regenerated; and even in many quarters of that country, and not a few in ours also, where Church principles were lean as a skeleton ten or twelve years ago, we now find sinews and flesh at least, though not yet the fulness and beauty of their perfection.

The evil is, that some of the weak-minded not only, like many of hardier intellect, run into a wild ardour on the whole subject, and defer to Catholic tradition, and to other traditions not Catholic, as they defer to Scripture, though not always as much; they not only do this, but get beyond all control of their understanding, long for some deeper indulgence of their passion, surrender their own judgment, and so find themselves in Rome, or not a Sabbath-day's journey from it."

"This appears to be, so far as it goes, a fair account of the general effect of that awakened zeal for Church principles which has been viewed so differently by different parties; some regarding it as nothing else than retrogression to Popery, while others find in it a new religious fashion of which they are enamoured, because it is to them a fascinating novelty and a profound excitement. Again, there are the sober-minded, who, while they regret the tendency to extravagance in shows, and forms, and observances, which has grown out of the Tractarian movement, yet thank God for the real and sincere revival which has taken place, of old reverences, and Prayer-Book ordinances, and more frequent attendances at church, together with many other noble, and yet meek, manifestations of respect, not only for religion, but for that methodical practice of it which, hundreds of years ago, was ordained and settled by the Church of England.

"Every one, familiar with libraries and the priced catalogues of booksellers, must be aware how much more extended the study of divinity has become in the last twenty years than it had previously been. The old sterling works that hung heavily on hand have mounted to double the price, and are of comparatively easy sale. True, these books may be bought in some instances, as many other kinds of books are, rather for the sake of possessing them than of studying them; but in the greater number of instances they are bought to be studied, and this appears both in the conversation and the conduct of men of education, whether divinity be or be not the profession to which they have devoted themselves. I have some reason to believe that even the medical and surgical students of London, of whom by far the greater number some years ago knew no more than Falstaff did "what the inside of a church was made of," are now found generally to attend church, because it is a shame for a man of sense and education not to do so.

"And as to preaching, every one will admit that the tone of it is much changed; and certainly much for the better in some respects, though not in all. For the better, as regards more frequent introduction of Church topics, and the greater prominence given to the distinctive articles of Christian creeds, as held and interpreted from the first days. Better also, as having escaped from, and even put to flight, the laboured frigidities of the Blair school, and the whole tribe of "lean and flashy" compounds of the pompous and the commonplace. The improvement, however, is not without serious drawbacks in respect of dogmatism and mysticism, and perhaps an over-adoption and assertion of High Church views, going beyond the proper *via media* of the English Church. On the favourable side, again, we are to remember that the change has lowered the crest of *Evangelicism*, and raised the courage and strength of Catholicity. It has drawn away many from those ministers whose disposition unfortunately led them to turn parish churches into something like conventicles, and to erect little popedom for themselves within the districts where they preached. In this point a change, and a very salutary one, has come over the spirit, both of the pulpit and the press. There has also been in recent years a greatly increased attention to the fabrics of churches. When we look at the unsightly church buildings, without the slightest ecclesiastical character, either externally or internally, which even but thirty years ago were erected at a great expense in London and its neighbourhood, and compare them with the really churchlike structures which are now provided at a much lower charge, we cannot but admit that in the judgment, taste and feeling applicable to such

matters, there has been a great improvement. Still there has been, even in this matter, such an over-doing, and such an excess of imitative activity, as borders upon vulgarity. The Gothic or the Tudor style of architecture must always be grand or pleasing when there is no overlaying with ornament, and when a suitable material is used; but there is nothing either grand or impressive in the red-letter mediævality which in many instances fantastically figures upon walls that ought to be consecrated to dignity and sobriety.'—Vol. ii. pp. 16-20.

But we must now conclude our somewhat rambling and partial review of 'England as it is,' whether we use those words as the title of the book before us, or as an integral part of our sentence. There is, indeed, much to think of in England as it is: there are signs of evil and signs of good. There is much ignorance, however, on which to lay the evil; but still we may not be too confident that such mists of ignorance are to be dispelled; many hopes of a bright day, many struggles of the sun to show his power, end in gloom and storm. But again, referring to the mode in which we are to celebrate the middle point of our century, we miss two essential principles which might have given hope that our jubilee was to be kept aright. We see much in the preparation to magnify the advantages of wealth, but little assurance that poverty will be thereby relieved. We miss any recognition of the Church, or any religious consecration of our pride and wealth. The Church and the poor will have little to do with a pretended centre of universal reconciliation. But maybe we shall be forcibly reminded that such union without the Church's consecration is most fallacious; it seems not unlikely that while this jubilee of worldly friendship is being kept, the Church's struggles will enforce attention, and will show that religion, after all, is at the bottom of our hearts, either for its love or its hate; and that no philosophy, no contrivances of men, can smooth over the *pars divinæ mentis*, when Providence wills that religious discord should reign as the means of stirring up the Church to do its appointed work. The world may ignore the reality of the visible Church, and erect in its place a new system of ideal Christianity, but 'the truth will out;' the Church has a fast hold on the politics of the world, and John Bull himself may foam and roar, and kick and toss, but (if we may use the simile, with all reverence,) he is fairly pinned, his worldly self-sufficiency, his pride will be humbled by something which he was just about to scatter to the winds. A mysterious power which at a distance seemed no formidable opponent, yet has a pertinacity and grasp which death alone can shake off. Happy would he be, happy might England be, if morally, socially and politically she would accept the Church's genial influence without unsheathing the Christian sword.

ART. V.—*Agricultural Colleges and their Working. A Letter to A. J. B. Hope, Esq. M.P. from the REV. E. MONRO, M. A. Incumbent of Harrow Weald, Middlesex. J. H. Parker, Oxford and London. 1850.*

THE name of Mr. Monro is already familiar to our readers in connexion with the office and duties of a parish priest. His treatise, entitled 'Parochial work,' recently reviewed in these pages, has justly earned for its author a claim upon our attention and deference, such as few other writers possess, on all matters touching the relation between pastor and people, and the many important and interesting topics subordinate thereto, or arising therefrom. The letter which we bring to the notice of our readers in the present article, treats of a kindred subject, or perhaps, it would be more accurate to say, only of a branch or offshoot of the same great question. Its object is to recommend the adoption of one particular means of raising and improving the social condition, mind, aims, and life, of the poor:—that means being the institution of parochial 'colleges,' or lodging-houses, by clergymen who have the care of parishes. And Mr. Monro, therefore, is here again quite on his own ground. The aspect, indeed, in which he has ever viewed the relations of a pastor to his flock, has been pre-eminently a social one. The whole tone and mind and condition of his people,—physical, moral, and spiritual, have ever been regarded by him as coming within the sphere of the pastoral care. And when, therefore, he makes these relations at once the basis and the instrument of a great and most beneficial social reform, he is, in fact, hardly departing from the province which he has all along occupied with so much experience and success; though he brings within the range of interest a much larger and more miscellaneous class of readers and hearers. His proposal is to establish in every (or any) parish, whether in town or in country,—and he has himself established in his own parish,—what he has called an 'Agricultural College,' in other words, a lodging-house for the reception of labouring youths between the ages of fourteen and twenty, or school-time and marriage, in which the corporate or collegiate life is preserved,—the members taking their meals together, and in common, and observing certain not very onerous rules. And with this, as with an instrument, he hopes to work a great and real elevation in the tone and character and whole social being of that most important section of the population which will come directly under its influence; and through them, on the whole population of the place. That is the short statement of

the plan. The term 'Agricultural College' gives to it, perhaps rather too prominently, the idea of instruction in agriculture, than which nothing is less intended, and the name is not, we therefore venture to think, very happily chosen. It has been adopted, we believe, in Mr. Monro's own case, merely from the circumstance of the boys who tenant the 'college' being in fact engaged in agricultural labour,—but as the scheme is obviously as good for town as for country, and is perhaps, as Mr. Monro in the first page of his letter himself recognises, even more needed in the first than the last, the term 'agricultural' cannot in any sense be considered felicitous. The 'colleges' in question are meant to be simply houses where the youth of the labouring poor, whether agricultural or town-pent, may (subject to the rules necessary to give order and system to the college or family) lead their ordinary lives, going out to work as usual, and using the college as their home. That is all. And the term 'college,' again, though it is more appropriate than perhaps any other which could be suggested, may, also, in some respects mislead. The object of these houses is, of course, not *directly* educational; but it is of the essence of the plan to embody and attain the collegiate or common life,—and to use that life as an instrument of discipline,—as ancillary to the continuance of the *spiritual* education of the members of the college, by the pastor who is responsible for them. Although, therefore, the word college may not be altogether appropriate, yet to call the house only a lodging-house would be still more inaccurate. It is intended to be very much more than a lodging-house; and, at least in Mr. Monro's hands, so in fact it is,—and unless it so be, it is, in our humble opinion, idle to expect the plan to work any regeneration in the social condition of those for whose benefit it is intended. Lodging-houses there are, in London and elsewhere,—model lodging-houses,—and great additions, no doubt, they make to the physical comfort and health and economy of those who make use of them. But they will never permanently raise any one individual a single step in the social scale;—they will never permanently improve his character, his views, his aims,—*himself*. They are not intended to do so; and they do not take the means of so doing. But Mr. Monro's colleges *are* so intended,—and their direction to this end is the very ground on which they stand,—the one great reason of their institution. The difference between these labourers' colleges, or whatever they may be most fitly called, and the ordinary model lodging-houses, is, in short, precisely *the* point on which the whole utility of the proposal before us appears to us to turn,—the point, namely, that the ordinary model lodging-house is not, while Mr. Monro's house is, to be engrafted into, and made an integral part of, the parish system,—an instrument in the hands of the clergyman,

entirely and absolutely animated by him;—impregnated with the life which he is seeking to infuse into every soul in his parish;—set a-going and carried on simply by the love which he bears to his people, and instituted for the one single purpose of raising and improving them, adding to their comforts, cultivating and elevating their minds, tastes, views, and aims, and, finally, *saving their souls*.

This, in brief, is Mr. Monro's design; and many persons probably will deem such a scheme as this, with such aims, to be merely Utopian. We can only ask such persons to wait till they have read Mr. Monro's letter, and seen his work in actual operation; or, at all events, to pause till they have fully understood the explanation, which we propose in this article to attempt, of what these colleges may be made. Utopian most certainly it would be, or rather it is, to endeavour, as some have done, through the mere force of association, or socialism, whether by way of model houses, or unions, or fraternization in labour, or what not else,—isolated and disconnected from the pastoral spirit and system, to effect any real impression for good upon the habits or lives of the people. There is no necessary virtue in mere herding together. Men come together for evil as well as for good,—and their collegiate, or co-operative, or associated life is only instrumental;—instrumental either for good or for evil, according to the direction which is imparted to it. And unless this fact be recognised, and rightly acted upon, association becomes, so far as concerns its influence upon the character and condition of those who associate, either powerless or mischievous;—powerless, as in the case of the many ordinary clubs which everywhere exist among rich and poor, without making people either very much better or very much worse; or mischievous, as in the cabal, the conspiracy, the mob. Our present object is to consider this associated life when wielded by the hands and directed by the influence in and under which Mr. Monro has proposed to place it,—those, namely, of the clergyman ministering to his parishioners; and to estimate its effect when thus used in raising and improving the social condition of the people.

We would observe, then, that the work of a parish priest is, in any case, a dealing with human nature. It is one among many such dealings. Its object is to improve and elevate that nature, in the persons of the particular individuals which come within its range;—so that, in any case, it is within the province of the pastor to deal with men. Social improvement lies, as it were, near to his hand. He is clearly *one* of the men who ought to try it. This is a view of the matter which lies on the surface, and which the most superficial or worldly person would not fail to recognise. He would admit, probably, at once, that among other social reformers, a good parish priest might naturally find

place. But what we would here further impress upon our readers,—and what we think Mr. Monro's work, and the letter which relates to it, so prominently manifest, is that the pastoral agency is one indispensable prerequisite to *perfect* success in the work of effectual social reform. Or, to put the same thing in other words, there is no other principle under the sun, except or short of a love of Christ's poor for Christ's sake, which is strong enough to animate and carry forward to complete and perfect success any efforts whatever, for the permanent and real amelioration of the condition of any child of man;—by which we mean, of course, the *whole* condition, temporal as well as spiritual. You may try with societies, and theories, and subscriptions,—model and other lodging-houses, model towns, fraternization of labour, and the like,—but you will make no permanent impression, and if you do, your *only* aim is to give a little present comfort. You go no further. But the man who labours to raise others for Christ's sake, as well as their own, aims at both that and a great deal more. He wishes to make them *in everything* like himself. There is generally, indeed, but one means of mending the condition of men whose condition wants mending. That means is the personal labour, influence, and exertion, of some one other man, bent upon the task of improving them. A *man* can improve the condition of those about him, if he sets about it in the right spirit, with the right motive, with the right aim, and with the right means. Man can work on man. Nothing else can make an impression. Nothing else can permanently raise his condition. But in the really devoted parish priest we have, to begin with, this first great condition,—the *man* who is to do the work. And the difference between the priest who is moved by love for his people to attempt social improvements, and any other man with like benevolent motives and benevolent spirit, is that whereas the priest stands bound in a deep and strong relation to the people whom he is to impress, the other person is not. We have then in his case, at least, the conditions and materials of success in greater degree than in any other. True it is, indeed, that many, not priests, have done great things for their fellows. And many parish clergymen, on the other hand, do miserably neglect those who are their charge. But this does not in the least touch our position, which is, that the principle embodied by the pastoral relation, is that which alone can *truly and perfectly* animate the work of social improvement,—and that apart from it any *permanent* social elevation is, generally speaking, impracticable.

We proceed to remark, that the case now before us is one in point. The whole efficacy of these 'colleges' in working social reformation, their absolute uselessness or their saving power, depends entirely upon whether they are mere

isolated associations, or part of a great system. They want *e. g.* first of all, the man to work them. Without somebody at hand to maintain their systematic life and almost unfelt discipline among the boys who compose them, they degenerate into mere clubs, where the natural independence of youth may even more quickly be fostered than elsewhere into licence and self-will. With that person at hand, but without the spirit and motive prompting and inspiring him, which is to be found, and found only, in the love (where that love exists) of a pastor for his people,—we desiderate that *application* of the discipline and life of the college to the permanent amelioration of the boy,—to the refining, elevating, subduing, controlling him,—the winning him over to good, which nothing but a direct and positive interest in him can render possible, and which alone can effect what we are supposed to have in contemplation from the first,—namely, the raising him in the social scale. Daily and familiar intercourse, in short, is wanted with the people whose condition you are going to raise, before you can care enough about them to wish, or know enough about them to be able, really to improve them and their condition in a single point. And here it is that, as it seems to us, the presupposition of some relation, equal, at least, in intensity of interest to the pastoral one, necessitating an equally close and constant intercourse between the reformer and the reformed,—becomes so completely indispensable. What intercourse and what knowledge but that resulting from the pastoral relations, could possibly have prompted, for instance, such real and vivid sympathies, or such strength of will for the task of social reformation, as those which are disclosed in the following passages from the letter we are reviewing?—

‘There is no use in beginning at the surface to remedy social evils; we must begin at the root; there is no use in pitying the misery which is really resulting from ill management, and in giving a temporary relief to allay the pressing evil, which only, like food to a disease, increases it, and at the same time shrinking with disgust from the table and cottage of the poor, as the place where we would not for worlds taste food, and show by manner that we would prefer to it a well-kept kennel; a line of conduct but too painfully prevalent even among the most humane and benevolent persons whose lives are devoted to their good. Let us begin at the root of the matter; purify the fountain, and form the taste and habits of a coming generation on a purer and higher mould, *and not rest till we have so altered the domestic life of the poor man’s home, that we could really sit down with ease and comfort at his table ourselves*; then, and not till then, he will love and respect the orders above him, for he sees through condescension, and hates being made a machine. He cannot endure being made a show on which to vent the mawkish sentimentality or ill-timed pity of a rich man, who all the while would not deign to mix up with his daily life. Of course this latter is the easy course; but we have arrived at days which compel a deeper, truer treatment, and a more real and less artistic view of the poor. But this is what we want, and in their elevation of manners and condition, combined with religion, will be found the only remedy which can save us ere

long from some frightful severance of the orders of English society.'—Pp. 22—24.

Again :—

'The true friend (of the poor) is the man who will not rest till the term poor simply refers to the lack of means and money ; nor will be satisfied *till there is no other difference between himself and his poorer neighbour, and till he has made him actually a suitable companion to himself.* The world is full of false feelings on these subjects ; of men who prefer having a class of beings to pity, condescend to, gaze at as a picturesque object in creation, from whom they are to receive adulation, and yet shrink from contact, and dread their real elevation, lest it might destroy the conscious distance between the two orders, and lest the poor should no longer have to thank their richer neighbours for benefits they could then confer upon themselves, by a more enlarged knowledge and elevated soul. The whole process of the present day is remedial rather than preventive, but what we cannot remedy in an existing generation we can at least prevent in the rising one. Real education will cultivate the soul and the taste as well as the mind, and real benevolence will rather aim at elevating the moral condition than at alleviating the sorrows of the poor. If poverty must be, degradation need not be ; they are not of necessity mated to each other ; *if difference of station must be, difference of manners and caste need not exist ;* condescension can never be as high a duty as sympathy ; and the feeling which would keep the poor where they are, merely that kindness may be felt and recognised by them, is but a sorry service done to them. It is true, that with the elevation of tone will immediately follow the lessening to a large amount of the chasm which now exists between the two orders ; men may dread this ; but let them remember that that chasm must be lessened, and if we do not aid to lessen it, by holding out the right hand of fellowship to the poor, they will soon lessen it for themselves with a power that would shiver society to its foundation.'—Pp. 24—26.

On this last extract we must, however, interpose the remark, that 'the feeling which would keep the poor where they are, merely that kindness may be felt and recognised by them,' is a feeling which we (for our part) do not believe to exist. As a matter of fact, the poor 'shall never cease from the land ;' so of course it is wrong to wish it otherwise ; but if it were not so, we cannot think that there is anybody who would wish that things might be still as they are, merely in order to exercise a maudlin sentimentality.. We make this remark, which does not in the least affect the purpose for which we have quoted Mr. Monro's words, because we have seen the same reflection, on which we are now commenting, made in certain rather less trustworthy quarters than in Mr. Monro's pages, somewhat at the expense, as it appeared to us, of Christian charity in general,—and on the part of those who would have substituted for that charity some 'socialism,' or other dream, of their own. Mr. Monro need hardly be warned against anything of that kind. But to return ;—we have quoted the above passages, as showing how the intercourse and sympathy springing up between a clergyman and his poor, lead him, almost of necessity, to the task of social improvement ;—the following extracts go further, and intimately

and inseparably connect the work of social elevation and improvement, as exemplified in the means now proposed for our adoption, with motives and principles peculiar exclusively to the parish pastor.

'The leading and prominent principle in the view of the master (or clergyman) must be that of LOVE towards the youths he governs; he must be possessed with the feeling that he is attempting to rescue from destruction many a child of God, and that he is determined in every possible way to thwart Satan in his effort to gain their souls.'—P. 42.

Again :—

'A strong desire to save souls from ruin must be the spirit of the master. The work must be carried out on a principle of love, and the aim must be, by gaining the affections and confidence of the youths, to induce them to delight in their new home.'—P. 43.

Again :—

'Of course it [the work] presupposes self-devotion, as every work must do which is worth any thing. It is only the man who has his heart in a work, who can carry it successfully through. Failure must attend a lukewarm effort; and equally to be deprecated with lukewarmness is the deputation altogether of the work to another. It must be very mainly carried through by the creative spirit, or it will be poor and meagre. It must be a work, not a scheme, and before this energy and reality many difficulties will fade away. *If a man once realizes that he is working for youths whom he loves as his own children, and whose spiritual condition he feels is tied up with his position at the final Judgment, he will find very few difficulties in the way.* It is men who have not their heart in the matter who see insurmountable difficulties. The man who starts a difficulty in the front of the battle is sure to be but a heartless supporter of it: who sees difficulties who is ardently bent on any earthly gain?'—Pp. 56, 57.

We feel almost to shrink from comment before the reality of such passages as these. Can it be for an instant doubted that any work founded on such convictions, *must* win its way to the hearts and minds of those to whom it directs itself, and must impress itself upon them for ever, in a lasting and ineffaceable improvement? Or can it, on the other hand, be believed, for an instant, that anything short of these motives or these convictions can give the same strength or power which they give for the social renovation or regeneration of those who need it?

But in dwelling on the motive which must animate, and the principle which must govern, the work of social improvement recommended in the pages before us, we have kept our readers perhaps too long from the details of the plan or work itself, which is to be the instrument by which our object is in this case proposed to be effected; that instrument being the introduction of collegiate or associated life among the youth of the labouring poor, as a part of the pastoral system. On the specific evil therefore which first suggested the adoption of this

plan, we will now let Mr. Monro speak for himself; and then proceed at once to consider in detail, and in its connexion with the work of social improvement in the hands of the parish priest, the system itself of collegiate life which forms the subject of this article. On the first point Mr. Monro says:—

‘It is the experience of clergymen in every part of the kingdom, that the chief hindrance which they find to the effective working of their parishes, is the ill condition of boys from fifteen to twenty: it is a permanent eye-sore in many districts, and operates with a withering influence on parochial operations. The education of the parish school is to a great degree paralysed by it, from the discouragement created at seeing the very children who were the object of the active interest of years, now forming the strength of the public-house, or in scenes of more dark and deadly vice: irreverent and noisy in church, they are disturbers of the sacred stillness of Sunday, and the ready corruptors of every weak-minded boy who may be cast in the companionship of their labour.’—Pp. 1, 2.

And among the causes of this are enumerated very truly—

‘the narrow limits of the poor man’s cottage, which ill affords room for one third of its inmates; we often see youths of seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen, still living at home, and in such manner as must of necessity violate every rule and feeling of modesty and decency; in fact, to such a degree that it is a cause of wonder that a still larger amount of sin is not the consequence: by this the whole moral sense of delicacy must be broken down, for nothing so tends to form a low habit of mind and feeling on these points as the constantly dwelling amid low scenes and acts. This is a fruitful source of evil, and another immediately hinges on it; many youths finding the limits of the parents’ home too narrow for comfort, are compelled to leave it, yet, having no place to which to turn, are driven to take up their abode in the tavern or public-house, where they find every kind of evil example ready to decoy and ruin them; or if they home for the night is not cast in some such scene of vice, the evening is spent amid it, and the late hour of return is but lightly looked upon by a parent who either does not see the necessity, or has not the power, to exert the authority to prevent it.’—Pp. 3, 4.

The consequence of this state of things is thus vividly, and we fear only too accurately, described:—

‘The adults are thrown in his [the clergyman’s] way by coming to him for spiritual advice, by the cottage visit, and by the many circumstances of daily parochial life. But the youths from the time they leave school to the time they settle in life will be his difficulty. They will be the portion of his population who will most painfully elude his grasp; whatever has been the routine of school life, and whatever has been the amount of personal work done in his school-room, he will find that some of his most docile and obedient boys, will within a short time after leaving school become independent, assume a manner which has a strong tinge of impertinence, shrink from the memory of the restraints of school life and those who were in any way connected with it, with something like a vindictive feeling; the attendance at church becomes unfrequent, and more to meet companions or display dress than aught else, and will be marked by irreverence and indifference. The result will be that the clergyman feels that in the most important and critical moment of life he is likely to drop a link in his

continued intercourse, which will snap irrevocably the whole chain of his connexion with the individuals of a large portion of his people; and while he effectually influences seven-eighths of his population, one-eighth, the most critical and important, are not only being lost themselves, but tending to injure his effectual operation on the rest, and to create distrust in his work from the apparent ill result on that portion.'—Pp. 9, 10.

The remedy then for this which Mr. Monro proposes, and which he has tried himself with singular success, is, as we have before intimated, to open a voluntary 'college' or lodging-house for these youths, where by a moderate weekly payment, less than in most cases would be required for their support at home, they may have the means of living a decent and regular life, within the reach of the instruction of the clergyman, with the comforts of food, shelter, and cleanliness to a far greater degree than they could have enjoyed them at their own homes; and finally, living as members of one common family, which from its very numbers requires and enforces *some* few fixed rules for its government, and thus imposes a discipline on its members not the less wholesome from being but little seen or felt. The writer of these pages has himself had frequent opportunities of witnessing the practical working of the 'college' of this kind, which Mr. Monro has opened at Harrow Weald, and he gladly takes this opportunity of appealing to its actual operations more pointedly than Mr. Monro has in his letter felt himself at liberty to do, as a proof of the undoubted utility and success of the plan, and its universal application, *provided only that the man to work it, and the parish system which is the soul of it all, be not found wanting.*

A small farm-house, withdrawn a few paces from the road, and approached by a lane and footpath conducting through a small piece of well-cultivated garden ground attached to the premises, has been selected by Mr. Monro for the habitat of his 'college.' The spot is naturally picturesque and pleasing, for the county in which it lies,—Middlesex; the ground gently undulates, rising in the back towards the woods of Lord Abercorn's demesne at Stanmore; and there is not wanting either the shelter of the tall tree, or the graceful ornament of the creeping honeysuckle and woodbine, to the house itself. At a very small cost each of the upstairs rooms of the house has been partitioned off by plain deal boards into three or four little rooms, each about as big as an average sized freshman's bedroom in most of the older colleges at Oxford. These little rooms, fifteen in number, are the bedrooms of the youths. Each room has a plain iron bedstead, with a box, table, and chair, of the simplest and most inexpensive kind; indeed, we infer from Mr. Monro's Letter, that the cost of thus fitting up and furnishing the whole house (which is of course an outlay

that will *not* be recovered,) did not exceed 150*l.*, including 10*l.* for a small library. The lower rooms consist of a hall or common dining-room, a kitchen, and the two apartments of the keeper or master of the house, who in Mr. Monro's case is a trustworthy person of precisely the same rank as the boys themselves. Each youth pays 5*s.* 6*d.* a-week while in work, which we believe has been found to do more than cover the expense of provisions, including meat at dinner *daily*. The rent of the house, coals, candles, and the other general expenses of the institution will, it is hoped, be made up by the produce of the piece of garden ground attached to the house. If the boys are out of work, they are employed on this piece of ground, which is otherwise cultivated by them out of working hours, with the aid, if necessary, of extra labour hired for the purpose. But we understand that since the institution has become known, the boys have never in any case been out of work, the farmers and gentry in the neighbourhood being anxious to get them, on account of the guarantee afforded to their character by their membership in such an institution. With a very little management therefore, it seems clear that such a college may be made to support itself; though until Mr. Monro's house shall have been opened a whole year, which will not be the case until next May, it cannot certainly be affirmed that the thing has been proved.

The following passage from the 'Letter' describes, we believe accurately, the actual mode of life in Mr. Monro's college, and in no case, as far as we know, has it been objected to, or led any boy to leave the house:—

'The rules of the college might be at first as simple and as few as possible. Attendance at prayers in the prayer-room morning and evening, the former at such an hour as to suit the work of the boys, the latter at some fixed hour, say nine; and these prayers drawn up with reference to agricultural labourers. The hour of return from work would be that beyond which each member is expected to be, and to remain within the precincts; attendance at church might be expected at the evening service three times in the week and twice on Sunday; the character of sobriety and honesty being considered requisite for retaining membership. Silence should be enjoined in bed-rooms, after a certain hour in the evening. A few such simple rules as these would at first be enough; in fact, the fewer and simpler the better. They would come together to evening service, and occupy some one part of the church in a body. Something like similarity of dress may be achieved by the gift of some external garment, as a white smock or flannel jacket, which, always true to the agricultural costume of the neighbourhood, would avoid any affectation or undue regularity, and yet realize a certain notion of exclusiveness and brotherhood, since nothing so creates these feelings as something like a general costume or similar dress.'—P. 14.

To this we believe may be added, that many of the youths voluntarily attend the holy communion, which is celebrated every Sunday in the parish church, at an early hour;—some attending regularly, others frequently, or occasionally.

Now when all this is contrasted with the life which is unhappily too common among youths of this age, in the rank of agricultural labourers, or working artisans, it is impossible not to see how great an instrument of social advancement must be the presence of such an establishment as this.

We will instance a single case, related to us shortly after the Harrow Weald College was opened, by Mr. Monro. A lad who left the parish school, and at the time of his leaving it was one of the best boys and most promising scholars there, went immediately into field work three or four miles from his home, at which he earned five shillings or five shillings and sixpence a-week. In consequence of the distance of his work from home, he was unable to return there every night, and he therefore paid his five shillings a-week for board and lodging, the last of which consisted of a hay-loft, which he shared with the head-carter of the farm on which he worked, he himself being carters' boy. Once a-week, namely, every Sunday, and on that occasion only, he came home to wash his face and change his clothes, and see his relations; and that day being *always* thus occupied, of course he never went to church. For the same reason he hardly so much as saw the clergyman, who had befriended him from a child, and in whose school he had but recently been a favourite pupil. Now this lad, on the college being opened, was one of the first admitted. It happened to be nearer his work than his own home, and in consequence he was enabled to return there daily; and instead of leading the life (which he had begun) of one of the inferior order of animals, for it had been really little better than eating, drinking, working in the fields, and sleeping, he is now raised, or rather brought back again into all the fullness of the Christian life. He has the privileges of daily prayer, living by rule, the constant intercourse of his pastor, and cultivation of mind and spirit thence resulting; the use of the few 'college' books, with time to read them; a more full and wholesome diet than he had before; and last, though not least, the comfort of a separate bedroom as clean and nice as any Christian could wish to see it, with the regular order and discipline of a well constituted family. In each such case as this,—and how many would there be,—it is surely quite impossible to estimate the value of such an institution as this, well and efficiently worked. But it is not only on the boys themselves that a good effect is produced:—

'To those who still remain out of the college, if the selection has been well made of those who have entered the college, the effect of example will be strong; they will see before their eyes daily the fact of youth elevated in position, respectability, and estimation, by the mere fact of a more disciplined and orderly life, *and membership with a body which requires goodness as its requisite condition.* They will respect and attempt to imitate, although

they may pretend to laugh at it; and the effect will of necessity be an amelioration of their own condition. Goodness will appear practicable for youth; and the example of boys leading, to a certain degree, a moral life, will act powerfully on the minds of others, and influence them far more than any sermon or exhortation could do. A nucleus will have been formed by a united body, which, though composed of but fifteen, will have a hundredfold more force than the individual efforts of sixty in apparent opposition. Attendance at church will appear possible, decent conduct will appear advantageous; old companions reformed will tell on those left, and the clergyman will have the power to appeal to a living example of well-conducted youth. Parties and coteries will be broken up, which had been found to disturb the peace of Sunday, or the stillness of the evening hours by drunkenness and gambling, and this will all influence the remaining adult population, and aid with no small weight the efforts of the minister at the work of reformation and religious teaching.'—Pp. 15, 16.

But the principal effect of these colleges, and the one on which we wish more particularly to dwell, is the probable elevation of these youths by their means in the social scale. On this point Mr. Monro speaks very justly:—

'A further advantage of this collegiate life will be the acquisition of *self-respect* gained by the youths themselves. Self-respect lies at the root of a large amount of social and moral good, and the absence of it is the cause and root of very much of our social and moral disorder; and yet it seems among the very last qualities which most men cultivate in the poor; *a fear of raising them above their station, and some untrue impressions about the impossibility of any good in human nature, especially in the case of the poor and the young*, have led to this error. Of course, vanity and conceit, and a hundred attendant and consequent accompaniments, are the results of an excess of self-respect; but we must remember that there may in some characters be a fault in defect as well as in excess in this particular. Virtue is a mean, and the absence of self-respect is a fault as much on one side as vanity is on the other of that mean. When a man, and especially a youth, has no recognition of his importance and influence, (and every one has much of both;) when they are unconscious of being able to aim at or reach anything beyond merely animal gratifications; they will soon sink into dogged indifference, and pursue the instincts of an inferior nature, because they have no perception of a superior one. We must follow the natural guidings of our being, and if the approbation of others, the respect of the good, and the love of a due and wholesome influence over our fellows, be instincts of our nature, we cannot place them aside, or must expect, if we do, to create some great deficiency in character. *If a man is made to feel that he is considered to be wicked and uncivilized, and that his condition is a settled and wicked one, he will soon become what he knows he is expected to be.* Sin is so much the easier course of the two, that it needs few excuses to follow the line of evil, and to yield without a struggle to it; and this is just the position of the youth of our poor; they are led to feel that, do what they will, they are viewed as profligate, rough, rude, and undisciplined; they see that this is the impression of men about them, and they soon enclose themselves within the limits which society has assigned to them. This is the case not only with the young, but with the greater part of our poor; so few have been the efforts to really elevate the condition of our people, and give them a higher aim, a higher purpose, and a holier influence in life. We must give our youth self-respect; show them that much is expected of them; show them that they have a vocation, and an important one, in the great moral movement of society; show them that we trust them, and that we take for granted they will do right. They will

gain their true position, and on that will follow a greater delicacy and refinement of character, a kindlier influence, and a higher aspiration than they have hitherto experienced. Collegiate life will achieve this; the mere fact of life in brotherhood is a step above the isolated life; discipline and rule, however restraining, are really elevating in the eyes of others, and of the person who lives under them. The closer connexion they have with men above them, the greater attention to dress and appearance, the respect they gain from their employers, will all create self-respect, and with that the desire and aim to do right. However much they may at first be the objects of ridicule, and a momentary scoff, they will know that this arises more from a feeling of jealousy than contempt, and they will soon discover that their position is a decidedly elevated one in the parish where they live. —Pp. 26—28.

This, to our minds, is *true* social reform. It is impossible but that those who come within the sphere of such influences as these, *must* be raised by them—raised in every way, made more refined, more civilized, more cultivated, better livens, better members of society, more useful citizens, and more honest, more intelligent and more well-disposed men. And how is this brought about? By the mere force of association? Certainly not. But by personal kindness and influence, using that association as its instrument. In brief, we want the *man* and the pastor in all this work; and feel that without him it is nothing. We have already trespassed too long on the attention of our readers, but we cannot refuse room for Mr. Monro's admirable remarks on the spirit in which the system must, if it is to succeed, *necessarily* be worked; and the motives which alone must animate him who is to work it:—

‘The fact of the whole position being voluntary on the part of the youths, of course makes tact and elasticity of rule of the first importance. It must, of course, be remembered, that at any moment any member of the college may go away, and the influence over him be thus destroyed. This point must be kept in view, and though it is of course needful to retain a very firm and decided discipline, or the whole must fail, and offer but a sorry example to the neighbourhood; still anything like undue severity will destroy the aim it has in view.

‘The leading and prominent principle in the view of the master (or clergyman) must be that of *love towards the youths he governs; he must be possessed with the feeling that he is attempting to rescue from destruction many a child of God*, and that he is determined in every possible way to thwart Satan in his effort to gain their souls.

‘While it is quite true that rule must be kept up, and obedience demanded, still in any case when a youth transgresses bounds, or breaks through discipline, the feeling of an efficient head must be; “if I cast him off I send him back to all the vice from which he came, only seven times worse by recoil from the effort at reformation. I must do all in my power to retain him, though bearing quietly with faults may have the possible appearance of laxity.” There is no need it should partake of such infirmity in reality, and the amount of moral harm done both to the youth himself, and God's work on earth, by rejecting the offender, will be far greater in the end, than what would ensue from leaning overmuch to the side of mercy. I dwell thus strongly on this, because any attempt to exercise the usual cut and dried system of magisterial despotism in

the case of the college I am advocating, will destroy the whole plan. Any notion of introducing the system of *distance*, so miserably and ruinously at work in many places of education among us, will at once mar the whole prospect. In fact, in a case such as I am describing, it would be a palpable absurdity, *as the whole body might disband at a moment's notice, and the whole which retains and keeps them together become violated.* A strong desire to save souls from ruin must be the spirit of the master. The work must be carried out on a principle of love, and the aim must be by the gaining the affections and confidence of the youths to induce them to delight in their new home. Discipline and the restraint of evil passions is at no time easy or agreeable, and it needs no small weight of attraction on the other side to induce a youth willingly to forego his unrestrained liberty. Our existing system of distance between the two parties, as seen in many of our most important places of education, is countermining its one proposed aim, and men recoil from and despise a scheme which is too apparently devised to hide the real deficiencies, moral or intellectual, of those in authority. In such cases it must be that men dare not let themselves be seen through; that they know the result would be a signal failure for themselves, and so they adopt compulsory distance as the best subterfuge...

Love, not fear, must be the chief and apparent motive of successful education; confidence, and willing and glad obedience, not external order and discipline, must be the chief result aimed at by the manager of the college I am speaking of. It would be trite to say, that the show of confidence and honest kindness will at once pull down all the defences of independence, which youth so often throws up as a protection from encroachment. But boys have no wish to be the enemy of their instructors, they have no wish to be disobedient, it is the fault of the latter that the space is so wide which severs them. Nothing will be effective till freedom has been accomplished, *and until teachers and masters cease to look on boys as their natural enemies.* The man who is punctilious in his exaction of attention to rigid rules, who has not got a considerable power in the discrimination of character, great command of temper, and a strong desire to do every thing in his power to win the heart and affections of those under him, rather than to achieve the victory of his own method and system, is not the man for a work such as I am advocating; and the result of the effort to carry through such a system will inevitably end in the disruption of the institution, and the return to a more corrupt life of those who have been partially redeemed from evil. It is only wonderful that a practice so contemptible has not been more destructive than it has been, and that the flimsy veil has not been more often seen through, which attempts to conceal selfishness, inability, and heartlessness. Such a plan is alike alien from reason, and the analogy of God's dealings with us; from these, at least, *we learn that the principle of love is one which bears long, and aims at the sacrifice of self to win souls to salvation.* Surely it is not in that type we learn to reject men for a first fault, and to keep up a cold distance between ourselves and those we profess to desire to save.—Pp. 42—45.

This, we once more repeat, is surely the only work of the social reformation kind that really deserves the name. What less than the love here disclosed could ever have prompted, much less called into complete operation, a system of discipline and treatment at once so gentle and so effective, so kind and yet so powerful, so winning and attractive, and yet exercising so perfect and intimate a control over the whole character and being of those within its reach?

Others may get colleges together, and imitate step by step all that Mr. Monro has prescribed; but unless they study well also the spirit in which he works them, and take that with them too, their 'colleges' will be only so much money thrown away; the mere bringing such boys as these together is not *necessarily* an advantage, it may do more harm than good; and that even though they might be thereby enabled to live (as most probably they would) cheaper, and cleaner, and more comfortably. At first such an association would be like a club or a model lodging house, neither very harmful nor very profitable to the character of its inmates—perhaps it would be a little of each. But if such colleges are made, as they may be made, instruments in the hands of the civilizer, instruments in the hands of the educator, instruments in the hands of the priest; then do they at once become powerful to mould and to inform the youth within their walls, to raise him in the social scale, to make him from a mere animal a rational and cultivated being, from a sot or a libertine a sober and honest man; and from a godless heathen a devout and informed Christian. For such ends as these and in such a spirit we heartily commend to all our readers the zealous promotion and institution of Labourers' Colleges.

In conclusion, we would, in the present evil times, deduce a few words of hope and encouragement from the origin and success among us of such works as those which have given occasion to the present article. Facts like those on which we have been dwelling, speak with no uncertain voice, and tell of a vitality and strength to which few other generations of the Church can unhesitatingly lay claim. Twenty years ago, such deeds as these would not only have never been thought of; but if they had been thought of, it would have been impossible to realize them. Indeed, it is almost needless to remark, that what has been done in the parish of Harrow Weald, could never have been effected apart from Catholic principles. And on the other hand, such works as these are of those principles the most proper and legitimate fruit. Let those principles be *thus* developed, and we shall probably hear of but little success in the persecution which is everywhere imminent. Men who base themselves upon such works, and who know the secret of their strength, and keep within it, have nothing whatever to fear from this or any other persecution; society itself, in fact, depends upon them. It owes to them, after their several measures, its stability and existence; and it is an obligation which, in the long run, cannot fail to be recognised. We earnestly commend these considerations to all thoughtful upholders of the truth at the present crisis, and to all who in that crisis require comfort and encouragement.

- ART. VI.—1. *A Letter to the Right Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, in explanation of some Statements contained in a Letter by the Rev. W. Dodsworth. By the Rev. E. B. PUSEY, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew; Canon of Christ Church; late Fellow of Oriel College. Oxford and London: J. H. Parker.*
2. *A Few Comments on Dr. Pusey's Letter to the Bishop of London. By WILLIAM DODSWORTH, M.A., Author of 'A Letter to Dr. Pusey, on the Position which he has taken in the present Crisis.' London: Pickering.*
3. *Renewed Explanation in consequence of the Rev. W. Dodsworth's Comments on Dr. Pusey's Letter to the Bishop of London. By the Rev. E. B. PUSEY, D.D. &c. &c. Oxford and London: J. H. Parker.*

WHEN good and earnest men disagree, and call in question each other's conduct and opinions, the Gallios of the day will always have their triumph, and hold up Truth to scorn, as now shown afresh to be void of all certainty. But those who think more seriously look on and listen with a far different feeling, and while they regret that unity of judgment is so hard to attain, they fully expect from such differences some elucidation of points hitherto not clearly seen. Sometimes it is the Truth itself that needs to be made clear, sometimes the real scope and tendency of particular views and parties. Nor are these two cases to be separated by a hard line of distinction. We ought to assume that the Church aims at Truth, and that the words of a particular Church are rightly interpreted, when interpreted according to the Truth, and the mind of the Holy Spirit, though that truth may have been but imperfectly understood, and the guiding of that Spirit but imperfectly followed by the framers of her formularies. And a party, or even a sect, has in general some Truth for its main object, and though it may be led into such extravagancies as simply to require suppression, yet in dealing with its individual members, and sometimes even with the whole body, the first point of real understanding is to know the Truth by which it lives. This is far more essential to dealing rightly with men in error, than to be critically exact in acquaintance with their mistakes and fallacies. And it is the same with any complex movement of our own minds. If we wish to deal rightly with it, we must find out the truth which is at the bottom of it, and not judge of it by the mere superficial difficulties it may encounter, or the accidentally favourable

or unfavourable result of its contact with some particular circumstances. And when good men differ, and put forth their reasons against each other, the truly wise and serious will look rather for what they can find in the shape of solid Truth, than for the trifling results of argument about a writer's consistency in details, which chiefly concern his memory, and are not perhaps worth remembering.

Mr. Dodsworth is, indeed, right in maintaining that the point he has had chiefly in view is one of real importance, namely, whether Dr. Pusey can or cannot consistently take the moderate and conciliatory line he has taken in the controversies arising out of the Gorham case. This is, no doubt, a serious question, not materially affected, indeed, by the fact of Dr. Pusey's thinking or not thinking it wrong to assist the memory in acts of devotion by using a string of beads, but in itself well worth raising, and bringing to a fair issue. No one can blame Mr. Dodsworth for endeavouring to draw his friend to a more complete cooperation by proving to him that he was already, in all consistency, committed to it. But it is difficult to obtain from what he has written anything but a very confused notion of his grounds for such an opinion. Himself under the agitating influence of doubts relative to the lawfulness of remaining in the Anglican communion, he could not quietly estimate the reasonings of a mind firmly at rest in that communion, and undoubtedly identifying it with the Fellowship of the Holy Apostles. Nor could he reason truly as an Anglo-Catholic, while he assumed premises alien to his position.

He has succeeded, however, in drawing forth a statement of no small interest, and one which contains so much of the most precious material ever found in controversy, the fundamental, underlying truth, that it may well long outlive its immediate occasion. It is interesting to observe the movements of such a mind as that of Dr. Pusey, as they appear in his writings; and he is so full and so straightforward in his statements, that he exhibits always much more than ordinary writers, of his real processes of investigation, and the connexion of his views on different though kindred subjects.

He is charged with using many words, and yet it would be hard to show where he has wasted one. His whole meaning may require some trouble to find it out, but it is because he thinks, and leads his reader through a process of thought. Englishmen have been accused of aversion from thinking, and they certainly like to be saved the trouble when they can; but take it they must, if they would understand a man who has laboriously studied all Holy Scripture, and most parts of Theology and Ecclesiastical History, and thought much of all. One such man

may be content with giving his results in a compact theory, which you can either accept or reject without much consideration, and so dispense with labour; but though you may receive his notions or reject them, you are not much the nearer to understanding them, until you have yourself studied and thought. Another, like Dr. Pusey, is so conscious of this truth, that he will not present his results in a compressed formula, without first exhibiting enough of his process to enable the mind to give that formula some degree of reality. He cares little, one should rather say nothing, for himself, much for the Truth. 'Strike me, if you please, but hear me,' said the Athenian general, and it is very much the same with him. Never yet has he been drawn into personalities, or any of the lower arts of controversy. One notion pervades all his writings, aggressive or defensive; the aim to bring his readers to earnest thought on the whole subject under consideration: and his claim to call them to think, rests not on any assumption of superior genius, or of the credit of happy conjecture, but on the simple profession of having taken the trouble to inquire and to think himself.

Some, of course, will still skim his pages, simply to pick up conclusions, which they might have found more readily in his recapitulations, and to judge them by a preconceived standard. We must do so sometimes, and with some authors, and many will think that he has no claim to be made an exception. But when we take that course, we make up our minds to learn but little from our reading. We assume that we already know the main points and bearings of the case, and we read to judge, and perhaps to gain subsidiary information, rather than in order to master the leading truths which are in question. It is not too much to say, that one who takes up a volume or a tract from so industrious and thoughtful a writer, will do best to open his mind, if not to conviction, at least to new and larger views. He is likely thus to find something that will reward him for the perusal of pages that might otherwise be hurried over in vain, and with comparatively little interest; for what Mr. Dodsworth calls 'trying to say all that can be said on a subject,' when honestly done, and by a mind of sufficient power to do it effectively, is a boon to the reader which few authors can offer if they would, and still fewer are willing to afford.

In answering Mr. Dodsworth, Dr. Pusey had to meet a two-fold attack; the direct charge of inconsistency, and the indirect charge of Romanizing. The first was Mr. Dodsworth's main object, and it really seems that in the simplicity of his heart Mr. Dodsworth did not much reflect on the furious storm he was calling up for his friend, by ascribing to him the practices named in his letter. He did not, as he says, mention them in order to

blame them, but to show what one who used them ought to have done in another case. He did not mean to call in what the daily Press calls the *Laity*, (going it seems by the dictionaries which say that 'lay' is the past participle passive of an Anglo-Saxon verb meaning 'to delude,' and signifies 'misled, led astray, deluded, imposed upon, led into error,' and is identical with 'lew'd' or 'lewd,') and the Bible 'certain lewd fellows of the baser sort,' to shout 'Down with the Puseyites,' and batter church doors for the honour and glory of Protestantism. For his own credit, it is a pity that Mr. Dodsworth has done what posterity, if they read him, will stigmatise as descending to mean arts, in order to stir up persecution against the most peaceful of men. He has done it in simplicity, but if he values his own good name he will have done with it when fairly warned. His childish parading of Dr. Pusey's omission of the notice of the rosary, which he had himself overlooked in the sheets sent to him before publication, is unpardonable. Another such petty attempt to justify his most unjustifiable statement would put him fairly out of court with readers who have a sense of delicacy, or who are men of sense.

And first, as to his main argument; what has he proved? That Dr. Pusey has been always a maintainer of the sacramental system, and consequently, he thinks, ought to have been ready to go all lengths in insisting on the full declaration of the Doctrine of Holy Baptism by the English Church. By what process of reasoning the premiss was connected with the conclusion, does not clearly appear, nor can the connecting links be satisfactorily supplied. For the exact limits of the faith, and the mode of defining or defending them, are separate questions from that of the relation of human acts to Divine grace. That the faith was in some sort impugned by the judgment of the Privy Council, no orthodox Christian doubted. Dr. Pusey and Mr. Dodsworth were not much at variance as to the points in which it was or might appear to be so. But Dr. Pusey would have been content if the Bishops had promptly met, and noted the point of error most manifestly allowed by the judgment, that original sin is of itself a bar to the grace of baptism; thus indirectly impugning the whole authority of the Court, and showing that it could not be taken as representing the mind of the English Church. He refused to sign, it is not too much to say that he risked his life in his efforts to prevent others from adopting, any resolutions which would imply a condemnation of the English Church if she failed to assume immediately a strong dogmatic position. This it was that drew on him the attack of Mr. Maskell and Mr. Allies, which he has foiled in so masterly a manner in his letter to Mr. Richards, and its postscript. And this too was the occasion of Mr. Dodsworth's attempt to

separate him from that attachment to his spiritual mother, which is too deep-seated in his inmost soul to be shaken by a hundred pamphlets or a hundred persecutions. The storm he now endures has been raised simply because he would not condemn, or approach to condemning the Church of England, but was determined to fight her battle in and for her.

This phrase, 'the sacramental system,' is a good one in itself, but like most others that contain the word 'system,' it requires to be used with thought. Nothing is easier than to take up 'the sacramental system,' and then say, it requires this, and implies that, till no latitude is left for varieties of place, time, or circumstance, and the whole scheme of things appears frozen into a premature uniformity. Now it is not to be denied that the visible world is the counterpart of the invisible, and the vehicle of its actings. Nor was it ill said that 'every true monad is a perfect representation of the universe as viewed from that point.' Yet Bacon was not wrong, either, when he said that 'the human mind naturally expects greater uniformity than it finds in actual nature.' And he is a bold man who dares suppose that he has gotten hold of the one true and perfect sacramental image of the invisible, and can embody, in ritual and practice, the very counterpart of the courts of heaven. Which, forsooth, are the true rites? The Roman or the Greek? The modern or the ancient? Or does Truth change, and follow the last improvements? Was the Catholic Church deceived by the revived heathenism of the Renaissance? Ought St. Peter's to have been Gothic, or Westminster Abbey more like St. Paul's? Surely the Queen of Heaven is *circumamicta varietatibus*! The Church will not have exhausted the various outward forms in which sacred Truth may be fairly and truly embodied, before the Son of Man be come. There may be leading types, which appear in the manifold forms of Liturgy, Ritual, and Service, of Ecclesiastical and Cœnobitic organization, but who shall say that their variations have yet been exhausted, or their perfection yet displayed? But if we are to examine strictly the limits and bearing of the sacramental system, we must leave Dr. Pusey and Mr. Dodsworth for another occasion. Events have made the other part of the question, that which regards the positive facts of Dr. Pusey's teaching, of far more immediate importance.

For the present it remains, that Dr. Pusey has been long a supporter of 'the sacramental system,' be it what it may, and that, therefore, Mr. Dodsworth holds that he ought to have at once condemned the English Church for permitting it to be impugned. But Dr. Pusey's feeling about the English Church was not merely that of Æneas about the Trojan war, *quorum pars magna fui*, but *cujus pars sum*. He has always so entirely

identified himself with the English Church, as to consider his own resistance, and that of a large number of her members, not mere partisans of his own, as offered in her name and on her behalf; and he will not allow that she acquiesces in a public act, which, while many protest against it, she does not in any regular way affirm. He can wait for her action, though too long delayed, because he considers it already begun in the protest of her earnest and orthodox members.

But Mr. Dodsworth twits him with a change of mind, and half claims him as a reluctant convert to his own views of the necessity of the case. His date, unluckily, fails him. For the change was made, in consequence of a change of circumstances, before Mr. Dodsworth's letter came out. What might have sufficed in the first instance, would be a weak measure if taken too late. What might have appeared, if instant and unanimous, as the expression of the undoubted mind of the Church, once postponed and declined, would come afterwards but as a doubtful conclusion, and almost as a change of view in the Episcopal body. The lamentable unreadiness of our Episcopate at such a crisis was at least more likely to be the cause why Dr. Pusey was led to feel that we *must* have a more formal and regular action of our Ecclesiastical constitution, than any public goading with reasons he had heard urged in vain in private circles. Had they been ready, even informally, yet unitedly, to protest against the denial of the Faith, we might have been content to thank them for their earnestness in the cause of truth, and to bear with oppression from without, trusting to inward life even in the absence of complete organic action. But when our irregular method of proceeding evidently no longer suffices for the defence of vital truth, it becomes clearly our duty to call for regularity, to demand it, to insist on it, not to rest till we extort it from oppressors however resolute, from leaders however irresolute. Even in his change, Dr. Pusey has fully vindicated his own consistency. He has never wished to drive one out of the Church who could with any sort of fairness be retained in her communion. He has sought to win, not to expel. When he has raised his voice against error, it has been against that which touched most vital points; and his aim has been in any case to recall rather than to condemn. He has always made the greatest allowances for those who maintained positive truth, when they were unhappily led by indistinct views of it to be jealous of other truth; has always hoped that, if they remained within the pale of the Church, they would by degrees be restored to the full apprehension of her teaching. Why he should not continue to do this, has not been shown, will not be shown, cannot be shown. Let those who identify him with all that is harsh and

exclusive, read his own words. Nothing can be fuller of the tenderest charity for all who 'love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.' In his preface to his volume of Sermons, in these his last statements of his own views, in short, wherever he has been led to mention the good and earnest portion of the evangelical party, it has always been with the same favourable and even affectionate regard.

But what is this, some will say, while he adopts and encourages half the corruptions of Romanism? Here, then, is the question to which Mr. Dodsworth has really led the attention of the (so called) 'Laity' of England, and possibly even of Bishops and Clerks.

It is a serious question. Has this learned, pious, and energetic teacher, after whom hundreds, if not thousands, of our clergy are named almost by common consent, been all along leaning towards Rome, imitating Rome, introducing amongst us corrupt doctrine, and superstitious, if not idolatrous, practice, taken from Roman sources? If there were no serious point of doctrine concerned, the very attitude which Rome assumes toward us would be enough to make the question serious. Is one of the most powerful, if not singly the most powerful, man in the English Church really betraying her cause to her mortal enemy?—for it is no less that Mr. Dodsworth has suggested, even if he has not intended to suggest it, to the English public, and to the authorities of the Anglican communion. The outcry raised by the 'Papal Aggression' drew, of course, fresh attention to his suggestions, and Lord John Russell gladly seized them to present to the nation, in place of certain acts of the ministers of the crown, which might otherwise have had to bear the brunt of its violent and over-excited displeasure. Meanwhile, how much was there in the facts? Mr. Dodsworth will not hear, indeed, of his statement being unfair; but then, what does it mean? Is it the facts, or the names given to them, that have caused such offence?

The materials now before us are sufficient to show beyond all question that the simple artifice, or mistake, whichever it is, by which Mr. Dodsworth has raised all this dust, is that of calling things by names which the English public do not understand. Of course, when an English clergyman writes to an English clergyman, it is supposed that he will use the common phraseology of the English Church. If he uses a new term, he will at least be suspected to mean a new thing. If he does so especially with a view to exhibit the doctrine or practice he speaks of as an approach to Romanism, he will, of course, be understood to mean something Romish. And there is a little moral fallacy, of a very refined nature, but not the less effective, which creeps

in here. When Mr. Dodsworth wrote his letter, he had begun to attach to the word 'Catholic' the sense of 'Romish.' Any one who will fairly consider this, with all the collateral points that bear upon it, will at once perceive how it affects the character of almost every clause in his statement, how it colours his view of every fact that he adduces. When Mr. Dodsworth says that a doctrine or practice is Catholic, he means simply that it is Romish. When Dr. Pusey says the same, he means that it belongs to the whole of Christendom, saving recent separations, and has done so from the earliest ages of Christianity. Hence Mr. Dodsworth sees in everything Catholic, as Catholic, an approach to the particular system of Rome. Dr. Pusey views each doctrine in itself, and considers it with reference to the Catholic Faith as delivered from the beginning, and to the whole Christian body, Roman, Greek, Anglican, ancient and modern. It is no wonder if two men who think so differently cannot quite agree as to how they ought to speak. Still, when his words had led to misunderstanding, Mr. Dodsworth ought frankly to have said they were true, but had been misunderstood, instead of labouring to fix on his very forbearing and friendly antagonist petty details which he had never treated as more than indifferent, and phrases which he had even studiously avoided. Of course he may think it a kindness to alienate a heretical episcopate from Dr. Pusey, supposing he will in the end be able to alienate Dr. Pusey from a heretical episcopate. But there are right and wrong ways of doing good, and some kinds of good ought, in honour and courtesy, to be left to work themselves out. It is to be hoped, for Mr. Dodsworth's credit, that he has not proposed this to himself as an end, or contemplated it more than an incidental result.

Another point, which Mr. Dodsworth, either studiously or very thoughtlessly, kept out of sight in his statement, was that much of what he represented as Dr. Pusey's teaching came solely out of translated and adapted books. It is true that in a question of positive doctrine a man fully commits himself to what he so authorizes, and even in less definite matters, Dr. Pusey would not think of disavowing what he had thus indirectly taught. But when the teaching is indirect, the matter not dogmatic, and the inference further indirect, surely there is room for some doubt whether a teacher can be fairly characterised by every tittle that he allows of another man's writing. His republishing any minor part amongst the rest of another's work proves no more than this, that he does not consider it mischievous or dangerous; not that he would so teach of his own mind and will. Dr. Pusey has stated his own principle in adapting books of devotion.

‘My principle in my “adapted books” (as I have stated more at length in my letter) was to exclude nothing which was not opposed to any principle or rule of the Church of England. But I can imagine no principle upon which any member of the English Church should not use such devotions as these, or why he may not repeat again and again (as it is done in our anthems), “Blessing and glory, and wisdom, &c.”’—*Renewed Explanation*, p. 31.

It would be very difficult to adapt them at all on any other principle without half re-writing them. But it is at once clear that on that principle you cannot fairly attribute to the translator every minute characteristic of the original writer. He is answerable, indeed, for anything false or mischievous, but it does not appear how he might teach on any point entirely of his own mind. Teaching slightly differing from his own in character is a difficulty on which an adapter must count. He must make allowance for it when he is considering whether to make use of a particular work or not. But still he is to be judged with some allowance for it on the other side. He may certainly admit some things, which he rather allows than positively teaches, save that in doctrine he must not admit that to be stated as matter of faith, nor in practice of positive law, which he does not himself believe to be so. Mr. Dodsworth’s application of Dr. Pusey’s adapted books implies a very much closer identification.

It is true there are those who will say, ‘We do not like to have any judgment of our own. We wish to put ourselves absolutely into the hands of our spiritual guide. If he gives us a book of devotion, we take its directions as absolute rules, given us indeed by him, but coming through him from God. Whether in his own words or in another’s, they are equally and absolutely binding on our practice.’ But this is what Dr. Pusey has nowhere taught or encouraged. He has never sought to lead people to throw aside their own reason. When he gives them a book expurgated according to his own best judgment, he still wishes them to use it at their own discretion, and with the exercise of their own moral and spiritual powers on its particulars. Thus supposing a person to set the highest value on his judgment, or even to have adopted the rule of following his direction in the most absolute manner, such an one might still go to him to say, “I find in such a place mention made of the beads of the rosary; do you intend to enjoin, or strongly recommend the use of them?” And it would be nothing strange if he were to answer, ‘that he had no intention whatever of recommending them as at all essential to the devotions in connexion with which they were mentioned, but that he had retained the explanation of their use, both as interesting in itself, and as serviceable to any one who might think them a

‘profitable help, the things themselves being such as involved ‘no superstition, and a mere instrumental appendage to the ‘devotion of repeating a certain number of times the same ‘prayers.’ He might leave the point open to the reader’s judgment, as in all reason it is open. And the same with the Crucifix, the worship of which, in fact, he has most distinctly rejected. Only that in the mention of it he has preferred to use expressions that would admit the sense of a picture. Mr. Dodsworth is most unjust to him on this head, and chides him for in any sort apologising for loving to behold the image of our Blessed Lord crucified. Of course it would be absurd to apologise if there were no abuse, or no general suspicion of a serious abuse connected with such images. But when the common belief in England is that they are worshipped; and when there is but too much reason to think that they have been and are sometimes idolatrously used, surely there is no need to be ashamed of saying a few words to distinguish between what we allow and what we do not, what we recommend and what we do not. There is nothing wrong in making explanations to meet the charge of what would really be the saddest insult to Him, for whose sake alone we could have any regard to the image at all.

Much has been said about the principles on which it is right to judge of these matters, because they have been so strangely overlooked, both by Mr. Dodsworth, and by those who have quoted him throughout the country. Even now the mention of them has an appearance quite unduly apologetic, for in fact Dr. Pusey does not stand in need of more than a mere fraction of the allowance that may be fairly claimed for him, whether it is his consistency, or his position in the English Church, that he may be called upon to defend. The summary at the end of his Letter to the Bishop of London, and his ‘Renewed Explanations,’ in themselves a summary, will indeed have enabled most readers to form a tolerably accurate estimate of the bearing of this discussion on his character and position. But it may be worth while to notice one or two points which have been especially elucidated, and touched in such a manner as to confer a lasting benefit on the English Church, if his words do but obtain the attention they deserve. Much has been said that has an interest far beyond that of the present quarrel, and that goes far to bring good out of what must in itself be regarded as an evil.

The subject of Confession has been treated in a manner that will place it in a much clearer light than heretofore in the eyes of most English readers. Mr. Dodsworth’s expression of ‘administering the sacrament of Penance,’ was a most gratuitous mode of giving countenance to the vulgar prejudice against

Confession as something distinctively Roman. Certainly, if that were a single instance of the fallacy, one might pardon Mr. Dodsworth for not reckoning on the absolute stupidity with which prejudiced men shut their eyes to the commonest and most familiar facts. Every one who will take the trouble to recollect what he has heard from his childhood, will acknowledge that it is, and always has been, the common practice of gaol chaplains to exhort criminals to private confession, that the privileged secrecy of such confession is respected, and that it is for wholly spiritual purposes, distinct from any amends which may be further made to justice by the *public* confession of a crime punished by the law. To a reflecting mind, this case at once appears to involve the whole principle. 'He that said, Do not commit adultery, said also, Do not kill;' and this may be logically converted, 'He that said, Do not kill, said also, Do not commit adultery;' and further applied to the other commandments, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain,' 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house,' and the like.

The wilful and deliberate transgression of any one known Divine law places a man before God much in the same condition as a convicted criminal. If, then, the act of Confession is a salutary help to repentance in the one case, it may fairly be supposed to be so in the other. If the Church's Absolution conveys a benefit in the one case, it may fairly be supposed to do so in the other. If the one case needs a definite reconciliation with God, so does the other. Of course the way to enlighten the slow and prejudiced, but sensible and honest minds of Englishmen is, to show them that what the Church offers them is this plain straightforward thing. First, of course, to show them that what their own Church offers is this very thing that so many need, and then, if so be, that even the Roman 'Sacrament of Penance' is in fact the same thing, and that a great part of the prejudice against it has arisen from a misconception of its nature, and from the identification of occasional abuses with universal practice. In short, for one English clergyman to throw out in the face of the English public that another English clergyman 'administers the sacrament of Penance,' and enjoins 'Auricular Confession,' without any qualification or explanation, is an unjustifiable abuse of language, one which is calculated to deceive the unwary, and seriously to prejudice the cause of truth.

This is more especially the case when the person referred to has carefully abstained from using the term Sacrament in that application, without such explanation as tended very much to prevent its giving any false impression, and showed that in his qualified use of the term, he was only following the Church of

England. He had also avoided the terms 'Auricular Confession' and 'Penance.' In the terms, also, of 'encouraging if not enjoining Auricular Confession,' a false impression was conveyed; as if Dr. Pusey had been a kind of Apostle of Confession, and had gone about everywhere preaching upon it. The fact was, that his attention had been drawn towards Confession by persons coming to him for it, years before he preached at all on the subject.

'I have already explained that, for the most part, I have been simply passive in this matter. I have not preached upon the subject, except before the University, eight years after persons had first come to me to open their griefs. I have been thankful to minister to distress or anxiety whenever it has come to me. To myself, also, it has been a comfort to be thus employed (as I trust) by our Lord, to bind up the broken-hearted. I have been thankful to have been thus occasioned to exercise a pastoral office, instead of being confined to studies or teaching mainly intellectual. But I have not (as I said), "enjoined confession;" I have "encouraged" it mainly, by readily receiving those who applied to me by virtue of the direction of the Church. I have very rarely recommended it to individuals; and that as a single act, on the ground of special circumstances of the case. But your Lordship's published statement far more than covers anything which I have done, when you say, "It seems to me—that men are not to be exhorted, or even invited to perform it, except in the specific instances for which provision is made in the offices of the Church."—*Letter to Bp. of London*, pp. 4, 5.

There is an extreme narrowness of mind in some of our pretenders to Catholicism, which makes them regard everything as a 'sham,' that is not done exactly after the modern Roman fashion. But Catholicism, in its true idea, is large, and embraces all ages, all countries, all rational modes of thinking, all allowable variations of laws, rites, and customs. There is a distinction of no small importance between the Roman confessional and ours, which goes far to justify the liberty allowed by the English Church, and stigmatised by some as an excessive laxity. The Roman confessional, though relating, in the first instance, simply to the 'forum conscientiae,' to the inward state of the soul before God, yet extends in its operation to many things relating to the outward and visible condition, through its compulsory character. A man is known to confess, or not to confess. His participation of the sacraments on his death-bed depends on his confession. His being allowed Christian burial depends on it. Hence arises a strong temptation, in the worst cases, to seek a lax confessor, and a necessity for stringent laws about the fitness of the priest who is to be allowed to receive confessions, and the cases in which an ordinary priest is not allowed to absolve. Yet it appears that, after all, the strictness of the Church of Rome cannot prevent there being loop-holes

for laxity, and very easy conditions for gross offenders. With us, where confession is voluntary, much of this temptation is removed, and there is no reason to expect that people will seek out lax and corrupt absolvers. The Church of England does not contemplate the existence among her members of the gross superstition, that can imagine a pardon to be obtained from God by deceiving or bribing a priest. And she does not compel those, who do not for themselves desire this help to their reconciliation with God, to make confession to her ministers. Whether in this she acts wisely or not, the result is, that she is able with very much less risk to leave the choice of a confessor to the penitent.

Mr. Maskell and Mr. Allies, in quitting the Church of England, thought to strike a parting blow which would sever from her many Catholic minds, by casting a doubt on the validity of all absolutions given under her free system of choosing a confessor. It is curious enough to see their argument completely overthrown by Roman authorities, who are compelled by the necessity of the case, and by the practice of their own Church, to acknowledge the kind of jurisdiction 'in foro conscientiae' which is claimed for priests in the Church of England. One of the hardest knots is, how to find a jurisdiction for the priest who is to absolve the pope. Common sense, however, usually carries the day in the end with the schoolmen, and is only exhibited in technical forms by their ingenuity, and that of their followers, the great canonists. Yet a very little study of them will be sufficient to make a cautious thinker pause before he allows a technical difficulty to master his practical convictions. A plain man's common sense may assure him that if he cannot, Vazquez or Suarez could have answered a pettifogging objector.

The subject of 'the propitiatory sacrifice of the Holy Eucharist' has been so often handled, and so well, that perhaps we have not gained much by the controversy; yet pp. 27—54 of the Letter to the Bishop of London will well repay the reader who wishes to learn what our best divines have said, and will engage him practically for half an hour, if he delights to meditate on the sacred subject to which they relate. But with respect to the 'adoration of Christ, really present on the altar under the form of bread and wine,' the pages next following are a permanent addition to our theological literature. There is not, perhaps, anywhere to be found a clearer statement of the doctrine of the Eucharistic presence, and of its connexion with our adoration of our Blessed Saviour. Delightful, cheering, edifying as it unquestionably is, to enjoy at all seasons the contemplation of the sacred pledges of his adorable presence, it is

better even to forego that delight, support, and edification, than to expose simple souls to the 'peril of idolatry,' or even of superstition in any degree approaching to idolatry. And experience proves so strongly the tendency of the human mind to localize its feelings of devotion, that we cannot but see strong reason for our own practice of withdrawing a temptation from the imagination, not only of the vulgar, but of the most devout and learned. Is the devotion necessarily paid to Christ Himself, because paid to the consecrated Host? Perhaps it is. But if this Presence is too absolutely localized in the mind, the idea of His majesty may thus be injured by the very help we use in realizing His presence. O that men could keep from tainting the hallowed air that breathes round His altars with the breath of controversy! But here, controversy is the penalty of superstition, and superstition the penalty of sin. The day of release seems yet far distant.

Pp. 54—80 of the Letter to the Bishop of London are indeed invaluable. It is to be presumed that any one who wishes to form a judgment will read the accompanying authorities in the work itself. (Pp. 39—56, cheap edition.) But the reader will not be displeased at having again before him the author's own words, full as they are of fervent piety and sound reason:—

'On the subject of the Adoration of our Lord at the Holy Eucharist, I have simply, I believe, on one occasion, retained the words, "Adore Him with profound reverence." I had disclaimed "language on this great mystery, implying (to speak reverently) a local confinement and humiliation of Him Who vouchsafes to feed us with Himself, which the Fathers would not, certainly do not, use." I fully accept the words of the Rubric at the end of our Communion Service, that "no Adoration is intended, or ought to be done, either unto the sacramental Bread and Wine there bodily received, or unto any Corporal [*i. e.* Physical, Carnal] Presence of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood. For the Sacramental Bread and Wine remain still in their very natural substances, and therefore may not be adored (for that were idolatry, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians); [this would be acknowledged by Roman Catholics themselves;] and the natural Body and Blood of our Saviour Christ are in Heaven, and not here; it being against the truth of Christ's natural Body to be at one time in more places than one."

'I have explained the word "Corporal" by "Carnal" or "physical," because the framers of this rubric deliberately rejected the denial of the words "real and essential," which stood in the first articles under Edward VI., and substituted the word "corporal." "For a real presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Eucharist," says Wheatley, "is what our Church frequently asserts in this very office of Communion, in her Articles, in her Homilies, and her Catechism." But the statement, that "Christ's Natural Body is in Heaven, not on earth," is the received doctrine, not of schoolmen only, but even of the Council of Trent. And so far from the Sacramental Presence of our Lord at all implying any Natural Presence of His Body, Divines even of the Roman Church have ruled that it even excludes it. "From the nature of the thing," says Lugo, "the Sacramental

Presence of Christ doth not require any Natural Presence of Christ." And he assigns as a reason the very reason assigned in the Rubric, "any definitive adequate Presence implies, that the subject is in such wise there *as not to be elsewhere*; therefore the Sacramental Presence of Christ doth not in itself require the Natural Presence; yea, rather it in itself requireth that Christ hath not any other presence than that."

'It is matter of faith that the Natural Body of our Lord is at the Right Hand of God "circumscribed" in place, "in a certain place of Heaven," says St. Augustine, "on account of the mode of a true Body." "Doubt not," he says, "that the Man Christ Jesus is now there, whence He shall come; and hold in memory and keep faithfully the Christian profession, 'He rose again from the dead, ascended into heaven, sitteth on the Right Hand of the Father, and shall' not 'come' from any place than 'thence to judge both quick and dead.' And He shall so come, as the Angels' words testify, as He was seen to go into heaven, *i. e.* in the same form and substance of the flesh to which He gave immortality, but took not away its nature. According to this form, He is not to be thought to be diffused everywhere. For we must beware that we do not so establish the Divinity of the Man as to take away the flesh of His Body. For it followeth not, that that which is in God is everywhere in such wise as God is. God and Man are One Person, and Both is One Christ Jesus; everywhere by that which is God, in heaven by that which is Man." Whence Alexander Alensis says, that "Christ, according to His Human Nature, is *locally in heaven*, personally in the Word, sacramentally on the Altar." He allows also that "these two things must be conceded, that Christ as circumscribed or locally is contained in heaven; He is *not* contained as circumscribed or locally under the Sacrament." And Aquinas allows the other argument of the Rubric, "No body can be in several places at once; this does not belong even to an angel; for by the same reason it might be everywhere. But the Body of Christ is a true body, and is in heaven." His answer is, "That the Body of Christ is not in that manner in this Sacrament, as a body in place, which in its dimensions is commensurate with place; but in a certain special manner, proper to this Sacrament. Whence we say that the Body of Christ is on different altars, not as in different places, but as in the Sacrament. Whereby we do not mean that Christ is there only as in a sign, although the Sacrament is in the nature of a sign; but we understand that the Body of Christ is here, according to the mode proper to this Sacrament." And again, he speaks of "the presence of the Body of Christ, as it is spiritually, *i. e.* invisibly, and by the virtue of His Spirit," which He contrasts with the way in which "it is present by the mode of a body, *i. e.* in its visible form." But this Presence, which is not circumscribed, not local, not after the mode of a body, but spiritual only and Sacramental, is, so far, no other than our Divines have contended for. The Council of Trent itself (as I said) asserts, that "our Saviour Himself always sits on the Right Hand of the Father, according to the *natural* mode of being," and asserts only that "He is *sacramentally* present with us in many other places with His substance, in that manner of being, which although we can scarcely express in words, we can still, with thought enlightened by faith attain as possible to God, and ought most firmly to believe." Would that they had left it thus not expressed by words, and that both might have received with reverence the ineffable Presence of our Lord, to be our Food, and thus "to dwell in us and we in Him, be one with us and we with Him," without defining the mode!

'It was in this way that I thought of the Adoration of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, in the words which I have quoted, not as confined or contained in place, much less so as to involve any worship of the consecrated

elements. But believing Him to be present, I believed, with the Ancient Church, that He was to be adored as Present. It is the well-known saying of St. Augustine, "*No one eateth that Flesh, unless he have first adored.*" "The rich also have adored the body of the humility of their Lord; they are not, like the poor, satisfied, so as to imitate Him, yet they have worshipped." I cannot think that these words, any more than those of St. Chrysostom, which are adduced controversially, imply any local adoration; I had no such thought in my mind. But, believing that He was then in an especial manner present, I could not but think that we knelt, not only as receiving so great a Gift, but in reverence for His Presence. "Think," says St. Chrysostom, "with what honour thou hast been honoured, what Table thou enjoyest. What the angels tremble when they behold, and do not even dare fearlessly to gaze on, on account of the flash of brightness streaming forth thence, with This are we nourished, with This are we commingled, and become the one body and one flesh of Christ."

'Let me quote the words of three unsuspected writers in our Church.'—Pp. 71—77.

Such a statement of the doctrine, and of its practical consequences, must be hailed by every one who is desirous of duly honouring the sacramental presence, without disparaging the Divine glory of our Blessed Lord, of worshipping Him as present at all times, with or without the aid of the sacred symbols. Nothing, indeed, can ever satisfy the curious mind, which longs for a perfect intellectual apprehension of Divine mysteries; but what we can attain is here fairly set before us, and in such a manner as may give rest to the weary spirit after wandering in the mazes of controversy. It is far from giving countenance to any such superstition as the superficial reader would infer from Mr. Dodsworth's words. If it in any degree relieves the Church of Rome from that imputation, so much the better. For it is not a first principle of reason, that whatever is Roman must be wrong, or must be as bad as it can be conceived to be. It is high time even for the public to have done with such assumptions. However, this statement does draw a clear line of distinction between Dr. Pusey's teaching, and that of real Romanizers in the English Church, who abhor as impiety, or despise as weakness, any caution or reserve in identifying the consecrated elements with the natural body and blood of our Blessed Lord. Perchance even some of them may be led to see that such caution may be used with reverence and piety. It is certainly not inconsistent with the spirit of Christian antiquity, and is implied in the very use of the word Sacrament, when understood as it was used by S. Augustine and S. Ambrose. Even the term Transubstantiation seems to be scarcely understood by some who insist on it, almost forgetting its metaphysical sense. Had that sense, in fact, been strictly preserved, the affirmation of it would be a mere scholastic refinement on the truth, instead of a positive error.

The reader must be tired of rosaries, to which Mr. Dodsworth

has drawn a most undeserved attention, as has been already remarked. Still it is not perhaps in vain that some may have read Dr. Pusey's chapter on repeating the same words in devotion, which was all that he ever 'recommended' in any sense in which the word can be fairly used. One would be sorry to think that this practice, considered in itself, had ever drawn down on it all the contempt and obloquy with which the mediæval practice of praying on beads has been assailed. Certainly two things have been assumed, as grounds of the general feeling which prevails in England on this subject, viz. that the recitation of such prayers became frequently a mere form, and that the devotions so used were mainly addressed to the blessed Virgin. And both these suppositions were at least founded on fact. For when the recitation of a hundred and fifty Aves and fifteen Pater Nosters was enjoined on simple folk, of no particular piety, it is not difficult to say how they would recite them. The best excuse for so doing is, that if they made any attempt at devotion, their minds would be meanwhile occupied with good thoughts. And certainly the ordinary proportion of the rosary was ten Aves to one Pater Noster. Dr. Pusey may at least be excused for thinking it would be of use to supply persons who valued this form of devotion, with words addressed solely to the Holy and Ever-blessed Trinity. And, as for the manner in which they are to be used, he certainly cannot be accused of encouraging mere formal and inattentive recitations.

With respect to the Crucifix, the obvious impression from Mr. Dodsworth's notice of it would have been, that he encouraged the *worship* of it; whereas the only use he can be properly said to have encouraged, is one wholly alien from worship, and anything like adoration he has in no instance, and in no way allowed, nor encouraged placing them in such a way as to excite the suspicion of it. The subject is a painful one here, owing to the strong national prejudice against images. Yet many persons of no particularly Catholic (not to say Romish) way of thinking, have Crucifixes, and at times derive profit from looking on them. Whatever prejudice there is against them is mainly due, no doubt, to the want of sufficient care in so using them as to avoid all danger or suspicion of idolatry, and perhaps no less to the actual attempts of some interested or superstitious persons to attach peculiar sanctity to particular images.

'Knowing the deep prejudice which English people in general have against the Crucifix, and yet feeling that any picture of our Blessed Lord, and a picture of the Crucifixion, and the Crucifix, were one and the same in principle, I did feel a difficulty when some two or three persons have asked me about the use of the Crucifix (not to be worn, but to be placed in a room,) as a means of aiding devotion in prayer, by contemplation of Christ Crucified. In my own judgment, I should much rather that persons should (in any way liable to observation and comment) use pictures of the

Crucifixion, on the very ground which I mentioned, that in this great conflict, in which the hearts of the people are to be won back to the depth of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, it is the part of Christian love to avoid, as far as it is consistent with the *full maintenance of the truth*, what may deter others from receiving it. I did not wish to promote the use of Crucifixes, in the popular sense of that use. I do think that it is right, to respect even mistaken prejudices. On this ground, in my adapted books, I substituted "at the foot of the Cross" for "at the foot of the Crucifix," or in the only place where I used the words at all, "representation of Christ crucified;" and this with the very object, *not* "to encourage the use of the Crucifix." I did so, lest an indiscreet use of it should aggravate existing prejudices. But when I was asked individually whether it was wrong to use a Crucifix as a help to devotion, I could not but say, that it was not in itself, provided that no prejudices were uncharitably shocked. Surely there are many things "lawful" in themselves, but which "are not expedient." I do think that "the use of Crucifixes" publicly is such now, because they are so much mistaken. But this advice given to individuals, with regard to our own circumstances, has absolutely nothing to do with any imputations on Roman Catholics. They were not even in my mind. Nor again, do I see why, with the avowed object of "removing the prejudice of some," I might not allege "the remarkable concurrence of Dr. Arnold," as well as "the Lutheran and Reformed bodies in Prussia." I see not why I should not try to remove prejudices in any lawful way; or why, if any are disposed to listen to me, I should not try to gain access to them, through those whom they will hear. Surely the *principle* of disarming prejudice in this way has the sanction of Holy Scripture itself, when even an inspired Apostle uses to this end even a Heathen poet, in speaking to Heathens, and argues as from his words: "As certain also of your own poets have said, 'for we are also His offspring.' Forasmuch *then* as we are the offspring of God," &c. There seems to me no great difficulty in a "position" in which one conceives something to be lawful, although not necessary, against which others in our Communion are deeply prejudiced, whose prejudices one would not wantonly shock.—*Renewed Explanation*, pp. 37—39.

The special devotions to the Five Sacred Wounds have given offence to many; but it ought to be well understood that this way of speaking is not Dr. Pusey's, and that he characterises them as rather to our Blessed Lord 'in memory' or 'in honour' of his wounds than to those Wounds themselves. This simple statement is a sufficient defence. The part of his letter which relates to them (pp. 150—193, and 110—144, 2d Ed.) cannot be read without profit, or without a strong impression of desire to 'take the wings of a dove' and 'flee away and be at rest' from the irreverence of our times. The 'strong language expressive of our incorporation into Christ' required little explanation, but what is given is a highly instructive comment on the mystical language of Holy Scripture. The word 'inebriate,' however, has given much offence. The best answer to attacks, after all, would perhaps be the old proverb '*de gustibus*,' for it is a question of taste. But Dr. Pusey has retained it, chiefly as being a scriptural word, believing that the marginal translation of Cant. v. 1, is the strict meaning of the text. This is only in his usual way, of taking things as he finds them so far as he can, and

religiously preserving every form of thought that he believes to have been sanctioned by the Holy Spirit. It may be said that the Book of Canticles itself is not for all readers. So it may be; but neither are those devotions meant for the swine, who could by any means attach a gross carnal notion to such a phrase. To others the word is not dangerous, whether it may seem in good taste or the contrary.

With respect to 'advocating counsels of perfection,' again, Mr. Dodsworth would seem to indicate that Dr. Pusey had insisted on the technical view of them. He may not have meant this, but he wrote so as to make others think so. Some twenty-five years ago, Mr. Groves, then of Exeter, published a pamphlet in which he insisted on voluntary poverty as the universal law of the Christian life, and set the example of acting upon it; and a sort of community of goods was established about the same time, amongst a number of persons of whose change of life there are still traces to be found. The consideration of their case must lead to one or two conclusions; either they were right, or the poverty repeatedly recommended in the Gospel is a *counsel*, not a command. There remain two possible views. It is a counsel to all, or a counsel to those whom Providence calls to it by ways that are short of making it an absolutely evident duty. The same may be said of the celibate life; and of voluntary obedience to superiors, as no exact scriptural recommendation can perhaps be found, (though there are many general recommendations of obedience to all constituted authority,) so it does not appear that Dr. Pusey has made a point of it beyond what is quite necessary for the performance of duty, and the renunciation of self-will. Strict obedience there must be, of course, in anything like monastic life. But all reasonable objection against this is removed by the temporary nature of the engagements which are taken in the establishments to which Dr. Pusey has given his sanction. What he has written on these last heads, though less full than on former ones, is worth a second and a third reading. He quotes, indeed, much from names with which his own will one day be reckoned, and that not as last or least; but his quotations are well chosen, and with his connecting matter, make on each of the subjects an essay of the most instructive character. Why Mr. Dodsworth thinks it needful to reply, or thinks he can do any good by replying, even in the way of harm to those whom he has quitted, except to those who have not read that to which he replies, is very difficult to make out. The most natural theory is, that conscience pricks a little at times without showing itself, and that he is uneasy at the wrong he has done, without being clearly conscious that he has done wrong. Were it not so, he could hardly be so sensitive

of the slightest reflection upon words that have drawn an almost unparalleled amount of obloquy on his friend. He does not like to think it is his own fault, or that others should think so, and no doubt most of the blame must rest on English ignorance and prejudice; but that ignorance and that prejudice were fully known to him, and ought to have been allowed for in anything he wrote about another, especially a friend then so nearly associated with him in more than one good work.

After all, the oddest appearance that has been called forth is Mr. Palmer's little letter of — recantation? It is like some of the pictures one sees of a comet with an owl's beak, or a sea-monster with a mouth in his tail. It is, in fact, a 'chimera,' engaged in the actual attempt to 'eat up second intentions.' The general possibility of this manœuvre was doubted by the schoolmen, and in the present instance there is a further question of fact, as to whether there be any second intentions to be found. He talks of 'retracting anything that may appear to extenuate the guilt of those who maintain Romish errors;' but what is the meaning of retractation in Mr. Palmer's mouth? It is lucky he has not inquisitors after him, or no man knows what he might recant! But, to speak seriously, he is far too sound a divine and too honest a man to retract his faith, and it was for that, and that alone, that Dr. Pusey quoted him, not for any maintenance of his own personal orthodoxy, much less agreement with his own particular views. If Mr. Palmer were to read over all that has been quoted, he would not find a single position, probably, that he would consider even incautiously expressed, and fairly liable to an interpretation that would countenance Romish errors. In the very point of the liability of Roman Catholics to the charge of idolatry, he has not gone beyond obvious inferences from unquestionable truths. His retractation, in fact, is hypothetical, and the hypothesis being false, so is the dependent proposition. There is, in fact, no retractation at all, and Mr. Palmer has said what he has said, and will say it as long as he lives; and every one who knows anything of theology will assent to it by the simple force of reason. Ignorant and prejudiced persons may possibly imagine that a great deal of what he has said borders on Romanism, because they call much Romish that is simply Catholic. But there is scarce one of these positions that can be even disputed without an entire surrender of the basis of Catholicity and antiquity. On mere grounds of private judgment, of course, anything can be asserted, and anything denied.

The English Church has taken a fresh start in a great part of her practice, she has been compelled to do so alone, through the exclusive influences which predominated in the Tridentine Re-

formation, and made it impossible for her to receive that as a whole. The consequence of this is, that, whether she will or not, she must both act and think. Liberty of action cannot long be refused her, if it were only that her work would interfere too much with the budget for the House of Commons to undertake it. And if she is to have liberty of action, thought will become even more necessary for her than it is at present. She owes much to writers who, like Dr. Pusey, really call upon her members to think, and afford them solid materials to think upon. Such is usually the character of what he writes, but his recent controversial works show a concentration of thought, and a power of combining materials, and a knowledge of the sources in which they are to be found, such as are given to few among mankind. People may think and will think more or less differently from him, but think they must, as this age proceeds on its course, and much must be done in which it would be well that many had thought more. The future decisions, like all other decisions of the Church, must be formed by the summing together of private judgments, we trust, indeed, under a divine influence, which makes them more than private judgments, as well as with a production and discussion of reasons, which makes an assembly far wiser than any but the most extraordinary individual. But still the perfectness of those decisions may be affected in a way that will greatly benefit or injure future generations, by the amount of study and thought which individuals are able to contribute. Many amongst us have an arduous task to come. If they cannot agree with the writer and thinker now in question, they may at least take a leaf or two out of his book. In diligence, reverence, steadiness of thought, patience in going wholly through a subject, good temper, forbearance, superiority to all personal considerations, he must be acknowledged to have set a worthy example, and one that can more easily be followed than equalled. His right to be held a Church of England divine, he has more than fully vindicated. To many, at least, he must have shown that the recent clamour against him has wholly missed its mark, and has been directed against a man of straw. But that is not all; in so doing, he has exhibited much of his own inner mind, and much of that of the Church. He has been even led, almost of necessity, to enter into some little part of his own history, and to explain what are those mysterious purposes and dark plots in which he has so long been engaged.—(P. 246, 1st Ed., p. 182, 2d Ed.) The world may now know, if it will, what is 'Puseyism,' or whether there be any 'Puseyism' at all, save Catholicism under certain conditions of time and place.

ART. VII.—*Foreign Reminiscences*, by HENRY RICHARD, LORD HOLLAND. Edited by his Son, HENRY EDWARD, LORD HOLLAND. London: Longman. 1850.

THE announcement of the 'Reminiscences' by Lord Holland, excited among political readers much curiosity, a curiosity which this volume will not satisfy. That satisfaction must be deferred till the appearance of the 'Memoirs' of his own time, still withheld. These desultory notes, however, may be taken as an instalment—all, perhaps, we may ever see—of the treasure in store for the next generation. They are, in fact, so much of Lord Holland's MS. 'Memoirs' as relate to continental affairs. But they have not a proper claim to that title, and are more fitly designated by the one they bear. For, according to the use of the word *Mémoires* by the French, who, as most familiar with the thing, ought to know best how to apply the word,—it denotes a relation, whether autobiographical or not, of the sayings and doings of the person himself whose name it bears. But of his doings, rather than his sayings, for, for reported conversation the same happy power of discrimination has invented the distinctive appellation of *Ana*, a word formed of the last syllable of the Latin adjectival form of the personal name. The '*gestes et dictz*' which had together made up the old *Chronique*, were in after time divided between the *Mémoires* and the *Ana*. The *Mémoires*, again, were distinguished from the *Souvenirs*, chiefly by the above-given difference, but also by the greater importance, gravity, and public interest attaching to the person described. Light anecdote and desultory gossip, professedly aiming no higher than amusement, would generally be expected under the term *Souvenir*. An ambitiousness and pretension which excites a smile is felt when the *femme-de-chambre*, or the thief-detector, dignify their own history with the name of *Mémoires*.

Lord Holland's *Reminiscences* are much wronged, however, when described as a collection of scandal and gossip; but they are not *Memoirs*, for they are not occupied with transactions in which he bore a part. They are memoranda of conversations, yet not notes of individual conversations, but general results of *salon* talk and opinion. They contain anecdotes, yet their strain is much above the level of anecdote. They have no style, and the book is not a composition, and yet has great unity of character. This character is one by which it belongs entirely to the last age. It is a book, we have said, not of an actor in, but of an observer of great events. For compare the book of

any equally able observer of foreign political affairs which would be written now,—with Mr. Laing's Observations, &c. for example. How in these latter, the persons are thrown into the shade, and the things stand out in the foreground. Character in the agents is not perceived, except as it may be illustrative of the age. The men are moved, not the movers. The observer's aim and tendency is to seek for the cause of revolution, and social state, of war and peace, prosperity or ruin, in outward things, not in the inward will and passions of men. The impelling forces of human progress are found by us in the external objects of desire, rather than in the peculiar combinations of reason, and the desires and propensities which make up character. Now in the mode of observation which prevailed during the Memoir-writing period, it was just the reverse—men were the subject that engrossed the observer, 'quicquid agunt homines, votum, spes, timor, ira, voluptas.' Things, *les choses*, are here what men do, the mere inert material in which the shaping and designing will exhibits itself. If there be any Divinity that controls our choice, if any exterior force not derived from our own internal self-moving power, it is fortune, opportunity, *καὶρὸς*—this is the one only element of success which man does not create for himself, and with which his power goes no further than to improve it. The French Memoir in all its different phases, through the several very diverse cycles in which it may be grouped, has this common quality, that it brings forward the individual. It shows us much indeed of society, but it is unit by unit. We have human nature in the concrete, we hear nothing of humanity in the abstract. From Philip de Comines to the numerous cycle of Memoir-writers, male and female, which were the progeny of the revolution, this character runs through them all. Gross and chevaleresque knavery in De Comines, or refined artifice, the consummate duplicity and finesse of the masters of intrigue in the Cardinal de Retz—life enjoyed under the gilded slavery of the court of Louis XIV., the bold debaucheries of the Regency, or the new spring of mental energy and novelty of moral experience, in the ten years that followed '88, through all these varied scenes we stand in the great series of French Memoirs on one and the same point of view.

The late Lord Holland had some peculiar qualifications for an observer of this class. Debarred from public life in England by the long exclusion of his party from office, and from the House of Commons by his having become a member of the Upper House while still an infant, there remained for him only the part of the looker-on. It was impossible for the representative of the line of Fox, especially one endowed with Lord Holland's powers, to be indifferent to public affairs, to withdraw to his

estates, or to occupy himself with literature or paintings. He could not follow in the steps of his grandfather and uncle, but he did not therefore abandon the position of his house. At home his name was associated with the steady and consistent maintenance of constitutional doctrine, with generous sympathy with the oppressed and persecuted of every race and condition, with an enlightened philanthropy, with a character and manners in which the dignity and high spirit of his order appeared purified from the little prejudices of caste in which they are so often obscured or lost. When he travelled abroad, his keen interest in politics, and his favourable position for viewing them, led him naturally to inquire and observe. No man of his rank not employed in diplomacy, had so great a knowledge of persons and affairs in (at least) France and Spain. From his acquaintance with the subject, he could converse on French politics esoterically with M. de Calonne or with Talleyrand, while his non-connexion with government, nay, more, his position in opposition, removed the reserve which they must otherwise have felt before an Englishman so well informed. We have in him a collector and reporter of the impressions and talk—not the words, but the matter—of the best informed circles of Paris and Madrid, a reporter thoroughly competent to elicit, appreciate, and represent the best accredited opinion, without the warp and partiality which those who have been diplomatically mixed up in the transactions invariably betray.

And this leads us to remark one, and not the least valuable, characteristic of the book before us, and that is the paramount importance which the author evidently attaches to the authenticity of the facts or opinions—collected opinions, which he puts on record. The French Memoirs and Souvenirs, even after we have abstracted the forgeries, are of very inferior character in this respect. Even some of the genuine and most interesting *mémoires* leave us at the end in a very unsatisfied state of mind as to how much must be abstracted for hasty impression, misinterpretation of others' conduct, the ephemeral jealousies between rivals. Nothing indeed in this respect can exceed the *Mémoires* of the Duc de S. Simon, which, voluminous as they are—the first edition was in twenty-one volumes—may rank with Clarendon, if not above, in the ascertained and authenticated character of their contents. We feel that we are listening not only to a man of wisdom and experience, but to one who knows and values correctness. This constitutes the merit of Lord Holland's Notes. The reader for amusement might be disappointed in not finding there fresh lights and new effects with the old figures. One even tolerably well read in the times of the Consulate and Empire, will not find any great amount of novelty—

above all, he will meet little or nothing of that commodity so much in demand with the reader of new books, fresh anecdote. Much of this kind, which, when Lord Holland committed it to paper, was little known beyond select society, has since become the common property of all well-informed men, and not a little of it through the medium of Holland House.

We think we cannot do better than make some selections from that, the most interesting, though perhaps the least novel, portion of the notes, which is devoted to reminiscences of Napoleon. These we shall beg our readers to estimate not by the test of Have I heard that before? but by the test of authenticity. The true student of history knows how, along with all other mental acts which his study calls into play, there invariably goes a perpetual questioning of his author for the authority on which each separate proposition stands. This is, perhaps, the more distinctly experienced by the student in ancient than modern history. The reader of 'Grote's Greece,' for example, is called upon at every step for this exercise of the judicial faculty. He is invited along with each statement to consider the evidence on which it rests. We should never think, in forming our conception of heroes, of placing in the same compartment of memory a text from Thucydides, with a story derived from Plutarch. The same method should be carried into our modern reading. If this discriminating habit is more necessary in one part of the subject than another, it is so where the character of a great man is that subject. A hero is generative of legend. The thousand pens that have been occupied in contributing their quota of reminiscence to the biography of the greatest man of the modern world, have, of course, committed to paper much that is spurious and apocryphal. Of Lord Holland, we believe, it will be safely said, that he has recorded of Napoleon nothing but what was worth recording, and he has invariably given us the name of, and assigned the degree of credit due to, each witness whose deposition he has taken. We are now, if not additionally informed, yet able to arrange our old information much more satisfactorily according to the degree of evidence for the facts. On the whole we may pronounce the result thus gained by the perusal of this book satisfactory. It confirms throughout and on every point those general conclusions as to the Emperor's character and mind, to which all fair men have pretty well come. On one or two points of his policy Lord Holland takes a more indulgent view than we could do. On the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and on the imperial absolutist system, the interpretation to which Lord Holland leans will not be ultimately adopted by the historian; but even on these heads Lord Holland is never the advocate. He is im-

partial, but with a greater leaning to favour the Emperor than to blame him. He may be slightly tinged with the sentiment which the weakness and follies of the Restoration made, at the time he wrote—for the greater part of the Notes appear to have been made in 1826—react in favour of the Empire. But he will be found quite aware of the defects in character and policy which the brilliancy of Napoleon's genius have made no less conspicuous than his great and shining qualities. We would recommend any of our readers, after our extracts from Lord Holland, to go over the able and impartial draught of the system and character of Napoleon, presented in the seventieth chapter of Alison's History. Such a comparison will have the effect of establishing in the most decisive way the conclusions of each. The differences are no more than are found between two portraits of the same face painted by artists of different styles. Every leading and unmistakeable feature in the wonderful character is there alike in both. Yet the one is a sketch gathered from conversation during the life of the Emperor, and in Paris; the other the result of a careful study of the facts, and a large collation of the written authorities. They are two independent collections, and the conversational are entirely in harmony with the historical gatherings.

Among the persons from whose conversation the impressions here recorded were chiefly derived, after Talleyrand, Sebastiani, Bertrand, Belliard, Mechin, and others equally well-known, perhaps the most judicious authority was M. Gallois, the publicist employed by Napoleon to draw up the memoir on the peace of Amiens. Gallois was one of the few sober and unambitious men, who, while they had no connexion with the Bourbon and emigrant faction, yet declined to court the favour or to deserve the distinctions which the Emperor reserved for those who supported his measures unreservedly. Napoleon often conversed with Gallois in a friendly and confidential manner, 'but though 'favoured, and even caressed, that independent and modest man 'observed his growing impatience of contradiction, his propensity 'to war, and above all his determination as well as capacity 'of governing everything himself, and he resolved not to place 'himself in a situation where he could not both with honour and 'comfort express and follow his own opinions of right and 'wrong. He therefore declined the prefecture of Besançon, 'avoided other public employments, and voted silently and uniformly in favour of that party and those principles which were 'not hostile to the establishment or revival of any arbitrary 'power in the state.'

The reminiscences of Napoleon follow nearly the chronological order of his life.

'The ascendancy he acquired over his family and companions, long before his great talents had emerged from obscurity, were formerly described to me by Cardinal Fesch and Lewis Bonaparte, and have been confirmed since by the uniform testimony of such as knew him during his residence in Corsica, or before his acquaintance with Barros. When at home he was extremely studious, ardent in some pursuit, literary or scientific, which he communicated to no one. At his meals, which he devoured rapidly, he was silent and apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. Yet he was generally consulted on all questions affecting the interests of any branch of his family, and on all such occasions was attentive, friendly, decisive and judicious. He wrote at a very early period of his life a History of Corsica, and sent the MS. to the Abbé Raynal with a flourishing letter, soliciting the honour of his acquaintance, and requesting his opinion of the work. Persons who have dined with him at hotels and coffee-houses, when it was convenient to him not to pay his reckoning, have assured me that though the youngest and poorest, he always obtained without exacting it, a sort of deference or even submission from the rest of the company. Though never parsimonious, he was at that period of his life extremely attentive to the details of expense, the price of provisions and of other necessary articles, and in short, to every branch of domestic economy. The knowledge thus early acquired in such matters was useful to him in a more exalted station. He cultivated and even made a parade of his information in subsequent periods of his career, and thus sometimes detected, and frequently prevented embezzlement in the administration of public accounts. Nothing could exceed the order and regularity with which his household, both as Consul and Emperor, was conducted. The great things he accomplished and the savings he made, without even the imputation of meanness, with the sum, comparatively inconsiderable, of fifteen millions of francs a-year, are marvellous, and expose his successors, and indeed all European princes, to the reproach of negligence or incapacity. In this branch of his government he owed much to Duroc. It is said that they often visited the markets of Paris (*les halles*) dressed in plain clothes early in the morning. When any great accounts were to be submitted to the Emperor, Duroc would apprise him in secret of some of the minutest details. By an adroit allusion to them, or a careless remark on the points on which he had received such recent and accurate information, Napoleon contrived to impress his audience with the notion that the master's eye was everywhere. For instance, when the Tuileries were furnished, the upholsterer's charges, though not very exorbitant, were suspected by the Emperor to be higher than the usual profit of their trade would have warranted. He suddenly asked some minister who was with him how much the egg at the end of the bellrope would cost? "J'ignore," was the answer. "Eh bien! vous verrez," said he; and cutting off the ivory handle called for a valet, and bidding him dress himself in plain clothes, directed him to inquire the price of such articles at several shops in Paris, and to order a dozen as from himself. They were one-third less dear than those furnished to the Palace. The Emperor struck a third off the whole bill, and directed the tradesman to be informed that it was done at his express command, because on inspection he had himself discovered the charges to be by one-third too exorbitant. When afterwards in the height of his glory he visited Caen with the Empress Maria Louisa, and a train of crowned heads and princes, his old friend M. Mechin, the Préfet, aware of his taste for detail, waited on him with five statistical tables of the expenditure, revenue, prices, produce and commerce of the department. "C'est bon," said he when he received them the evening of his arrival, "vous et moi nous ferons bien de l'esprit sur tout cela demain au Conseil." Accordingly, he astonished all the

leading proprietors of the department at the meeting next day, by his minute knowledge of the prices of good and bad cyder, and of the produce and other circumstances of the various districts of the department."—Pp. 210—215.

The testimony collected by Lord Holland to the extraordinary powers of Napoleon's intellect is, though not novel, yet well selected, and will be read with interest even by those who have endeavoured to form an impartial estimate of them. It is all drawn from the minute observation of those able statesmen and financiers, who, themselves men of power and genius for business very rarely found in any age in the high places of state, were yet unanimous in yielding, not to the will only of their master, but to the superior knowledge and unparalleled resources of the greater mind. Encountering him at the Council Board, and associated with him in the cabinet and the bureau, Talleyrand, Carnot, Cambacérés, were men much more likely to have revenged themselves for the contradictions and mortifications they there experienced by exposing afterwards his weak points, ignorance, blunders, misconceptions, had he been guilty of such things, than to have extolled, as they uniformly did, his minute and exact acquaintance with every branch of public service, his endurance of any amount of mental labour, his inexhaustible fertility of plan and suggestion. Such evidence must be rated very differently from the usual flattery of a courtly circle, which is ever on the watch to proclaim and to magnify any little trait of even ordinary capacity, which may from time to time irradiate the throne of an hereditary prince. Not that the imperial court was by any means free from the vice of adulation, but this base homage was rendered by the inferior creatures; the generals, and *hommes d'état* who had risen together with the Emperor, felt none of that distance which separates the born prince from even his haughtiest nobles; Talleyrand, an equal and a rival rather than a parasite, had often fairly measured his mind with Napoleon's, and thus gave his candid judgment on a review of those encounters:—"Il produisait beaucoup. C'est incalculable ce qu'il produisait,—plus qu'aucun homme, oui, plus qu'aucun quatre hommes que j'aie jamais connus. Son génie était inconcevable. Rien n'égalait son énergie, son imagination, son esprit, sa capacité de travail, sa facilité de produire. Il avait de la sagacité aussi. Du côté du jugement il n'était pas si fort; mais encore quand il voulait se donner le temps il savait profiter du jugement des autres. Ce n'était que rarement que son mauvais jugement l'emportait, et c'était toujours lorsqu'il ne s'était pas donné le temps de consulter celui d'autres personnes." M. Gallois, another most impartial witness, as he abhorred the imperial policy and had always stood aloof from his court, witnesses to the same effect. He spoke to

Lord Holland of the all-penetrating sagacity of Napoleon, his indefatigable diligence, his extraordinary knowledge of men and things, and his stern inflexible impartiality, as being efficacious substitutes even for a constitution :—

‘ His powers of application and memory seemed almost preternatural. There was scarcely a man in France, and none in employment, with whose private history, characters, and qualifications he was not acquainted. He had, when emperor, notes and tables which he called the moral statistics of his empire. He revised and corrected them by ministerial reports, private conversation, and correspondence. He received all letters himself, and, what seems incredible, he read and recollected all that he received. He slept little, and was never idle one instant when awake. When he had an hour for diversion he not unfrequently employed it in looking over a book of logarithms, which he acknowledged with some surprise was at all seasons of his life a recreation to him. So retentive was his memory of numbers, that sums over which he had once glanced his eye were in his mind ever after. He recollected the respective produce of all taxes through every year of his administration, and could at any time repeat any one of them even to the centimes. Thus his detection of errors in accounts appeared marvellous, and he often indulged in the pardonable artifice of displaying these faculties. In running over an account of expenditure he perceived the rations of a battalion charged on a certain day at Besançon, “*Mais le bataillon n’était pas là,*” said he, “*il y a erreur.*” The minister recollecting that the Emperor had been at the time out of France, and confiding in the regularity of his subordinate agents, persisted that the battalion must have been at Besançon. Napoleon insisted on further inquiry. It turned out to be a fraud and not a mistake. The peculating accountant was dismissed, and the scrutinising spirit of the Emperor circulated with the anecdote through every branch of the public service, in a way to deter every clerk from committing the slightest error. His knowledge in other matters was often as accurate and nearly as surprising. Not only were the Swiss deputies, in 1801, astonished at his familiar acquaintance with the history, laws and usages of their country, but even the envoys from the insignificant republic of San Marino were astonished at finding that he knew the families and friends of that small community, and discoursed on the respective views, conditions, and interests of parties and individuals as if he had been educated amid the petty squabbles and local politics of that diminutive society. I remember a simple native of that place told me in 1814, that the phenomenon was accounted for by the Saint of the town appearing to him overnight, in order to assist his deliberations . . . He astonished Captain Usher, at Elba, after dinner, by explaining to the Austrian commissioner the manœuvre of keeping a ship clear of her anchors in a heavy sea. The Austrian, who suspected Napoleon of talking in general on subjects he did not understand, acknowledging his own ignorance, asked him the meaning of this term (which Napoleon had used), the nature of the difficulty, and the method of surmounting it. On this the Emperor took up two forks, and explained the problem in seamanship, which is not an easy one, in so short, scientific, and practical a way, that Captain Usher assured me, he knew none but professional men, and very few of them, who could off-hand have given so perspicuous, seamanlike, and satisfactory a solution of the question. Any board of officers would have inferred from such an exposition that the person making it had received a naval education and was a practical seaman. Yet, how different were the objects on which the mind of Napoleon must have been long as well as recently employed!

'On the same voyage (to Elba), when the propriety of putting into a harbour (I think Bastia) was under discussion, and the want of a pilot urged as an objection, Napoleon described the depth of water, shoals, currents, bearings, and anchorage, with a minuteness which seemed as if he had acted in that capacity, and which on reference to the charts was found scrupulously accurate.

'When his baggage arrived at Porto Ferrajo, the commander of the transports said that he had been on the point of putting into a creek near Genoa (which he named); upon hearing which Napoleon exclaimed, "It is well you did not; it is the worst place in the Mediterranean; you would not have got to sea again for a month or six weeks." He then proceeded to allege reasons for the difficulty, which were quite sufficient if the peculiarities of the little bay were really such as he described. Captain Usher having never heard of them during his services in the Mediterranean, suspected that the Emperor was mistaken. When, however, he mentioned the circumstance many years afterwards to Captain Dundas, who had recently cruised in the Gulf of Genoa, that officer confirmed the report of Napoleon in all its particulars, and expressed astonishment at its correctness. "For," said he, "I thought it a discovery of my own, having just ascertained all you have told me about that creek by observation and experience."

'Great as was his appetite for knowledge, his memory in reckoning, and his quickness in applying it, his labour both in acquiring and using it was equal to them. In application to business he could wear out the men most used to study. In the deliberations on the Code Civil, many of which lasted ten, twelve, and fifteen hours without intermission, he was always the last whose attention flagged; and he was so little disposed to spare himself trouble, that even in the Moscow campaign he sent regularly to every branch of administration in Paris directions in detail, which in every government but his would, both from usage and convenience, have been left to the discretion of the superintending minister.

'Yet with all this industry, and with the multiplicity of topics which engaged his attention, he found time for private and for various reading. His librarian was employed for some time every morning in replacing the maps and books which his unwearied and insatiable curiosity had consulted before breakfast. He read all letters whatever addressed to himself, whether in his private or public capacity. It must, I believe, be acknowledged that he often took the same liberty with those directed to other people. He had indulged in that unjustifiable practice before his elevation; and such was his impatience to open both parcels and letters, that however employed he could seldom defer the gratification of his curiosity an instant after either came under his notice or his reach. Josephine and others well acquainted with his habits took advantage of this propensity. Matters which she feared to mention to him were written and directed to her, and the letters unopened left in his way. He often complied with wishes which he thought he had detected by an artifice, more readily than had they been presented in the form of claim, petition, and request. He liked to know everything, but he liked all he did to have the appearance of springing from himself. His childish eagerness about cases led in one instance to a gracious act of playful munificence. He received notice of the arrival of a present from Constantinople, in society with the empress and other ladies. He ordered the parcel to be brought up, and instantly tore it open with his own hand. It contained a large aigrette of diamonds, which he broke into various pieces, and he then threw the largest into her imperial majesty's lap, and some into that of every lady in the circle.'

We shall conclude with a passage relating to his religious belief:—

'In the early periods of the revolution, he in common with many of his countrymen conformed to the fashion of treating all such matters both in conversation and in action with levity and even derision. In his subsequent career, like most men exposed to wonderful vicissitudes, he professed half in jest, half in earnest, a sort of confidence in fatalism and predestination. But on some solemn public occasions, and yet more in private and sober discussion, he not only gravely disclaimed and reproved infidelity, but both by actions and words implied his conviction that a conversion to religious enthusiasm might befall himself or any other man. He had more than tolerance, he had indulgence and respect for extravagant and ascetic notions of religious duty. He grounded that feeling not on their soundness or their truth, but on the uncertainty of what our minds may be reserved for, upon the possibility of our being prevailed on to admit and even devote ourselves to tenets which at first excite our derision. It has been observed there was a tincture of Italian superstition in his character, a sort of conviction from reason that the doctrines of revelation were not true, and yet an apprehension that he might live to think them so. He was satisfied that the seeds of belief were deeply sown in the human heart. It was on that principle that he permitted and justified, though he did not dare to authorize, the revival of *La Trappe* and other austere orders. He contended that they might operate as a safety-valve for the fanatical and visionary ferment which would otherwise burst forth and disturb society. In his remarks on the death of Duroc, and in the reasons he alleged against suicide, both in calm discussion and in moments of strong emotion, such as at Fontainebleau in 1814, he implied a belief both in fatality and providence.

'He was at all times disposed to converse on metaphysical subjects, and curious in questioning well-informed priests on the foundation and nature of their faith. He was consequently disappointed on finding that the two ecclesiastics sent out to S. Helena, though selected by Cardinal Fesch, were men of limited understandings and no reading at all. The old man Buonavita, though his adventures in Spain, Mexico, and New York might afford some amusement, was grossly ignorant. He told Napoleon that he resembled the most able and fortunate of all Roman generals, Alexander the Great. Whether it be true or not that the Emperor condemned him for that historical blunder to read ten pages of Rollin every morning, and to repeat the substance of his lesson to him, he was certainly indignant that so uninteresting a companion had been appointed to him.'—Pp. 312, &c.

- ART. VIII.—1. *The Letters Apostolic of Pope Pius IX., considered with Reference to the Law of England and the Law of Europe.* By TRAVERS TWISS, D.C.L. London: Longman.
2. *Position and Prospects of the Protestant Churches of Great Britain and Ireland; with Reference to the Proposed Establishment of a Roman Catholic Hierarchy in this Country.* By T. GREENWOOD, M.A., Barrister at Law. London: Ridgway.
3. *Letters on Church Matters.* By D. C. L. Reprinted from the 'Morning Chronicle.' Vol. I. London: Ridgway. 1851.

As was to be expected, the results of the 'Durham letter' have taken up the past quarter, and the best part of the Session of 1851. A move on the part of the Prime Minister so unlooked for, and in a political view so original and out of the common course, surprised every body, and raised anticipations as extraordinary. The expression of private and personal feeling on the part of one whose least words are held to be pregnant signs, and whose ordinary duty and habits bind him to reserve, were naturally taken as indicative of a purpose, for the accomplishment of which a statesman could not be supposed to be unprepared with the means. Up to the meeting of Parliament, all men asked, and with a sincerity of anxiety not often exceeded, what the Durham letter would bind Lord John Russell, and what enable him, to do. The solution is before us. Two results, one indirect, the other direct, are traceable to the state-paper in question. An ignominious relinquishment of office, and a return to it as ignominious—a relinquishment without producible grounds, and a return to it at the behest of a political Dictator, unrelieved, unfortified, unthanked;—a relinquishment, for whose real cause the world may hesitate between pique and artifice, but which, in either case, was as unworthy as it has proved futile—a return to office, but not to power, a return not on his own conditions, but those of necessity, enforced, not won, with all his pledges and all his colleagues; these are the indirect results which Lord John Russell may ascribe to his letter. Other difficulties, doubtless, he may have had, but without that, it is not likely that time would have been wasted in exhibiting to the English capital, on the anniversary days of the last French revolution, a mimic crisis and Provisional Government, as unexpected, as gratuitous, though we hope more innocent. The direct consequence of the Durham letter is the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.

Framed in doubt and compromise, feeble to conciliate support, though strong enough to provoke something more than contempt, it has been stopped and challenged fiercely on the threshold of Parliament, been coldly and thanklessly defended, or contemptuously criticised by the large majority who have acquiesced in it, been condemned unequivocally by almost every independent statesman, has required and received corrections from its author, for grave faults arising from inadvertence and haste, before it had reached the second reading, has revived and strengthened the Roman Catholic party in Ireland, has enabled them, both there and in England, to say with reason, that they had at length become powerful enough to frighten the leader of the Whigs to the very verge of persecution, and that having tempted him to betray his consistency, they were able to make him betray it for a shadow.

The confusion of parties may keep Lord John Russell in office—it may be, for some time yet to come—a minister without policy and without command, whom all parties have now at an advantage, and can keep in check. Such a course of things is far from improbable. But his character as a statesman, we venture to say, is as irretrievable as that of a woman who has once lost her honour, or a tradesman who has once forfeited his credit. He has disclosed the limits of his resources and powers, on an occasion of his own creating. In a line of policy of his own choice and design, he has shown a poverty and shortness of thought, a recklessness of speech first, and a helplessness in conduct afterwards, which to have shown *once*, is fatal to all confidence and all respect. The ‘crisis’ has really been the trial and testing of Lord John Russell’s capacity as a public man. The death of Sir R. Peel had left him for the first time to judge and act for himself. The salutary check of superior genius had been removed—that superior genius, which was as generous to guide opponents as it was too formidable for them to affront or trifle with. And *this* has been Lord John Russell’s first public act. It is as if he wished to make his angry words and abortive statesmanship a foil to him who had just been taken away,—who, whatever may be thought of his measures, never spoke without having resolved, and never resolved in vain.

With this dead-lock to the political world, there is a lull, such as we have not had for some time, in the ecclesiastical. A lull, but nothing more, coming after the diversified excitement and anxiety of last year, and partly caused by the expectation that something important was going to happen in Parliament. Nothing of importance has happened there, unless the marked disinclination to enter on questions which bring little luck and little credit to those who meddle with them, and which, by the

prospect of religious conflict which they open, are beginning to disquiet politicians like Mr. Cobden, is in itself important. But in our present circumstances, the lull is not likely to be a long one; the storm may arise in a new quarter, or in the old one, but it is not likely long to sleep. Meanwhile, it may be worth while to use the interval to collect our thoughts.

First, as to the position of the Roman Church in relation to the English. That position has been fixed by the events of the last months, by solemn and authoritative acts, as one of aggressive hostility. This must be taken as settled. One country could not declare war on another in more explicit and unequivocal terms, than the Roman Church has officially and publicly declared war on the English.

Rightly or wrongly, wisely or unwisely, the thing has been done. It is a new and distinct step on the part of the Roman Church—which she may justify, which she may excuse but for its tardiness—but which puts her and us in a different position. And it affects, and imposes duties on, all who are members of the body which is thus publicly attacked, and who as members of it have duties towards it.

We do not of course mean anything so unreal, as that there was no quarrel, no jealousy, no broad differences of temper, of doctrine, of purpose, leading to active and persevering antagonism on both sides, and dividing unequivocally one body from the other. Such there were; such were inevitable from the history and the principles of each side: such are inevitable, between bodies who disagree, and think their respective principles, and the success of them, of importance. There is no preceding friendship or unity broken by this act. The Roman Church as a body was as little favourable to the English, before it, or the English to the Roman, as it is now. But when a quarrel and conflict has gone on for a long time, without the highest authorities deeming it necessary or advisable to encourage and sanction it by public interference, the change is a real and a serious one, when authority on either side does break through its reserve, and makes the quarrel its own.

This the Roman Church has at length done, and this is the new feature in the case. It is not necessary to notice or discuss the qualifications and explanations, by which it has been sought in some quarters to extenuate or restrict the real significance of the Pope's act. No serious man doubts what it is—and it is surprising that men of station and character among the Roman Catholics, should have so far quailed before the consequences of their own measure, as to attempt to dissimulate them. We do not say that a new arrangement of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy might not have looked simply to internal convenience—or that

it must under all circumstances have worn this aspect of hostility; all we say is, that the present one does.

And further, in affixing this new character to our division, it is the Roman Church which has taken the initiative—rightly or wrongly, again we say, we, who are opposed to her pretensions, do not claim to judge. But she has done it. It is she who has first thought it expedient to give force and vigour to the quarrel, by taking it up authoritatively, after the lapse of centuries. It is she, first, who has thought the time come for engaging her public name in the religious conflicts in England—for committing herself solemnly to the task of procuring the overthrow of the English Church. The controversy has risen from books and individuals, to the great recognised authorities of Christendom.

Those who are engaged to the service of the English Church have no choice left them. A controversial position is inevitable. While the controversy was carried on between individuals, however those individuals might represent the general spirit of their respective bodies, others also had their right, as individuals, to judge of the necessity or the wisdom of controversy. They were not bound to think such an attitude, with its narrowing and fettering influence, a paramount and public duty. They might give themselves leave to decide how far the restrictions which such a position imposes on the freedom and largeness of Christian wisdom and charity—which it notoriously has imposed on the wisdom and charity of some of the greatest men of modern Christendom—might be relaxed; how far ground could be laid for removing, at some time still perhaps far distant, the differences and misunderstandings of those whom some of the calmest and deepest minds of Christendom have thought it no impossibility to reunite. But the case is now altered, seriously altered. It is impossible for those who owe any duty or allegiance to the English Church to overlook the public acts and public position of the Roman. Not by individual priests or Bishops, but by its highest authority, the Roman Church has set on foot a course of policy, of which the direct object is not merely to maintain its own ground, but to supplant and bring to nought the English Church. Those who have any reason for belonging to the English Church, who have taken their side with the English Church, are forced, by the simplest principles of public duty, to take the same position, to which the body of which they are members has been driven. They have no right, under such circumstances, to choose their position for themselves. They may lament to see jealousy and caution coming in where there ought to be forbearance and frank good-will; but they are not masters of the times and seasons, and when our brethren

attack us, in what we believe to be our true and providential position, we have no choice between owning ourselves wrong, or defending ourselves like men.

This prospect, dreary and disappointing as it is, we, for our parts, are prepared deliberately to accept. We can see no other. We do not see how we can evade the obligation of defensive war. The occasion of it has not been provoked. The English Church has not provoked it. The English State has not provoked it; it would be trifling to suppose that the insults and misrepresentations of Exeter Hall, not unparalleled on the other side of the Channel, had provoked it. Provocation, however, it is probable, was not wanted. It wants only the principles of the Roman Church to justify, nay, to enforce it, and in the same way, the existence of the English Church justifies and renders obligatory our resistance.

Yet it might have been thought that this renewed struggle was not necessary. It might have been thought that in the present state of Christendom, amid the dangers to the faith, and the misery of the nations and their increasing multitudes, each Church might have found room enough to do God service, without making it a primary object to traverse and uproot the work of the other. It might have been thought, that in the nations in which each had taken root, each possessed its peculiarly appropriate field; each could bear its witness, its emphatic and special witness, to truths and principles to all appearance specially entrusted to its charge, and for the sake of that witness faithfully borne, be excused, at least before the rest of Christendom, for shortcomings tolerated, and corruptions left unreformed. It might have been so thought at least by those who, in the present state of Christendom, fail to trace anywhere those unequivocal marks of absolute perfection, which can alone justify the claim to universal and exclusive predominance; but who *can* trace in most parts of it, more or less clearly, efforts sincere and zealous, to keep alive and hand on the lamp of Christian faith, and fulfil the obligations of Christian charity. They at least, to whom the shattering and dislocation of the visible Church, its division into bodies, none of which can any longer, with a shadow of reason, claim to be the one and only Church of the Redeemer,—to whom the wreck, yet not the utter ruin and loss, of the Church seems as indisputable as a *fact*, as the reason of it is too clearly disclosed by history,—who cannot help feeling, with shame and indignation, the hollowness, and, if urged by intelligent men, the mockery, of those pictures of a faultless Church contrasted with error and sin—itself never mistaking, never faithless, never wrong—a picture rudely belied by every page of history, and yet prescribed as the only conceivable fulfilment of

Christ's promise, and our only amulet against unbelief;—and who yet can recognise, amid the weakness and the sin, the repentance and the zealous labours of Christians, that God's truth and law have never yet failed in the world since the day of Pentecost, and can discern in the great institutions of the visible Church, in east and west, the visible instrument of its preservation—they at least may think, and on their principles may think without inconsistency, that Rome and England both had work to do, which the other could not, and was not intended to do—they at least may think that the Roman Church might have found a nobler and a wiser employment than, not merely providing for its scattered children in England,—this we are not speaking of,—but lifting up war once more against a Church, which by its spirit and its usages, as much as by its profession, has kept up faith among men as successfully at least as Rome has; which if it stops short of the Roman rigour in enforcing doctrine on all who learn of her, teaches it, as the Bible teaches us, in no faltering language, to all who will hear. But Rome has left us no choice. Till we can be persuaded that the deep impressions of history and experience are insignificant, that a bold theory is a cure for all misgivings, a warrant for disbelieving what seems most true, and believing what seems most unimaginable, for valuing what we cannot but suspect, and speaking contemptuously of what we once honoured,—till we can be persuaded that the accidental balance of eloquence and talent, a balance which may be altered in the most fearful manner to-morrow, is a safe ground for religious ventures, we who believe that God's ordinary dispensation of grace is, for England, committed, with all their shortcomings, to the Bishops and clergy of England, cannot but resist what claims, without apparent Divine mission, to interfere with it.

Yet we come to this controversy, at least we cannot help feeling so, all the better prepared by the events of the last years; by that very movement of interest in, and sympathy with, the Roman Church, which many look upon with such unmixed condemnation,—which has resulted unquestionably in the loss to us of many, our friends at once and our examples—and may fairly be treated as one of the causes of the present attempt. Those who argue from this that the interest and sympathy ought not therefore to have been felt, would do well first to determine whether the feeling them could have been helped,—whether whatever their results now, they were not inevitable. When in a time of great activity of mind, undetermined to any pressing interest, a new subject is opened,—when that subject is one, on which after long and bitter strife the time at last seems to have come, when men can examine and discuss calmly and fairly—

when it is one involved at first sight in the darkest charges, and met with the strongest prejudices—when on a closer view many of these charges appear plainly and palpably groundless, and on many more, misunderstanding seems possible—when, further, the bright side of the subject is at length allowed to come out, marked with the clearest and noblest characters of truth and good—when it appears that this bright side, always existing, has long been kept out of sight by representations of the dark one, received by custom, and exhibited with bitterness—representations, generally indiscriminating, generally exaggerated, not seldom grossly false—when, further, this subject was one the most solemn which could interest deep and serious minds, and was invested with all the grandeur of a long history, of great men and of great things done—when all this, the result of leisure to attend unbiassed to the plain witness of historical fact, broke on the public mind, we do not merely say it was natural, we say it was inevitable, that the effects should be as unexpected, as the cause was novel and strange. It was like the discovery of a new continent, the opening of a new mine; and human nature must be other than it is, when the sudden disclosing of a new prospect to its imagination and a new field for its affections and its hopes, shall fail to draw it irresistibly in the new direction. Men found that, in fact, they had misunderstood, misrepresented, calumniated the Roman Communion; that they had not simply undervalued it, that they had thought ill, and spoken fiercely, of what, if on anything on earth, God had in many parts of it set his seal. It might do in books to talk of Antichrist, but that would not get rid of the plain fact of the saintliness of S. François de Sales, and S. Charles Borromeo. We had been accustomed to talk of formalism, and we came upon a whole popular literature, extensive and in full use, directed with the deepest and simplest wisdom to the regulation of the heart and will. We had talked of ignorance, and we found libraries of deep and learned authors; and schools of Christian doctrine, and companies, like little armies, of Christian brothers, to teach the poor. We had talked of the childishness, the absurdity, the unreasonableness of Roman dogmas; we found a fabric of theology, unequalled in subtlety and perfection of system, the legacy of ages, but of their intellect as well as of their prejudices, colossal and all-embracing, yet harmonized by the process of gradual growth; and for the world at large, clear, well-weighed arguments, to which we had not the answer ready—theories comprehensive and brilliant as any to be found in philosophy or politics. We had talked of relaxation of morals, and of Christian zeal; and we found, in hospitals, and in missions at the ends of the earth, the bands of the Sisters of Charity. These facts were nothing new; any one might have known them; they

could not be done away, they could not be hidden; but they were new to us in England, they were new as realities to the public at large. Will any one say, that the view could have been shut out?—will any one skilled in the laws of social changes say, that the revulsion caused by such a new aspect of things, once held to be so different, either could have been prevented, or has produced effects unprecedented, and out of proportion with their cause?

It was impossible, when the misunderstanding which prevailed in England about the Roman Church came to be acknowledged, but that many minds should be shaken; it is no wonder that to some of the keenest, most thorough-going, tenderest, most generous, the sense of grievous injustice done, quickened by the consciousness of faults at home, should have made the shock insupportable. We are far from saying that the view which such persons took was the right one, either of their own or of the Roman Church. We are here neither excusing nor blaming. Each separate case of change had its own determining circumstances, and peculiar look; and some are as touching and solemn in their history and upshot, as others are directly the reverse. The whole result of the conversions, on the other hand, to the interests of Christian religion, presents, as it seems to us, not one point of hope or consolation. But that such conversions should take place, when serious men's eyes were opened to the reckless and self-complacent ignorance with which it used to be the fashion to talk of the Roman Catholic Church, seems to us as little matter for astonishment, as it is one to expend blame or complaints about. Responsibility is too widely shared, for it to be safe to fix it exclusively anywhere. But what has happened might be a lesson to those who think, that a good cause, and present opinion on their side, may dispense them from the necessity of measuring their charges, and putting meaning into their words. We owe it very much to those who, in their self-satisfied security, thought every imputation fair, and every argument a good one, against Popery, that the undeniable excellence and glories of the Roman Church have at last come back upon us with such dazzling and tremendous effect.

And hence, in spite of losses and disappointments, and all the bitterness and perplexity which they have entailed on the English Church, we are better prepared, by what has taken place, as we said before, to hold our ground. A feverish time of novelty and anxious inquiry, which must have come some time or other, has passed over us; we cannot say it is gone; but we may begin to learn from it. Much folly and much falsehood, of every kind, ought by this time to have been disposed of and cleared away; and in our resistance to the Roman claims, we ought to know more accurately the conditions of the question between us, and the

grounds on which it is really to be argued or fought. It is a great thing, if, as we hope, we have got within reach, within sight at least, of real grounds.

We cannot help feeling further that it is a great thing that we are past in some measure that stage of controversy, in which the conventional uncharitableness of disputants made them think it necessary to blacken to the utmost the Roman Church. Doubtless, the popular cry will probably long be what popular cries usually are, indiscriminating and coarse, even when not groundless. But there are those whose office it is to keep up a purer and truer feeling about the questions which all are interested in, though all do not understand them. They at least may now, as they are bound to do, speak of Rome, as possessing in no scanty measure the attributes of a Christian Church. They are no longer bound to the degradation of explaining away what is most noble in work or sacrifice, of hardening themselves against what is most lofty in aspiration, most graceful and winning in character, of discovering foul motives for the purest charity, of laughing off with vulgar scoffs all forms, and rules, and rites of religion—in order to keep up with a received mode of arguing. They are set free from this. They can acknowledge that Rome redeems her great scandals and her inflexible arrogance, with great virtues and great self-devotion,—balances the unchecked superstition of the many, with unrivalled solicitude for the hearts of the few; the unreality and falsehood so largely and freely used to prop her vast system of devotion and government, with individual sacrifice and piety, with individual consecration of intellect, of the most severe reality. It is a great thing that we have come to this knowledge. True, it was within our reach before; but it was not realized. It has enlarged our sphere of thought, it has elevated our standard of Christian character and duty. Great lessons, and in some points, novel ones, personal models of self-devotion, charity, and laborious zeal have been set before us; and the world is not yet so good as not to want them, not to be improved by them. The greatest communion of Western Christendom is no longer, as it once seemed to be in popular ideas, a desert peopled by idolaters and monsters; but a real Church, composed of men, who, with all their sins, live and die as we do, in Christian faith and hope;—with evils apparently as incurable as our own, yet in many ways pointing us out the path, in the attempt to cure them.

And with this recognition of the real, though alloyed excellences to be found in the Roman Church, has come another advantage,—we have been awakened, rudely perhaps, yet salutarily, from our self-sufficiency. It was a habit of very natural growth, by no means peculiar to the English Church, and mixed up with other feelings, many of them very excusable,

and some perfectly right ones. None but one unqualified to pronounce—ill-disposed by habit, or with a mind overbalanced by controversy—will calmly say that an English churchman or an English divine has nothing to be proud of in their Church, unless he add that such feelings belong to no churchman and no divine in any church. But the habit was a mischievous one of being satisfied with our own religious position, of living on as if the rest of Christendom really had no present existence. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that this was the popular feeling, as much as it is the popular notion in Sicily or Spain, that we do not believe the Creed. And no one can think with any pleasure of the pompous annunciations of the purity of our faith, and the incomparable perfection of our system, by which very good and genuine men used to think it necessary to attest their love of their Church. These were the heir-looms of a quiet and respectable time, not without a certain decent and appropriate grace on the lips of those who first used them, but painfully empty on ours. The eulogies of a bland and indulgent courtliness suit ill and sound strange in more stirring and anxious times. We have been taught, sharply and unceremoniously—but it may be one of the most valuable lessons we have had—that we are far from being perfect. Comparisons, in which we used to think ourselves safe, have turned out not to be so completely to our advantage; where we thought ourselves alone, we have found ourselves in company; where we thought ourselves singular, we have found ourselves matched and anticipated, often excelled; where we thought ourselves invulnerable, rude scrutiny has forced on us the knowledge of manifold weakness; where we were wont to boast, we have been reduced to apologise.

We have had our humiliation—it may be, God grant it, in good time. For the days are coming, if ever in this world, when it will be in the highest degree dangerous for institutions to claim for themselves an excellence that exists only in theory; to depend much on the assertion of a perfection, believed in by the sentiment of admirers—maintained by a one-sided rhetoric, but negatived continually in detail and separate instances by what all see and know. Now, if ever, we believe, they may gain credit, full and fair credit, for what they really are; but they will find it hard to persuade the world of what they are not. This discipline of disappointment has, as it seems to us, prepared us, in a way in which nothing else could have prepared us, for taking up our true position in the face of Rome, for measuring both ourselves and her truly, and for holding on, without flinching and doubt, to that position, as a real and an encouraging one.

For the strength of Rome is also her weakness. What has told on so many minds in the last few years is indeed a spell,

but it is a spell which is in perpetual peril from experience. To bid men believe on the strength of a bold theory, supported by a powerful yet one-sided array of facts, that there is a Church on earth, which has never deviated from her Lord's will, and is incapable of deviating,—guided by men, yet never guided wrong, and which no ignorance or sin of man ever can guide wrong,—this has been the method which has appealed with such effect to the hopes and the doubts of many. The Roman Church, through her modern champions, claims to have nothing to amend in her theory; nothing to apologise for in her history; nothing in the official and authoritative determination and acts of her rulers, to regret or excuse; never to have sanctioned what was unchristian, or tolerated what was false. Whatever she has been or done, in the various changes of hundreds of years, that is what she ought to have done, and ought to have been. One rule of judgment, one standard supersedes all reason and all criticism, alike in feeling, in doctrine, in discipline, and ritual—that which, as far as it can be ascertained, is the *de facto* rule of Rome. It is a theory which in fact excludes the conditions of human agency in the direction of the Church.

They are indeed bold men, who have undertaken on such a theory to convert England; but it is a theory which they require for their claims. They require a theory, and they require a theory of exclusive faultlessness and infallibility. It is not enough to show that we have many faults and deficiencies, that in many things they are our superiors, in order to prove that God leaves us no choice but unconditional submission to the Roman see. It is not because Rome is better, if so be, than we are, that she has the right to unsettle, to overthrow, to exclude us from the Christian covenant, but because she only is the Christian Church; because while we are human, she is divine; where we falter and are perplexed, no shade of doubt rests on the clearness of her authority. Far less than this is enough to warrant a defensive position, in Romanist or Anglican; practically to the Romanist, for if he feels the scandal of his communion, he ought also to be alive to the Christian excellence of the ground-work of its teaching and discipline; theoretically to the Anglican, who knows no reason to expect that God will absolutely keep corruption and error, any more than He absolutely keeps sin, out of His Church; and who looks for the communication of truth by the Church in a method different indeed from, but not out of analogy with that of the Bible—a method, of which it is not a characteristic, that it excludes the possibility of mistake, while all Christians believe that none who ever followed it earnestly, failed to find guidance, not perhaps clear, but sufficient. But it is very different when the position taken is not defensive but aggressive;

when Anglican or Romanist claim to supplant the other. To extinguish the claims of either communion in favour of the other is a very different thing, in point of difficulty, from exposing abuses, or contrasting with them boasted excellences. Each body has lasted too long, has done too much service to religion—each has gained too strong a hold on its people—each shows too clearly, after all deductions, the large and broad features which have belonged in all ages to the Christian Church, wherever she was planted, to be assailable by the other with any prospect of success, except on some very sweeping and conclusive principle.

The instinct or the foresight of controversy wherever it has been aggressive, have not been at fault on this necessity. In the proselytizing days of Protestantism, the cry of Antichrist was the successful engine against Rome. And now Rome cannot hope to gain on England, cannot hope for conquest on a large scale, by merely appearing as a Church, free, it may be, in some points, from our defects, more careful to reconcile anomalies in theory, more complete in its organization, more attentive to special great points of practice and discipline, and, in those points, accordingly, proportionably more successful. No mere differences of degree, balanced at once by other differences equally important, are enough to support the pretension of converting England. Nothing is enough, but a claim which throws all differences of degree into the background, and sweeps all detail away. Our deflections from the ideal of the Christian Church, if such an ideal can be found or traced by man, are no reason for giving way to a communion which is merely different in its deflections. If we are to yield, it must be to the ideal itself, realized and manifest. And unless the Roman theory is true of the perfection of the Church, and the Roman Church, in fact, exhibits that perfection, the Ideal is not before us.

The cry of Antichrist against the Roman Church has been amply disposed of by history and experience; but history and experience make short work also with the antagonist extravagance—the idea of perfection. It does, indeed, seem strange to turn from the controversial pages of Bishop Newton, to books like the *Spiritual Combat*, or Challoner's *Meditations*, to labours like those of Francis Xavier and Vincent de Paul: but it is equally strange to turn from the pages of Bellarmine, De Maistre, or Dr. Newman, to the annals of Baronius. It is equally strange to come fresh from ingenious demonstrations of the necessity of certainty in religion, to the history of scholastic theology and the Roman Catholic schools of Paris and Flanders. It is equally strange to come from burning sentences on the

consolations of infallible religious guidance, to read in that saddest history of Port Royal, what Rome could do to give light to the perplexities of some of the deepest and most earnest of her children: to pass from eloquent celebrations of unity, to the records of the bitterest divisions not reconciled, not softened, not healed, only hushed up and veiled over: from glowing panegyrics on the benignant, yet firm wisdom of the decisions of the Holy See, to the details of the vile and miserable intrigues on which those decisions often depended; to pass from the contemplation of the heroic submission of many of those who bowed to them, to the meanness and weakness of those who gave them, and the cruelty or selfishness or vindictiveness of those who were able to procure them. It is strange, we quite admit, to cross the Channel with the sentences of Dr. Macneile ringing in our ears, and find such a work of self-denying religion going on as we may find in the schools and hospitals of Rouen and Paris. But it is equally strange to contrast, on the spot, our recollections of the theology of Bossuet or Milner, with the popular religion of Italy and Spain.

No; history is not niggard in its testimony to the grandeur and imposing height and power of the Roman Church. To history, its cause in this country is deeply indebted. History has been read more fairly and more carefully, and the Roman Church has been no small gainer by it. But history is a stern auxiliary; she may be trusted to right in time the slandered, and to rebuke the boaster; but she is hard to press into the service of the ambitious, and not very willing to help out the theorist.

Here, then, we are on better ground than we were. If we have been taught sober thoughts and language about ourselves, and to measure our accusations against others, we may claim with good right not to be bound to their illusions. If we have admitted the good of the Roman Church, it is no reason why we are bound to shut our eyes to its scandals and mischiefs. They are attested by the same class of informants. These informants will support reasonable and limited statement; they will not bear out declamation. They will silence the charge of apostasy against Rome; they will justify the reality and the strength of her zeal for religion; but they are inexorable and not to be silenced about her great misdoings and great failures; they know nothing of unmixed excellence, of systems never at fault, never showing signs of derangement, never degenerating, in the extremities of their change.

It is this imperfection, this mixed character, which is the real broad answer to the Roman claims on our submission. It is this, which is our strength against her. She is not what she claims

to be, what she must be, to warrant her in speaking as she does. The reality of the case will not reach to the point required by the theory. She is not, in life, in the working out of the trials and difficulties which arise in the world, what she is in the pages of her divines. Their complete theory does not answer to the broken and troubled scene which it is meant to represent; if it partially fits it to-day, the correspondence is interrupted to-morrow. Their unchecked flow of lofty or tender sentiment, of triumph or of confidence, jars painfully with a course of things in which they are as exposed as others to disappointment and change. Borne up and verified for the time, it may be, by instances fresh and full in the public eye, their words find a violent contrast, when instances of an opposite kind occupy the view. The writers may themselves be proof against all shocks. They may allow no exception to abate their confidence. But their books, any more than those of her extreme opponent, are no adequate exponent of that alloyed and shifting character, with which she meets us, in real activity. They will make no admissions, as their antagonists will make no allowances. But the actual system, if it claims the one in common with every thing where man is at work, cannot be screened, and is not honoured by the refusal to concede the other. Plainly and visibly, if any thing can be plain and visible in this world, it has suffered deeply, permanently, organically, to all appearance irretrievably—for the sins and the ill counsel of its children and its rulers. Its mixed character is fatal to its exclusive claims. Its evils and weaknesses disqualify it for superseding other parts of the church, which if they also bear, in different ways, the stamp of mortal infirmity, have been real and adequate representatives of God's visible kingdom, and have taken deep root in the habits and traditions of their own people. Its resolute insensibility to its own shortcomings, imposing as may appear for the time the self-reliance which this implies, is in reality ominous in days of inquiry, when men will know the whole truth; as rendering more marked and emphatic, in the eyes of those who will not fail to draw the inference, the necessity which is felt for a theory, and its real inapplicability.

It is here, which is our true ground for resisting the claims of the Roman Church on our submission, that the argument against them is to be sought. Our real argument is not that she is Antichrist or Apostate, but that she is not what she claims to be—and feels that, for her purposes, she *must* claim to be,—the whole Christian Church. We shall not succeed, we may be sure, in proving that, compared with other Christian bodies, she deserves nothing but condemnation and abhorrence; but it will not be difficult to show that she presents exactly the same

mixture and contrast of good and evil elements, customs, principles, tendencies, which in different ways and different degrees mark every other part of professing Christendom. We shall not be able to persuade serious and fair men, that the good in her is not good; but the same seriousness and fairness will in the long run also resist and make hopeless the attempt to persuade them, that her evil is not evil, or that the good which they admit, however mysterious may be the phenomenon of juxtaposition and confusion, excuses or extinguishes the evil which is equally palpable.

This evil side of her real working and course in the world, evil policy, evil doctrines, evil practices, and still more evil shifts to hide or justify them, to harmonise them with a theory to which they are fatal, we have no choice but to urge and insist upon. In doing so, we are not causelessly attacking others, who are in many points, it may be, better than ourselves; we are not wantonly throwing stones, unmindful of our own danger. If the perfection and certainty which the Roman Church proclaims and offers to all, educated and untaught, were to be found, it would indeed be a great departure from all that we know by experience, and have been taught by Scripture, of God's dealings and providence; but if real, it would be a departure, which if we wondered at, we might well adore. But it is madness to blind ourselves with an imagination which we cannot realize, and call it faith. We know well our own sorrows. In reality, in spite of the charge against us of self-complacency, English writers of all classes have been remarkably careless about disguising them. If we have been pompous and magniloquent in the general, in particulars, at least, our fault has not been patching up and making secrets of what would tell against us. But it is not an experience which disposes us to sympathize with the attempts of others to gloss over their own evils, nor is it a reason why we should allow them to do so.

Speaking therefore, generally, the one insuperable barrier to the revived power in England of the Roman Church, is this broad contrast which she cannot but obtrude on men's minds between theory and reality; that in a great moral and religious system, dealing in the widest extent with all that concerns man in this world and the next, she professes, as the basis of the confidence she claims, an unerring certainty and technical precision—which, if found at all in human experience, is found only partially, in special departments of thought or practice, and in them in proportion as they diminish in the vastness of their scope and application—which is anything either seen or promised in Scripture. And the effect of this unreality is not diminished by the

terms of unrestrained enthusiasm which its champions and recommenders apply to the system. Their satisfaction is so uninterrupted, that it ceases to be natural, and seems like the result of will. Their self-gratulation wearies by its monotony, and provokes by its resoluteness. Their ingenuity in fencing with exceptions is too universal to be trustworthy; it is a dangerous position to be obliged, and a dangerous gift to be able, to wrest everything, as it turns up, to our own side of the question. The impression produced is simply that of an habitual and importunate self-complacency, of which the best apology is that it is forced,—that a theory requires it; but it can as little be counted on to disguise or make up for the defects of that theory, as it is a winning or persuasive feature, however it may bespeak sanguine confidence, in the party of which it has become a characteristic. None ought to know this better than the advocates of the Roman Church; they have been keen to see, and merciless to expose, the paper theories, the incautious grandiloquence, the weak though often sincere enthusiasm of their opponents. The world has often laughed with them, and often not without reason; they might have learnt in that the difficulties which embarrass their own cause. Roman boastfulness is not likely to attract, where common sense has disgusted us with our own.

There is sufficient reason then, it seems to us, in spite of the various advantages gained of late years by the Roman Church in England, for thinking them very insufficient pledges of its success on a large scale. The hopes and the fears which are flying about on all sides like the froth of the sea, are equally inconsiderate and short-sighted. And we believe that few thinking men, even of those who express them, seriously expect them to be realized. But they may become fruitful sources of mischief and confusion, in their effect on political and ecclesiastical measures. Their effect on our political measures has been already disclosed. The spectacle of helplessness and embarrassment, of blind efforts, of a make-believe legislation not daring to effect its end, of ministerial despair sinking lower and lower, and recognising the fatal sign in the one measure which Parliament was willing to let them have in any shape they pleased,—this, the exhibition of the present session, not often paralleled in the dishonour which has attended it, is the fruit of fears only half-believed in, and of a popular cry ill-understood, and followed without clear purpose. Statesmanship baffled, character destroyed, government crippled, public business deranged, a legislation which those who are not hostile to, are ashamed of, the boasted sense and practical wisdom of Englishmen made a laughing-stock to the world,—these are the answer to those

views of policy, the arguments for which are exhausted in the pamphlet of Mr. Greenwood, and the learned and very instructive volume of Dr. Twiss. They have only proved the singularity of our position, and the advantage which has been taken of it; but both have exaggerated the political importance of the advantage, and certainly neither has shown how that importance, if real, is to be neutralized or diminished.

It is to be hoped that the warning so signally given in the political world against meddling with difficulties under the influence of irritation or alarm, or external pressure, will not be lost on those with whom, according to the present state of things, all responsibility must rest in ecclesiastical government.

The lapse of time, no very long one, has brought other warnings. But a short time back, the fear of Romanism was held by many a sufficient justification for any transgression of the laws of fair and just dealing, for any rude mode of cutting knots that were difficult to untie at once. It was the excuse for much cowardice—the palliation of much wrong—the pretext for much insolence. It suspended the ordinary laws of public opinion, and rules of personal conduct. The plebeian bully of a provincial municipality, or the aristocratic profligate, whose licentiousness was the proverb of the country side, forgot themselves with impunity and without shame, and found for a moment applauding listeners, while they rebuked clergy for heresy, and bishops for indifference. No language then seemed intemperate, no demands unreasonable, which appealed to this fear: under cover of it, great projects were suggested or disclosed, forces were mustered, enthusiasm raised, resolutions passed, signatures paraded; rumours circulated of fundamental changes—of parliamentary justice and reformation, long provoked, and at last inevitable. That fear which seemed to justify the strongest measures, seemed also capable of bringing them about.

Symptoms were not wanting at the time, that the cry, though loud and eager, was an indifferent basis on which to found hopes of practical measures—that its violence and extent were no pledge of its permanence—that difficulties which were overlooked or despised on platforms, would make their appearance in parliament—and in truth, the meeting of parliament seemed to dispel illusions. It was the signal for a return, if not to greater calmness, at least to more measured expressions. Fears and expectations which had become wild from the contagion of sympathy, were sobered by the presence of a counter opinion, which held them cheap, and a judgment which rebuked them.

The progress of this change is chronicled almost day by day, in the vigorous and able letters of D. C. L., which will remain

as instructive contemporary illustrations of a very curious passage of our history. We will quote from the letter of January 24 what were then the proposed intentions of the revolutionizing party, and his own misgivings; and from that of February 25, the practical result:—

‘An announcement of his lordship’s intention has appeared in another morning contemporary of yesterday. This communication professes to be official, and is honoured with the position and the type which are reserved for paragraphs coming from authority.

‘It commences with a tolerably accurate recapitulation, cast in the phraseology which the quarter from which it emanates would naturally give it, of the report, adding (a fact new to me) that a private version fixed upon the Duke of Bedford as the peer who was to bring the scheme forward in the House of Lords at the very commencement of the session. It then continues [the *italics* are mine], “*We are enabled to state that there is no truth whatever in the report. We can say this most positively on behalf of the noble lord who presided at the meeting, and we believe we are equally justified in saying it for the other noblemen, members of Parliament, and private gentlemen, under whose auspices the meeting took place. But we have much pleasure in adding, that the noblemen and gentlemen alluded to have determined on using every means in their power to obtain, immediately on the re-assembling of the legislature, a Royal injunction to restrain the Puseyites from inculcating principles and practising ceremonies which are wholly unsanctioned by anything within the boards of the Prayer Book. The effect of this will be to turn out of the Anglican Church, by one fell swoop, the whole brood of the Tractarian clergy.*”

‘The party which Lord Ashley represents know that the Prayer Book is against them. That sovereign act of diplomacy which they meant to be the master-stroke of their policy, the seal of their doctrine—the Gorham judgment—brought this out unmistakeably; and it is clear that they feel it. For years and years they never tired of declaiming against that “soul-destroying heresy,” baptismal regeneration; they never ceased wondering how men could be so wilfully blind as to pretend to see it in the Prayer Book. At length the important day came, and the expected judgment was delivered. This document is compelled, in every portion of its tortuous argument, to own that the scouted doctrine stands confessed through all our formularies, while so audaciously arguing that the rejection of it is compatible with the honest acceptance of them and of the emoluments thereon possibly depending. Any one who wishes corroborative evidence of this fact will find it in a series of able papers, by one who himself thoroughly disbelieves the doctrine, entitled the “Great Gorham Case,” attributed to the pen of Mr. Binney. A striking article, also, in the current number of the *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review*, “The Battle of the Churches,” while pleading for a scheme of Church Reform for which even Lord Ashley, I think, would be unprepared, acknowledges that, as the Church of England now stands, the “large party” are its most consistent members.

‘The upshot of the whole affair is very simple. Lord Ashley and his party are tired of the *status in quo* in the Church of England. They see that the development of that Church, so long as her essential character remains unchanged, must tend to the diffusion of her true principles. They have, in their hour of fancied triumph, learned at what a cost of principle that dear-bought victory has been gained. They have, therefore, taken the desperate resolve of endeavouring to change that character, and force new principles upon that Church. A fixed scheme like this may well

afford to shift its views of policy. A few days ago the most approved course may have been to attack the Prayer Book openly; now we have the best authority for knowing that it is decided, at first, at least, to endeavour to undermine it. But the character of the attempt remains unaltered, and the real danger unabated. Most earnestly, then, do I trust that no Churchman will allow himself to be lulled into a false security by the vague and temporary denial of one single count of the indictment contained in Lord Ashley's letter. The object of the party he represents is to throw sound Churchmen off their guard; and admirably does his lordship attempt to do so. If we relax one iota of our vigilance on account of that letter, we help on the consummation of our own undoing—a catastrophe which, if we will, we can avoid.'—*Letters*, pp. 45, 47, 48.

The result is thus told: lively as is the account, it scarcely does justice to the absurdity of the consummation:—

'It is sufficient to state, that liabilities, recklessly contracted in haste, had to be compounded for by a puritan reformation in the Church of England, undertaken by Lord John with a mixture of craft and of sincerity,—craft as far as it helped to evade the persecutions with the promise of which he had striven to delude country meetings—sincerity so far as he longed from his heart to set his foot more completely than he had done through the trick of the Manchester Bishopric, the realities of his distribution of high patronage, the "unostentatious" policy of the Committee of Council on Education, and the bold immodest violence of the Gorham judgment and rejection of the Bishop of London's Bill, upon any remaining liberty of doctrine or discipline which the English Church might yet possess—and driven on by his novel allies with all the vehemence of intolerant and self-satisfied fanaticism. The lumbering impertinences of the National Club, and the selection of St. Barnabas' Church by the thieves of London as the scene of their exploits for several successive Sundays, swelled the panic and encouraged the Reformers. The purifier of the House of Commons was looked upon to repeat his former triumphs in a sweeping alteration of the Church. A Parliamentary campaign was announced against High Churchmen, as an event of the suddenly "glorious, pious, and immortal" Russell Administration, and the announcement was made good in its extremest days. But what a fulfilment! The attack comprised no demand for a Royal Commission—no recapitulation by my Lord Ashley of well-digested imputations, and of influential names, affixed, without much forethought, to a specious document. It turned out to be a stray shot, inopportunately fired off by a metropolitan member, in the interest of a few constituents, against a quiet, unoffending clergyman, of so flimsy a nature that two or three facts, briefly stated by a friend of the inculpated man, disposed of it completely. This shot was yet the explosion of the mine. It brought up upon his legs that noble lord whom the House of Commons fancied, while it listened to him, was the chief adviser of the Crown. It wrung from him the statements that nothing could be done in Parliament, and that the Primate of All England did not think of going to Parliament except in the acknowledged contingency of requiring to crush the Rubric, and not being able otherwise to do so. It elicited from the universal good sense of the House the unmistakable expression of feeling that it ought not to, and that it would not, meddle with such matters. Sir Robert Inglis, amid loud cheers, gave this sentiment substance and expression. Mr. Hume, coming to the assistance of the Lydian party, could only arrive at a charge as frivolous as the former, against another clergyman who was brother to a Cabinet Minister; and with the interval of a hearty laugh at Lord Dudley Stuart, the members, who had been

sitting on pins during the whole discussion, waiting for that Budget which was never to arrive, found themselves hurrying out of the house, their needs full of anything but the weal or woe of the Church.

'And so, amid horrible grinning mockeries of his early and his later glories, after a division on Parliamentary Reform, and a discussion on Church amendment—such a division and such a discussion!—Lord John Russell determined his dictatorship.'—Pp. 54, 55.

It is by this time clear that the popular fear of Romanism, though a very real and deeply seated feeling, was, in the form in which we have seen it displayed lately, both exaggerated and artificial. It is not really strong enough to support those who would use it to enforce violent measures; it is not strong enough to compel the reluctant to bow to them. Many a man, we will venture to say, regrets at this moment that he made so much of, and yielded so easily to a force, which a little more courage, a little more patience, a little more confidence in his own judgment, would have enabled him to stem;—about whose real strength, as well as its real fairness, he was not even then without misgivings. At any rate, the time of outcry is gone by; the opportunity is passed, for those who were disposed to take advantage of it; and prudent men, on whom responsibility rests, may with little danger of disturbance reconsider, weigh, measure, and compare the difficulties which though lately seen in one quarter only, exist in others also.

For most assuredly, the dangers that threaten us from the Church of Rome, however we may estimate them, are neither the only ones, nor the greatest which threaten us. Among others, one is prominent,—one on which a good deal has been said of late years by many of those who are now acting as if they held it cheap. It is the danger of governing the English Church by theory.

It has been repeated in the disputes of the last few years by friends and enemies, in praise and in condemnation of the English Church, that she is the reflex of the English nation. In a sense it is true. The English Church is differently circumstanced from any other branch of the Church; different in her history, different in her traditions, different in her feeling, different in her spirit. Those who consider that such differences leave no room for conformity in other points of view with the rest of the Church, and insist upon them in order to separate her off from the one great body, are bad logicians, and worse judges of what connects and separates men; they forget how compatible great special differences may be, with complete identity of object, principle, and even party. But they are not wrong in the fact of the English Church having her characteristic peculiarities. And these peculiarities, doubtless, depend in her case, as in the case of other churches, on the people among whom she is planted.

She has shared their fortunes; she displays their features; and her condition is affected by their institutions, their habits of thought, their tastes, and their sympathies. In this she is not singular. The same thing may be said of the Church whether in France or Italy, Greece or Russia. And those who taunt us with being but the image of the popular will, had better first determine what share the popular will, displayed in other but not less effective ways, has had in moulding and keeping to its mould the functions of the Church, in those places where they are represented as most perfect.

For our own part we have no difficulty in admitting that in one very important respect the English Church does partake of the character of the nation. It is extremely patient of, and extremely indifferent to, theoretical anomalies. Those who identify principle with theory,—who think principle secured and guaranteed by theory, and only by theory,—have always found their advantage here against the system of the English Church; and always will find it. But it is not a great practical advantage; for the same audience which will listen to ingenious exposures of incoherencies and contradictions, will be for the most part very incredulous of the power of a more consistent theory, though it may save appearances, to cure or to prevent evils. Theoretical anomalies have not been found inconsistent with the energetic and successful development of very marked principles of law, of government, and of policy in the English state; and they have not been more incompatible with a real and uniform character, with continuous and not unsuccessful labour, on the part of the Church.

If this has been forgotten or unfairly used by controversialists, we fear that it is in danger at this moment of being forgotten by some of those in whose hands is now vested the responsibility of governing the Church; by none more than some of those who have, at various times, expatiated in no very measured or well-considered terms of eulogy, on this unsystematic character of the English Church. It is among those very men who are never tired of talking of the comprehensiveness, the breadth, the large tolerance of the English system,—of its many-sided and free spirit, its disregard of rigid uniformity,—who have often urged it so as to obscure her character as a witness and teacher of any definite truth,—that a disposition is found to keep out of sight some of the most salient and indisputable features of her system, to ignore some of the most momentous and eventful facts in her history, and to treat the complicated and delicate organization of her living body, as if the key to it was to be found in a coarse formula of a single theological doctrine, or in an audacious political gloss

on the supremacy of the Crown. In those who wish to revolutionize the Church, like the Dean of Bristol, and that singular representative of the laity, who finds no subject beyond his powers or proof against his extravagance, the author of 'Modern Painters,' and 'Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds,'¹ this is natural enough: but in those who wish to govern the Church, maintain, improve, and strengthen it on its existing basis, it is the direct course to fatal confusion.

¹ 'The schism between the so-called Evangelical and High Church parties in Britain, is enough to shake many men's faith in the truth or existence of Religion at all. It seems to me one of the most disgraceful scenes in ecclesiastical history, that Protestantism should be paralyzed at its very heart by jealousies, based on little else than mere difference between high and low breeding. For the essential differences, in the religious opinions of the two parties, are sufficiently marked in two men whom we may take as the highest representatives of each—George Herbert and John Milton; and I do not think there would have been much difficulty in atoning those two, if one could have got them together. But the real difficulty, now-a-days, lies in the sin and folly of both parties; in the superciliousness of the one, and the rudeness of the other. Evidently, however, the sin lies most at the High Church door, for the Evangelicals are much more ready to act with Churchmen than they with the Evangelicals; and I believe that this state of things cannot continue much longer; and that if the Church of England does not forthwith unite with herself the entire Evangelical body, both of England and Scotland, and take her stand with them against the Papacy, her hour has struck. She cannot any longer serve two masters; nor make curtsies alternately to Christ and anti-Christ....'

'But how to unite the two great sects of paralyzed Protestants? By keeping simply to Scripture. The members of the Scottish Church have not a shadow of excuse for refusing Episcopacy; it has indeed been abused among them; grievously abused; but it is in the Bible; and that is all they have a right to ask.

'They have also no shadow of excuse for refusing to employ a written form of prayer. It may not be to their taste—it may not be the way in which they like to pray: but it is no question, at present, of likes or dislikes, but of duties; and the acceptance of such a form on their part would go half way to reconcile them with their brethren. Let them allege such objections as they can reasonably advance against the English form, and let these be carefully and humbly weighed by the pastors of both churches: some of them ought to be at once forestalled. For the English Church, on the other hand, *must* cut the term Priest entirely out of her Prayer-book, and substitute for it that of Minister or Elder; the passages respecting absolution must be thrown out also, except the doubtful one in the Morning Service, in which there is no harm; and then there would be only the Baptismal question left, which is one of words rather than of things, and *might easily be settled in Synod, turning the refractory Clergy out of their offices, to go to Rome if they chose*. Then, when the Articles of Faith and form of worship had been agreed upon between the English and Scottish Churches, the written forms and articles should be carefully translated into the European languages, and offered to the acceptance of the Protestant churches on the Continent, with earnest entreaty that they would receive them, and due entertainment of all such objections as they could reasonably allege; and thus the whole body of Protestants united in one great Fold, would indeed go in and out, and find pasture; and the work appointed for them would be done quickly, and Antichrist overthrown.

'Impossible: a thousand times impossible!—I hear it exclaimed against me. No—not impossible. Christ does not order impossibilities, and He *has* ordered us to be at peace one with another. Nay, it is answered—He came not to send peace, but a sword. Yes, verily: to send a sword upon earth, but not within his Church; for to his Church He said, "My peace I leave with you."—*Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds*, pp. 48—50.

For a long period, the English Church, in spite of the glaring theoretical anomaly, has had very little government beyond the routine functions of its rulers. Things have been let alone, under the impression that the general spirit of the body might be trusted, for its guidance and control. The interference of authority has been avoided; those who possessed it declined to use it. They have declined the responsibility which belongs to political rulers, of watching, feeling and directing it; of suggesting improvement, and initiating great measures; of leading, and, except in rare cases, of repressing opinion. They have sat still, and allowed things to take their course; if not always without alarm, yet with a confidence, far from shortsighted, though it may not always have been the mark of zeal and industry, in the energy and principles of the Church. Such a state of things was anomalous, inconvenient, and not very creditable. Those who are at the head of things are not there merely for show or their own honour: they ought, in Church as in State, to guide and lead. They ought, in order to do this, to be identified, as rulers in the State are, with the feelings and interests of those whom they guide; to sympathize with their interests, to be familiar with their habits of thought, to be able to trust and to be trusted. Ecclesiastical government does not differ from political in these requisites for its healthy and effective exercise. The absence of these in later years has suspended it to a great extent among us. It was, as we said, a defect from which we suffered, and which required amendment. But it was a negative evil. If the Church authorities did little to help or direct their clergy, they left their clergy to find the best compensation which the nature of the case, and their own sense of their wants suggested. Such a state of things, if it was far from ideal perfection, far from what might be desired or hoped for, had at least the merit of being natural. If there was no assistance, there was no interference.

A variety of circumstances, some of them of the most opposite character, have of late combined to invite once more into activity, powers which have long been more or less in abeyance. And they have shown a disposition to obey the call. We may reckon it, we trust, among the signs of reviving energy in the English Church, that her bishops have shown themselves more than ever sensible of their authority; have shown themselves to feel that the posts they hold are posts not only of distinction, but of practical leadership. But while such a change of feeling is an essential step in the improvement of the Church, it is one of the oldest of truisms that reviving powers are accompanied with great and peculiar hazards. They are untried and unproved. Their extent and limitations are ill understood, and like new remedies,

they seem remedies for everything; equal to all that they can be applied to, or that can be required of them. And the mischief and confusion which they may create, if they take a wrong direction, or are applied on wrong principles, may easily be, as they often have been, quite out of proportion with the evils which it was intended to meet.

It is a matter of the deepest import for the future fortunes of the Church, how the bishops employ that authority, the sense of which has been of late forced on them. For, as is obvious, the anomaly of their inactivity has, as yet, but given place to other anomalies equally great. The revival of their sole authority, unaccompanied by anything to guide, inform, or balance it—by any of the older traditional powers of the Church, or of corresponding newer ones,—and before there can be custom or a common understanding to harmonize it with the order of things into which it is suddenly imported,—the revival of this sole authority, without the revival by its side of what has always gone along with it in the Church, a system of recognised constitutional law,—may turn into as fruitful a source of evil as it is capable of being a blessing. And, from the absence of these guiding restraints of a system which practice has wrought into shape,—of such a system as directs the holders of political, of judicial, of military power, the personal responsibility of the existing bishops is more than ordinarily tasked. It is a responsibility so peculiar, so unparalleled by that which rests on the administration of other offices of great trust, defined, as that is, by well-known rules and limits, that it seems an unfair burden. But it is the clear growth of the time. When the office was accepted, its coming tasks and trials were not below the horizon. It is too late for any one to complain of them now.

The danger is, as we said before, that they should govern by theory. Doubtless, in government, as in other things, theory is a desirable, and if sound and comprehensive, a valuable guide; but circumstances at a particular time, may make sound theory very difficult to master; and in government, if anywhere, a mistaken or inadequate theory is much more unsafe and pernicious than a practical sense of surrounding realities, more anxious not to miss them, than to reconcile them. True, the latter course may in weak hands lead to a sacrifice of principle, as the former also is often but a shift of weakness, ignorant how to carry out principle and misapplying it; but no one has seriously thought over history, civil and ecclesiastical, without seeing how it has been the great trial and proof of the purest and highest men in directing public matters, less to apply a theory, than to master the complexion and bearing of present facts. In the present condition of the English Church, it is certainly

far more important to those who are charged with its government, not to misconceive its facts, than to shape their measures by the rules of a theory.

It is, for instance, a view entertained by many, that at the Reformation, the English Church was, once for all, purified and settled. That epoch is made the single point of departure, for its whole history since its independence, and the opinions of the leading men in it at that period, the conclusive standard by which its doctrine and spirit are ever after to be measured. An appeal to the Reformation or the Reformers is on this view held to be decisive on every question, as if the Church had no authorities, no teachers, no ties, no recollections of older or later days, equal in weight and interest to these. The Reformation, its influence, its opinions, its work, are taken as all-sufficient for every need of the Church; what happened before or after it must be judged by it—right and subsidiary, if in harmony with it, or with certain views arbitrarily defined as *the* Reformation principles—wrong and intolerable, if diverging.

It is not to our present purpose to criticise particularly this view, or to reduce the importance of the Reformation, and the weight of its determination, within their true limits. No one, of course, can dispute its momentous influence on the history and character of the later English Church. And further, to date the English Church from it, to make its teaching, and the principles that were then most prominent, the complete and exclusive standard of the English Church, is an intelligible and convenient view. It is, so long at least as it is expressed in general terms, a coherent theory. And those who identify themselves with the Reformers, and hold, or think they hold, their system of doctrine pure and unadulterated, may think it a clear theory to act upon. But it is not the theory of the real English Church. It is not a theory to which her history, the actual course which events took in her, the documents which formally characterise her, the established results of the maxims, authorities, principles, which have a recognised place in her system, can be at all adapted. Her attitude, her teaching, was *not*, as a matter of fact, fixed at the Reformation; and the principles of that time were not the exclusive principles to which subsequent authorities held themselves restricted, in what they did to improve and reform. What they did, further, has lasted, and is as much an integral and legitimate portion of our ecclesiastical system, as what the Reformers did. Later men also have to be consulted, as a matter of fact consulted, as great constitutional names, in questions of English doctrine and practice. We have as much right to fix *the* Reformation at 1611, as a century earlier. Its divines and principles have in-

fluenced English theology, and in no accidental way. Under their auspices, a form of doctrine has made good its ground among us, which laid far broader foundations than the views of the Reformers, and made no scruple of ignoring or correcting them. Andrewes and Laud, Jeremy Taylor and Barrow, Bull and Waterland, represent nothing accidental and exceptional in English spirit and teaching. They present themselves with no mere plea to be tolerated. They speak, as representing English doctrine, with an authority which owes nothing and yields nothing to Cranmer and Parker. They mould thought where Cranmer and Parker have but the influence of a name, and speak scarcely more persuasively than their old rivals of the schools. And, whether, or not, they can be harmonized with Cranmer and Parker, no one would dream of identifying them.

A theory which looks to the Reformation alone as containing all that is to govern the development of the English Church, is a theory which stumbles against realities at every step, and, whatever may be private wishes or opinions, is perilous in the extreme, as a ground of public policy. It is a theory or device to break up the English Church, but not to govern it by.

Again: the last year has brought out, in a modern shape, a very old theory respecting the supremacy of the Crown. It seemed a serviceable one for certain purposes, and was adopted; and the public, long accustomed to the broad phrases of liberal philosophy, was taken by surprise by the sight of statesmen urging and maintaining, apparently in earnest, the claims of the Tudors. The forms of ancient despotism came in awkwardly enough in Whig orations, but they did come in notwithstanding, in all their antique hardness and rigour, without qualification or explanation. But it was for a purpose. Statesmen, it may be said, must be judges, in trying emergencies, of the auxiliaries and appliances which it becomes them to call to their aid. They cannot, perhaps, always be nice. They must content themselves at times with what will for the moment confound and puzzle an inconvenient adversary. But it would indeed be a serious thing, if the temporary resource of a hard-driven ministry were accepted as a vital reality by Archbishops and Bishops. It would be a serious thing indeed if they allowed themselves to be so enslaved to a formal and one-sided theory,—which, as recent events have made unmistakeably clear, is absolutely powerless to guard even the external dignity of the Church,—as to lose sight of the fact that it is at this moment the most unsubstantial of fancies, except so far as it can be interpreted into an unbalanced and unchecked control, by the Ministry of the hour, over the independent action of the Church.

Once more: the last eventful year, among other things,

brought out clearly the great dislike felt by a party in the English Church to what they call 'Rubrical observances.' There is abundance to remark on the nature of the outcry, on the things objected to, the reasons for objecting, the competency of the objectors, the spirit of the complaints, their own position towards the Church of England. But this is not to our purpose. It is perfectly natural that ceremonial, as such, and ceremonial as carried out in many of the cases attacked, should find many to dislike and censure it. This dislike and censure was expressed in no measured terms, and has been more or less attended to by Ecclesiastical authorities : but along with this clear proof of a wide dislike, came out also, that, except perhaps in some extreme points, the party complained of had the Prayer-book on its side; and, further, that the party who were forward in making the complaint, had, on some most important points, not of detail but of principle, the Prayer-book clearly and unquestionably against them. We are not speaking of other grounds these persons might have for claiming a tenable position in the English Church; we speak only of this one point in the controversy. They have been forced to admit that, on the whole, those who have made a point of trying to carry out the Rubric cannot be condemned by the Rubric. The system, which the Prayer-book is adapted to, which it countenances, and appears to contemplate, is not theirs, but their opponents'. And it is become equally clear that they who disparage the efficacy of the Sacraments, have to use Offices which take it for granted without ambiguity, and make it fundamental; that they who account the Priesthood as one of the worst corruptions of Christianity, have to submit to an Ordinal which in the clearest way proclaims it. These points are as clear as any general facts, short of the certainty of physical phenomena, can well be conceived to be; there is no limit to the power of theory to blind its advocates, but there is a limit to its power of keeping realities out of sight to the world in general.

Into specific occurrences that have marked the last three months we are not now going to enter. The Bishops of London and Ripon may have had reasons which they are not bound to give to the world at large, for thinking that in difficult circumstances they were acting for the best, in the part they have taken respecting S. Barnabas and S. Saviour's. Whether in these particular cases their authority was rightly and fairly exerted, whether that authority has gained by those proceedings, whether respect for it and confidence in its wise and paternal exercise has been strengthened, may be a grave question; but as separate administrative acts, in which each Bishop used his discretion and acted on his own opinion and responsibility as an individual, they are past and over. We shall not re-discuss them.

But if these are to be taken as specimens and omens of the general policy which our ecclesiastical rulers propose to follow, if they mean more than decisions, whether right or wrong, under certain special circumstances,—if a system which is hoped for and expected by many, is foreshadowed in them, and they indicate what the High Church party are to expect from the authority of the English Bishops, they are signs of coming mischief and confusion more portentous than any other, because they are signs of increasing blindness to realities, of increasing readiness to sacrifice deliberately truth and fairness to the menaces of the many or of the great, increasing inability to face prejudice and clamour, increasing insensibility to the real strength, real dangers, real weapons of the Church.

The Bishops cannot alter things. There may be powers which can, rightly or wrongly, cause great and fundamental changes in the constitution of the English Church; but, we must be allowed to say, it is not the authority of her Bishops, singly exerted, or even collectively. They cannot alter her documents; they cannot prevent men from reflecting on them, comparing them, acting on them. The Bishops may place themselves in contradiction with the spirit of their own office, by siding against Church principles in favour of their ancient and plain-spoken opponents; whether our Bishops are likely to gain by such a course may be questioned, but one thing is certain, that they will not be the arbiters of the result. If Church principles are cast out, it will not be by them. If a violent and popular revolution does not overthrow the stronghold of these principles, the authority of the Bishops is not strong enough to eradicate them. By a combined and systematic opposition to them, they may either make a display of personal weakness, or, they may earn the honour of preparing the way for more consistent and more thorough-going levellers. But to have the English Church as it is at present, and to purge out of it its old Catholic elements, and those things by which Catholic elements live and grow and are reproduced continually, is an incompatible combination, beyond the power of man.

It is indeed idle to talk of checking by such means the progress of Romanism. Whatever be its tendencies, whatever be the influences, whether exaggerated or not, by which it attracts minds to itself, they are absolutely out of the reach of such measures; they will not be so much as touched by a mere policy of counteraction in the opposite direction. Whatever be the prospects of Rome in this country, they most assuredly will not suffer by crushing ancient principles and sympathies in the English Church. We should all be much wiser probably if we did not allow the supposed advances of Rome to influence so strongly our opinions and measures; if we weighed more soberly what is

inevitable, and what is likely, in days of great excitement and widening knowledge. That such a system as that of Rome should make converts, should be continually making them, cannot seem strange to any one, who has thought with seriousness and intelligence on religion and its history; that it should make them in numbers sufficient to give it deep and wide hold in England, is inconceivable. England is, indeed, worth struggling for, and it is no wonder that Rome makes us fight for it. But a battle is not lost because it cannot be fought without loss of men. We should be wiser, it seems to us, if in the stir and ferment of revived religious feeling, and thought, and activity, we laid our account for the loss of some of our fellow-workers, without allowing it to divert us from our objects, any more than we ought to allow it to damp our zeal. But however this be, the interference which Lord Ashley asks for, and the Primate dares not either to promise or refuse, would be, as a measure against Rome, most fruitless: indeed it would most directly further her aims.

Fruits it might bear, indeed. There are those, doubtless, whose hands it would strengthen, and whose objects it would promote. There are purposes, grave and deeply reaching purposes, now in contemplation by very thoughtful and determined men, to whom it would be no nugatory help. There are many within and without the pale of the English Church, who take deep and increasing interest in her course and fortunes; but think her too exclusive, too narrow, too much attached, not merely to certain forms accidentally unpopular at the moment, but to the antiquated idea of forms and dogmatism in general. They are keenly and eagerly urging the more complete 'Protestantizing' of the Church of England. What they mean by this, if any one could be ignorant, has been hinted significantly enough, both in Parliament and by the press. In one case the indication of principles and purposes has been disclosed, we cannot help thinking, somewhat prematurely. The 240,000 who have lately approached the Primate, with Lord Ashley as their representative and spokesman, to invoke his interposition to put down forcibly opinions and men who are obnoxious to them, come forward as zealous churchmen, and ostentatiously appeal to the archbishop's 'supreme spiritual authority' in the Hierarchy of the English Church. Words, doubtless, of respectful, though it may be, overstrained deference for his high office, and loyalty to the system which gives it its meaning and greatness. But coincident with the address to the Primate, appears another move on the part of Lord Ashley and his friends. It is the complement to the address, and points out clearly its direction and drift. Formally addressing the authorities of the Church

one day, Lord Ashley, as formally, opens negotiations with the authorities of Dissent, the next. He is a bold, and, we suppose, a sanguine man, to have shown his hand so soon.

We leave our readers to consider for themselves the report of this conference, and the significant comments on it of the most radical of the daily journals; they show who are preparing to work together, in the cause of Church Reform—in what spirit, and on what terms:—

“*GREAT ANTI-PAPAL LEAGUE.*—Yesterday the foundation was laid of a religious League, which promises to become the greatest of the kind which modern times have witnessed. A number of noblemen, gentlemen, clergymen of the Church of England, and Dissenting ministers of various denominations, met in Osborne’s Hotel, Adelphi, for the purpose of consulting together as to what ought to be done by *Evangelical Protestant denominations*, with a view to arrest the aggressions of Popery. Among the noblemen and gentlemen present were the Earl of Ducie, Lord Ashley, Sir Culling Eardley Smith, the Hon. and Rev. Montagu Villiers, the Rev. W. W. Champneys, the Rev. Edward Auriol, the Rev. T. R. Birks, the Rev. Dr. Morison, the Rev. Dr. Campbell, the Rev. Dr. Bunting, the Rev. Dr. Beecham, the Rev. Dr. Steane, with a great number of eminent laymen. The meeting lasted three hours, and was characterized throughout by the greatest unanimity and cordiality. It was resolved that duly organised and most energetic measures shall be forthwith adopted in order to enter the arena with the hosts of Popery.”

On this the ‘Daily News’ remarks—

‘The speeches of Mr. Roundell Palmer, Mr. Cardwell, and Mr. Sidney Herbert disclose another and a new and perhaps a greater risk. For these able and influential and cautious gentlemen, whilst in words repudiating all sympathy with the Court and the Church of Rome, in argument adopt its interpretation of the meaning of religious liberty, and support its practical application of that liberty; in order that they may be able hereafter to claim for the Church of England that immunity from State control, that freedom of internal action, that synodical power, and that complete overthrow of the royal supremacy, in matters ecclesiastical, which Cardinal Wiseman demands for the Church of Rome. And how that which is given to the Roman can be refused to the English Church passes all logical comprehension . . . This comes of fostering, and encouraging, and pattering with such monstrous ecclesiastical figments and fables as apostolical succession, as Church authority, as the sacramental system, as a sacrificial and mediatorial priesthood. By the support and succour which our Bishops have given to these engines of sacerdotal craft, they have raised a spirit which nothing but the most determined and resolute popular demonstration can quell, and which, as Lord Ashley significantly said, the oldest amongst us may not live to see laid—which threatens to invade our families and to disturb society, as already it has broken in upon the bonds of political parties.

‘With such a prospect before them, and in the face of such a Parliamentary union as that we have referred to, it is not surprising that the most serious alarm should be entertained by the representatives of the leading orthodox religious bodies in this metropolis; and it is natural that, in their alarm, they should for awhile consent to overlook their denominational differences of opinion, and come together, take counsel of each other, offer to each other the hand of friendship and of union, and resolve to make both a common and a separate demonstration against the common enemy. Accordingly, on Tuesday, under Lord Ashley’s auspices, a body

of Churchmen who act with that noble lord, met in this spirit some of the representatives of the four great divisions of the Protestant Nonconformists, and agreed on making an appeal to the Protestant feeling and principle of the country; content, under present circumstances, to take Lord John Russell's measure as the minimum of national resistance to this foreign insult and aggression, but resolved, if that be rejected, to demand larger protection for their common faith; and a sub-committee was then appointed to organise a great aggregate meeting and a series of denominational meetings in favour of the measure now before Parliament.

'Thus, then, an opportunity will be afforded to the country of indicating whether any change of opinion has occurred in the public mind since it spoke out so intelligibly and distinctly a few months ago; whether it adopts or rejects the Tractarian interpretation given by Mr. Roundell Palmer and Mr. Sidney Herbert to religious liberty; whether it is willing to accept the policy indicated and represented by Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham; whether it desires with Lord Stanley to postpone, until an indefinite inquiry is over, legislation; or, whether it will 'come at once to the succour' of Queen Victoria and her prerogative, attacked and insulted by Cardinal Wiseman, and defended and vindicated by Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston.

'For such an agitation we should under a less imminent emergency, have little taste; but forced upon us by Roman Catholic ambition and Tractarian co-operation, it shall have the best support this journal can give it, if conducted with tolerance, and in that large and comprehensive spirit which can effectually repel insult without in the least shackling opinion.

Such is the programme, vaguely but very significantly announced, of the proposed movement. Under the thin disguise of meeting 'Papal aggression,' it really aims at deep and thorough-going changes in our own Church. Do we need to be reminded of what the Puritans used to call 'Popery' in the Church of England? Does any one suppose that the mixed body, of which Lord Ashley is the leader, and the *Daily News* the future systematic supporter, will, by 'Popery' in the Church, mean *less* than the Puritans?

With this design just unmasked, we at length receive the announcement, on authority which we should be glad to believe mistaken, that the Bishops are resolved to move also. A large majority, we are informed,—twenty-three out of the whole number,—have at last agreed on issuing a joint declaration as to how the formularies and rubrics of the Church are to be regarded, interpreted, and observed. This declaration is intended to be taken as a condemnation of High Church views by the collective Episcopate.

While we write, this Declaration has not, we believe, been published. We cannot tell what considerations may be even now affecting the question of its publication or suspension; but we should think that their Lordships must have perceived, in the process of penning it, reasons of no trifling moment for pausing before they are irrevocably committed to it. They have found it, if we are not mistaken, no easy thing to draw it

up, and very unsatisfactory when drawn up. The first draft of it seems to have been framed under such misconception of the bearings of the whole subject, that it would have committed the signers of it to errors and mistakes of the most serious kind. Dangers in this quarter were soon pointed out. It was, so fame says, amended—altered—once and again modified, restricted, made less stringent, and less pointed. Some letters, signed ‘A Canonist,’ in the *Morning Chronicle*, made but too clear the inextricable difficulties which beset the attempt, especially if in any way the paper presumed to limit the Catholic terms of doctrine. Their Lordships have, we believe, persevered in resolving to issue something, if for no other purpose, for the undignified one, that they have promised ‘to do something,’ a phrase which has now a peculiar and stereotyped force. Whether they have succeeded to their own satisfaction—whether they have been able to produce a document which says what they would wish to say, or what they meant to say at starting, we may be permitted, under the circumstances—circumstances of our law and history, as well known to all the world as to them—to doubt.

Again, we cannot help hoping that this and other considerations may lead the Bishops to pause. We earnestly trust that the warning, so significant, so undeniable, now presented by a body far more accustomed than themselves to the work of legislation, of the humiliation and dishonour which attend the attempt to make laws in order to meet a cry, which cannot be met without either committing wrong or exposing weakness, will not be lost on them. But if they are bent on this vain endeavour to satisfy those who will not be satisfied, they must not be surprised, if the strict and entirely technical value is set on their act by those against whom it is directed. They must expect that those who, in popular opinion, are to be condemned by it, who by the general bearing and effect of it are intended to appear as a condemned party, will take it for what it is worth, and for no more. *Their Lordships have no power, as they well know, either, by themselves, to make laws for the Church, or, in an irregular and informal manner, to interpret them.* If their proposed declaration attempts to do either of these things, they must be too well aware, both of its illegality, and of its unconstitutional character, to expect seriously that it will settle anything. If, on the other hand, they solemnly commit themselves to an act, professedly intended to carry great weight at an important crisis, which yet they are obliged to make as unmeaning as possible, and which nothing but wholesale changes will enable them to enforce, they are either perilling gratuitously their own authority, or, under the unhappy persuasion, it may be, of trying to avert a revolution, they are making themselves its pioneers and leaders.

NOTICES.

'Across the Atlantic,' (Earle,) is the title of a light, not ill-tempered, work on men and manners in the United States. The writer's lightness occasionally evaporates into froth; his gaiety merges not seldom into sneering and scoffing on serious subjects. But though he is not without burlesque—though he is once or twice tedious—he often surprises with keen and sensible remarks. His aim is not high; but he generally hits the mark. At the same time, bearing in mind that we are at this moment subjecting ourselves nationally to much of the flippant off-hand observation of foreigners, we must protest against the fairness of judging a whole nation's social state by its boarding-house aspect and its hotel manners. No country can endure this standard of judgment, least of all England. We seek to be judged by what strangers have little chance of intermeddling with. We greatly and most egregiously fail in particulars which are most on the surface. The brutality of our lower ranks—the manners of our cads and cabmen—our miserable public buildings—our middle-class cookery—our dress—our climate—the nocturnal display of vice in our streets—the poverty of our galleries of pictures and antiquities—these constitute our most palpable aspect; and many things which make the fascination of a continental city are the least and worst part of London. And yet what else will our visitors for the most part see, and by what else can they judge us? On the very eve of asking the whole world's opinion of us, we are more than ever disposed to plead for charity and discretion in judging about others.

Mr. U. W. Morgan's 'Vindication of the Church of England,' (Rivingtons,) in connexion with Lord Feilding's secession, is a very compact and clear, as well as temperate, statement of the Church of England's position. We do not know, for its size, a more intelligible and fair manual: we noticed an occasional strain on the scriptural argument, as in the application of several texts at p. 71.

'Speculation,' (J. H. Parker,) is a moral tale on the evils of the commercial vice of that name. Its title is ambiguous, and its execution not remarkable.

'The Calendar of the Anglican Church Illustrated,' (J. H. Parker,) is by far the fullest work which has appeared on the subject. It gives, with copious illustrations, and references to existing examples, the entire English Hagiology; the second part of the work contains the lives and emblems of the saints, local and foreign, in whose honour any English churches are dedicated. Some of the cuts, from a prayer-book of the last century, we think out of keeping with the general tone of the book. With respect to joint dedications, such as are mentioned at p. 95, there is often no other connexion than the accidental, and perhaps recent, incorporation of two parishes. It is quite true that King Charles the Martyr is the 'only

instance of a post-reformation dedication,' p. 42; but was it to religious or courtly motives that we owe a succession of west-end parishes and churches named after S. James, S. Anne, and two after S. George?—the statue on the top of Bloomsbury Church looks very like a tutelär. We by no means concur in the compiler's preference (p. 113) of German to Italian art. We recommend this valuable work without hesitation.

Bagster's 'Blank-Paged Bible' adopts a neat and compendious device for inserting short MS. notes. They are kept to the right hand of the page—a great convenience for writing. We should have been more completely satisfied with this publication had it been the Bible of the Church of England, which, omitting the Apocrypha, it is not.

'The Monthly Packet,' (Mozley,) we deem a considerable advance on the cheap magazines for Churchmen: it is at the head of its class, and quite *the* book for young people. Papers entitled 'Sunlight in the Clouds,' struck us a good deal.

'The Penny Post,' (J. H. Parker,) is, we think, better in plan than in execution. To compete with the sort of publication against which it desires to measure itself, it requires some manliness and variety—more power and less prosiness—more sinew and less sermonizing.

We are glad to welcome with approbation a promising and able contemporary, 'The Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal.' Its own powers would sufficiently recommend it; to this, however, it adds the authoritative sanction of the Church in whose name it appears.

Mr. H. Barraud is familiarly known to most of our readers as the artist of the exceedingly popular plate of the 'Three Choristers.' A group of school-girls shortly afterwards appeared as an agreeable pendant. Mr. Barraud has recently published three other clever prints, completing the series. They are a general congregational group,—'Baptism,'—and 'Visiting the Sick.' From particular reasons they are not likely just now to acquire the popular success of their predecessors; but artistically we think them by no means inferior, that of Baptism perhaps more so. We do not know any series more suitable to the rooms of a Church of England family. The engraving is very creditable.

'Whitaker's Clergyman's Diary,' and the 'Family Almanack,' both published by Mr. J. H. Parker, are very successful. The latter is quite a remarkable compendium of information about educational matters, schools and their endowments and exhibitions, &c., the masters, and their present state.

We hardly see why Messrs. E. A. Freeman and Mr. G. W. Cox should have taken so much pains in the Preface to their 'Poems, Legendary and Historical,' (Longman,) to show that they are not mere imitators and plagiarists. A true criticism would never have imputed this. Although Mr. Lockhart and Mr. Macaulay have written ballads, Messrs. Freeman and Cox may claim their own place in the choir of poets, on their own merits, apart from their immediate predecessors. Poetry has schools and normal forms: Homer was not the earliest writer of cyclic lays, nor was Shakspeare the first English dramatist. And as far as we see, the present

writers have quite enough of pith and power to vindicate their independent claims to a hearing. Ballad poetry, in its modern sense, is a recognised form of art; not the highest, but a sufficiently pleasurable, phase of it. Its cast is the vivid and picturesque; it addresses the senses rather than the inner feelings. It sweeps on like a procession on a frieze: it does not seek to concentrate emotion and soul in a single picture or figure. Messrs. Freeman and Cox have, we think, worked in a free and liberal spirit, as well as swell of language. Properly enough they have not forgotten the conventionalisms of their style (occasionally to an exaggeration, as in the perpetual reiteration of common-place epithets—'holy' dead, and 'holy' cause, and 'holy' pile, and another 'holy,' in a couple of stanzas, pp. 202, 203,)—and the poems are very lively and buoyant. Still it is a style of composition which soon palls; partly, perhaps, because affecting so pointedly the natural, it is, in fact, very artificial. Mr. Cox has added a single poem, 'Recollections of Childhood,' of a higher and more truthful range, which exhibits considerable skill and promise. By the way, it is a strange oversight in a writer who knows, or affects to know, anything of Spain, to talk of Cordôva—'From Calpe to Cordova,' p. 88.

An elaborately annotated edition of 'Wilson on the Lord's Supper,' has been published by Mr. Cleaver. A great amount of valuable and, under present circumstances, important ritual information, is contained in the additional matter. Indeed, it is quite a manual of authorities on ceremony, fitly appended to a manual of devotion.

Professor Hussey's Lecture on the Supremacy,—'Rise of the Papal Power,'—(J. H. Parker,) exhibits much learning and principle in a condensed but available form.

To professional and advanced Numismatists we believe that Mr. Noel Humphreys scarcely proposes to address himself in his new volume, 'Ancient Coins and Medals,' (Grant and Griffith,) but we can safely say that he has produced a remarkably elegant and instructive volume for the general purposes of literature. It is curiously illustrated by *relievo* stamps, which are actual transcripts in metallic paper of the coins themselves. These stamps are imbedded in thick cartridge boards. The process is by a Mr. Barclay, and an admirable one. Much popular information is contained in the descriptive and historical notes. At p. 3 we detected an inaccuracy—typographical perhaps—where, in distinguishing between 'coin' and 'medal,' the words 'latter' and 'former' are transposed. And at p. 4, Mr. Humphreys blunders about 'aristocratic parishes of western London, in which two titled personages hold the office of churchwarden, while the two sub-officers, termed sidesmen, perform all the duties of the office.' 'Sidesmen' are not confined to parishes occidental or aristocratic; nor do they ever perform, there or elsewhere, the duties of churchwardens. They generally succeed to the office of churchwarden, as in certain corporations the aldermen become mayors, the assistants become deans, and the deans successively merge into president. But the sidesmen, or sidemen, are the 'synod-men,'—'if any be of custom,'—they are assistants to the churchwardens, and afford a curious testimony, by the presentations required of them, that episcopal visitations are still theoretically Diocesan Synods,

and include something more deliberative and fraternal than the mere quadriennial Charge into which these occasions of counsel and advice have practically fallen.

In a recent notice of Mr. E. A. Freeman's valuable work on *Llandaff Cathedral*, we inadvertently and incorrectly stated 'that the ground plan had no scale,' and that 'we could find no measurement in the volume.' In the plates opposite pp. 27, 28, 50, both scale and measurements are given. We can only apologize, not attempting to account, for our error.

We have received from Dr. Burnett a thoughtful volume, '*The Philosophy of Spirit*,' (Highley.) The author, dissatisfied with the coarse definition of spirit as 'imponderable matter,' which has received undue currency in the sceptical schools of recent physicists—a definition which, in fact, besides being ambiguous, tells nothing—investigates the nature of spirit itself. He assigns to entity two forms, the material and immaterial. Immaterial entity he divides into its phenomena, such as light, electricity, motion, life, &c. Hence he shows the existence of spirits different in kind and degree, which kinds are analysed. Substantially there is nothing to object to in this theory; but surely 'phenomena' is not the term for these various orders and kinds of spirit. The old term, in its old sense, *form*, would be more adequate.

Mr. E. S. Kennedy's '*Thoughts on Being*,' (Longman,) are chiefly important to ourselves in their theological—apart from their metaphysical—aspect. Without adverting to his ancient antecessor, Mr. Kennedy does little more than revive the teaching of Origen, both as to the eternal pre-existence of all spiritual natures, including the human soul, and as to the merely remedial nature of punishment, or 'probation,' after death. The old Alexandrian speculations on the resurrection of the body are also reproduced by this writer.

'*Ann Ash*,' (J. H. Parker,) is a pretty little story, even an affecting one. The closing scene has one palpable deficiency, significant enough. Here is a pattern Christian dying in a pattern way: she is daily visited in her last illness by an exemplary clergyman; his pious conversation, his reading and prayers are faithfully recorded; the last scene is minutely drawn, —but not a hint of the Christian's *viaticum*.

Dr. Whewell has added another to the services with which he assists the Cambridge study of moral science, by a reprint, accompanied with an English synopsis, of Sanderson's famous lectures, '*De Obligatione Conscientiæ*,' (J. W. Parker.)

Archbishop Whately is said to be the author of two little volumes of Lectures, '*Scripture Revelations respecting Angels*,' and '*On the Apostles*,' (J. W. Parker.) They are addressed to the parishioners of Halesworth. In vigour, and precision, and life, they maintain their writer's reputation for style, while for practical and religious purposes they far exceed anything which we remember from the same pen.

We have just received from Dr. Jarvis, the admired American divine, the first volume of his Church History, '*The Church of the Redeemed*,'

(Boston, Simpson; London, Cleaver.) This volume takes in the range from the Creation to the destruction of Jerusalem. As far as we are at present enabled to judge, it is highly creditable to the learned author's research and industry. Our daughter Church is, we are glad to hope, acquiring sufficient consistency and calm, not only to produce but to value other such contributions as those of Dr. Jarvis to the old-fashioned stores of sound learning. We hope to be enabled to take up the general subject of Scripture chronology, not forgetting Dr. Jarvis' Introductory Volume, which has been for some time before the public.—It is with great regret we notice the death of Dr. Ogilby: one well-known, and wherever known loved, among ourselves. His attainments were of a high rank: and his character singularly attractive.

We have a high respect for Mr. Ruskin. In his own line of criticism and taste he stands without a rival; and there is so much earnestness and truth, as well as grace, about all that he has hitherto produced, that we are loth to express exactly what we feel about his present pamphlet on Church matters, published under the affected title of 'Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds,' (Smith and Elder.) Its ignorance is a little surpassed by its insolence—its faults of principle are about equal to its faults in style: and in grateful sympathy with the writer's well-earned reputation, we can only say that, for himself, the sooner this *escapade* is forgotten the better.

That curious document, the Circular of the National Club, did what it never intended, good service to the Church, when it brought out from Mr. Colin Lindsay his 'Letter to the Duke of Manchester,' &c. (Masters.) This 'defence of the orthodox party' is able and full, and does the writer—a layman of promise—considerable credit. But this is a question not very likely to be settled either by argument or law. They to whom the first appeal is urged consider themselves trustees of the popular will rather than guardians of the Church's law. Liberalism has always its spice of tyranny; and we may expect to see a combination which failed to unite in defence of the Church's doctrine, significantly unanimous against the Church's discipline. What we have to guard against is that vice of the times which, afraid to appeal to true power, appeals to *quasi* authority; which, in the case of a Cabinet Minister, hectors through the penny post and falters in Parliament; which, in other quarters, is scared at the notion of a provincial synod, but rejoices in 'a meeting of the Bishops now in London.' Now, a Bishop's business in matters of law is not deliberative, but simply executive. He has not to make the law, nor to pronounce moral disquisitions about it, nor to suggest modes of evading it, nor to complain that it is not a popular law. It is law—law for him to administer; not to make suggestions and recommendations about it. It is to reduce the matter to a patent absurdity to be asked to believe, for example, that there are lodged in each of our twenty-eight English Bishops—to say nothing of the twelve Irish and twenty-five Colonial Prelates—sixty-five independent standards of infallibility, by virtue of which each may singly, upon the plea of pledged canonical obedience, claim of his Clergy to accept without murmur or legal remedy, the Bishop's own private unproved presumption of what the law of the Church of England is; either in doctrine—and of this we are

reminded by the painful 'Statement of the Clergy of S. Saviour's, Leeds,' (Leeds: Morrish,)—or in ritual and the ordering of services, as we are still more grievously put in mind by Mr. Bennett's affecting 'Farewell Letter to his Parishioners,' (Cleaver.) This we say is, as a legal position, simply untenable; something worse it is morally, remembering from whom this claim to infallibility is likely to proceed. To deny the infallibility of the Church Catholic—of Œcumenical Councils—of uninterrupted and consentient tradition—and, with the same breath, to exercise it individually, *proprio motu*, in a study at Lambeth, requires only to be fairly looked in the face. Such a claim we do not expect to see explicitly advanced; it will come in a more subtle and dangerous guise; it will be more ensnaring to conscience, and more harassing to principle, to be called upon to stand out against an implied Episcopal *consensus*—against a suggested voice of the Church, and against un-authoritative authority, and extra-judicial judgment—than against a plain and manifest infringement of law. And the danger is proportionate to the vagueness of the claim. The most vicious of all law proceedings is that pseudo-legislation, which, under the popular show of deliberating and deciding, puts forth documents which are valueless and useless in law. If the official is precluded from administering the law—or if there is no law to administer—or if the case is not one amenable to law, it is undignified in the judge to write a pamphlet, or make a speech about the case, and then suggest, even though he should not assert, that this shall be taken for the judgment of the Court.

In connexion with this important subject, most of our readers have perused the able 'Letters of D. C. L. from the Morning Chronicle,' (Ridgway.) They are just what the occasion requires—pointed, neat, epigrammatic, and condensed. *Letters* they are not; and we think it a literary mistake to couch many of the current essays and observations of the day in the unsuitable form of letters. Letters should be addressed to an individual; to be hortatory or invective is their function. A letter does not become such by merely putting 'Sir,' and 'Truly yours,' at the head and tail of an Essay. The Letters of Junius, to which it is the fashion to compare D. C. L., are superior to the present series in this only—that they answer to the epistolary idea. Junius is bitter, malignant, personal; and his telling part is the *tutoyer*. D. C. L. is picturesque, rapid, and close; his heart and nervous system are engaged as well as his pen; and in the way of easy illustration, pointed allusion and grasp of subject, as well as in principle, these compositions deserve, what they will secure, a more permanent hold upon the mind than they could maintain in the columns of what is now the ablest of the daily newspapers.

Of a better omen is the 'Correspondence between the Bishop of Chichester and Mr. Henry Newland, with a reference to the Churchwardens' Memorial, &c.' (Masters.)

To Mr. Gresley, always 'good at need,' we have to return thanks for 'A Word,' and 'A Second Word' of 'Remonstrance' with the Evangelicals, (Masters.)—Of a higher range, and of a severer cast, is the same writer's forcible 'Letter to the Dean of Bristol,' (Masters.)

The papal aggression storm has blown over: there is a good deal of what is turbid and unseemly left; but in all that one sees of the popular mind, there is less chalk and more charity. The most remarkable pamphlet on the subject is Mr. Welby Pugin's 'Earnest Address on the Establishment of the Hierarchy,' (Dolman.) We cannot afford to sneer at the dissensions of other communities; but certainly a religious body which embraces Lords Beaumont and Shrewsbury, Mr. Anstey and Mr. Ward, Mr. Tierney and Father Ignatius, Drs. Rock and Newman, Fathers Prout and Faber, must have as much difficulty in dressing its ranks as we have to compel Lord Ashley to keep any other step with his religious comrades, than that solo at drill commonly called the 'goose-step.' Mr. Pugin has an awkward knack of saying the most inconvenient things in a quiet quaint off-hand way, at which his co-religionists can hardly know whether to laugh or to wince. There is almost a grotesque air in his way of putting things, that, were we not aware of his undeniable earnestness, might make us doubtful of his purpose. But there is a plain wild force and freshness in his views which is very telling. It is not so much in the facts, but in the way, and quarter, in which they are put. Thus, it must be strange to a Roman Catholic to be reminded by a Roman Catholic that Fisher's 'accusers are 'Catholics, his jury are Catholics, his executioner a Catholic, and the bells 'are ringing for high mass at S. Paul's, as an aged Bishop ascends the scaffold 'and receives the martyr's crown,' (p. 3.) Mr. Pugin assumes, of course, that the Reformation was a very bad thing; but he puts it, to say the least, in an uncommon light, when with very great truth he reminds, not us, but others, that all the ruin, and plunder, and sacrilege connected with it, 'was brought about before a single professed Protestant appeared on the scene,' (p. 4;) that 'the spoiler of Lincoln's glorious church was the Catholic Archdeacon, Dr. Heneage,' (ibid.;) and that 'the shrine of S. Thomas was plundered while the canons sang mass in the choir,' (ibid.) The restoration under Queen Mary Mr. Pugin views merely as a continuation of the principle—accidentally only taking a Catholic direction—of the religious power of the Regale. As to the Post-Reformation Anglican Bishops, Mr. Pugin is not disposed to ignore their 'zeal of the olden time,' their many noble foundations and works of charity and piety, and contrasts at a very visible premium the 'names of Hacket and Cosin' with the seventeenth century Prince-bishops of Liege and Germany. Then, about the melancholy farce of the *congé d'élire* acted in the Anglican Chapter-Houses: 'a monstrous impious proceeding,' (says Mr. Pugin,) 'and yet 'this was practised in old Catholic times, with only this difference, that the 'Pope had a veto on the election. But there was just as little freedom of 'voting; and it is sickening to reflect that reverend-looking men, in splendid 'copes, have performed this farce beneath the fretted vaults of the glorious 'old chapter-house, just the same as their surpliced successors,' (p. 14.) Finally, by way of showing at what results the unabated genius of a religious system—and this not the Anglican—has, as an historical fact, arrived, he tells us of France, that 'exclusively Catholic country,' where 'every one went to mass,' and 'where no Protestants were to be seen or heard,' but where a 'consuming fire of unbelief, concealed under a green surface, was rapidly gaining ground; and in an incredibly brief space this

'exclusively Catholic country publicly denies—the very existence of a 'God,' (p. 29.) Mr. Pugin is, under one aspect, the most important writer whom the Papal Aggression has brought out.

We look upon the 'Rev. Edward Edwards, Rector of Penegoes,' with a sort of reverential curiosity. His appearance is as that of a Megalonyx, or Pterodactyle, or any other extinct fossil anomaly. His habits and habitat alike challenge a severe inquiry: it is only by faint and broken analogies that we can trace such an old-world type. His aspect is pre-adamite. As Mr. Edwards does not 'object to a little pleasantry, even on serious subjects,' (p. 3,) he will not grudge us the rare luxury of a smile, when we recognise in him the solitary living example of an extinct organization. Mr. Edwards, in his 'Letter to the London Union on Church Matters,' (Hatchard,) assures us of the existence of a compact body of Churchmen—whose project, however, was abandoned shortly before the appearance of the first Tract for the Times, (p. 14,)—who were really doing all the Church's work, refuting enemies, collecting defences, building schools and churches, and so on, whose efforts and successes were marred by the rise and progress of Tractarianism. They had been at work, and were 'rapidly progressing in the Church LONG before the Tracts made their appearance,' (p. 15.) We have often heard of this Sacred Band, as we have met with vague declamations and vaticinations about what England might have been had it not been for the Norman invasion. We cannot contradict the estimate which such as Mr. Edwards or Mr. William Palmer form of their own possible achievements; there is no arguing with those who, in the calm solid certainty of the past, still stand stoutly on the evanescent participle future in *rus*. We can, in the case of the coming man who did everything but come, only take refuge in probabilities: the *εἰκότα*, at least, are left, by which history may pronounce on the dynasty which never reigned. And judging from his present performance, we should not say that Mr. Edwards was likely with a fair field, unsullied by the Tractarian dragon's teeth, to have 'fulmined o'er Greece, and shook the arsenal.' However, we leave Mr. Edwards in the full enjoyment of his own retrospective glances at that happy futurity which was never to be: the history of events that have not yet happened is a fertile theme for imagination—not a barren one for self-complacency.

The celebrated 'Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte,' has been appropriately followed up by 'Historic Certainties respecting the Early History of America,' (J. W. Parker,)—a title, by the way, scarcely answering to the contents, which are chiefly concerned with the affairs of Europe. We are not aware whether these two works are attributable to the same clear-headed and remarkable writer; but the recent publication is quite worthy to stand by its well-known predecessor. The principle of refutation which, with so much depth and force, as well as wit, Dr. Whately applied nearly thirty years ago to 'Hume's Theory of Miracles,' is now used as a test of the critical system of Dr. Strauss and the recent 'History of the Jewish Monarchy,' of Mr. Francis Newman, and this with complete success. The only crudity is the adoption of the clumsy device—Swift's, if we remember right—which inverts the names of places and persons: thus, 'Ecnarf,' for France, is just tolerable; but 'Nedews,' 'Rednaxela, ruler of Aissur,' and 'Votalp, one of the captains of his host,'

could not be much more hideous in pure Slavonic itself. We may mention that the ninth Edition of the 'Historic Doubts' has a clever expansion of the sceptical theory to the existing state of France under the President.

If you ask a dealer in old books whether his trade has suffered any remarkable change during the last fifteen years, he will tell you that it has suffered a most remarkable one, with respect to a class of books which used to be the drugs of his back-shop, and his horror when he bought an *émigré* priest's library in the gross, but which he now finds *literally* worth their weight in silver,—the rituals and ritualists of the unreformed Western Church. We are led into this train of thought on seeing before us in a row two editions of the 'Hymns of the Old English Church,' bearing date 1850 or 1851, and a third brochure, which professes to be their translation. We are in more ways than one glad at the spectacle; not only does it show that the Church of England has an authoritative psalmody of rather more ancient date, and rather more universal authority, than the most enthusiastic devotees of Tate's and Brady's Lyrics, or the most orthodoxly high and dry patrons of the dissenter Watts's strains, can claim for the objects of their admiration, but it also proves to certain friends of our own that there is an antique and a national mine of catholicity in which it is open to them to dig for the sustenance of their devotion. The first of these, one of the neat and creditable publications which emanate from Mr. Masson's active press at Littlemore, comprises, without any attempt at critical acumen, but in a very portable shape for practical use, the entire hymns of the Sarum Breviary, with those in the York one, and the summer portion of that of Hereford, where they differ, added. The second is a work of a higher literary character, being a critical edition of the 'Hymnarium Sarisburiense,' (Darling,) formed upon a collation of thirty-two MSS. The different readings are all given, and the hymns of the Canterbury, York, Worcester, Hereford, Gloucester, and other English uses, subjoined at their proper places, in a smaller type. We wish every success to a publication so laborious, and in every respect so interesting. At present the first volume only, comprising those in the Ordinarium and the Proprium de Tempore, has appeared. The third of our group, 'Hymns of the old Catholic Church of England,' edited by Dr. Paul Boetticher, (Halle, 1851,) is an undeniably curious production. It is, in the first place, curious that a German should think of translating the hymns of the old Catholic Church of England into English; and it is in the second place curious that he should fulfil his promise by translating those he found in modern Roman books of devotion. In plain words, the title is a catchpenny; but the wine within needed no such a bush. Where could we find such a translation of the first verse of the *Veni Creator* as—

' Spirit creator of mankind,
visit every pious mind,
and sweetly let thy grace invade
such hearts, o lord, as thou hast made?'

Really, we must introduce Dr. Paul Boetticher to the Protestant Defence Committee, to help them in remodelling our Ordinal; or perhaps he might be acceptable in regulating the vernacular services at the Oratory of S. Philip Neri.

Mr. S. Robins' 'Argument for the Royal Supremacy,' (Pickering,) is written with moderation, and shows diligence and reading. He seems, however, to have made the mistake which he at times imputes to his opponents, of making the precedents and arguments of one time apply without qualification to the circumstances of another. The question is a practical one; and to tie ourselves up by the events and results of former times is as unpractical a way of meeting it as to pass them over without notice. The Civil power has had influence and restraint on the Church at most times, but in varying measures at varying times. The real question for us to consider now, is, what is the measure suitable to the special circumstances of our own time. Our times are plainly different, politically and otherwise, from the time of Charles I., Henry VIII., Theodosius, and Constantine. People who on broad grounds of theory make the Supremacy fatal to the catholicity of the English Church, may do what they can with the instances of State interference dwelt upon by Mr. Robins. They dispose of the assertion that such supremacy was never tolerated in Catholic times. But they certainly do not prove that what was safe and wise then is safe or wise now; or that what, after all, was a compromise between rival influences adapted for one set of circumstances, requires no alteration in its terms, or in its practical working, to make it satisfactory, when a confessedly new set of circumstances have appeared. His arguments to show that the present state of the compromise is a satisfactory one, have, to our minds, neither novelty nor persuasiveness.

Two Letters, exhibiting depth of feeling and vigour of principle on the 'Embarrassment of the Clergy in the matter of Church Discipline,' (Boswell,) have been reprinted from the Morning Post. The writer, 'Presbyter Anglicanus'—and he appears to be speaking from experience—warns the Bishops that the existing state of things is not only harassing and perplexing, but intolerable—that the machine will not work—that a general disorganization is all but present. And he calls upon the Bishops to speak: at the same time reminding them that when they 'meet in voluntary council, they ought to have been meeting in Synod, and that they alone are resolving points on which it is the province of the entire Church to speak,' (p. 11.) We cannot, with the amiable writer, see the use of asking for authority, which at the same breath we admit to be of no force except as private opinion.

[NOTE ON ARTICLE ON ORATORIANISM, &c. p. 154.]—Mr. Pugin has begged us to explain that when, in our article on Oratorianism and Ecclesiology, in our last number, we stated that he was a convert from a merely nominal Anglicanism, we were in error. He informs us that he was distinctly what is now comprehended by the term Anglican before he joined the Roman Church. He cannot expect us to approve of the latter step; but we have in another place borne testimony to the very warm manner in which he expressed himself in the communication about the Catholic characteristics of our Communion, so different from the language too common among the 'converts.' It should never be forgotten that a 'secession' made before the great 'renewal' among us, stands on a very different ground, both morally and intellectually, from that of those which have more recently taken place.

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APRIL.—Across the Atlantic—Morgan's Vin-dication of Church of England—Speculation—Calendar of Anglican Church—Bagster's Blank-paged Bible—The Monthly Packet—The Penny Post—Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal—Barraud's Series of Church Engravings—Whitaker's Almanacks—Freeman and Cox's Poems—Cleaver's Wilson on Lord's Supper—Hussey's Lectures—Humphreys' Coins and Medals—Freeman's Llandaff Cathedral—Burnett on Spirit—Kennedy's Thoughts on Being—Ann Ash—Whewell's Sanderson—Scripture Revelations on Angels, &c.—Jarvis's Church History—Ruskin's Sheepfolds—Lindsay's Letter to Duke of Manchester—Statement of Leeds Clergy—Bennett's Farewell Letter—Letters by D.C.L.—Newland's Letter—Gresley's Remonstrance and Letter to Dr. Elliot—Pugin's Address—Edwards' Letter to London Union—Historic Doubts and Historic Certainties—Ancient Hymns of English Church—Robins on Royal Supremacy—Letters of Presbyterian Anglicanus, &c.

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